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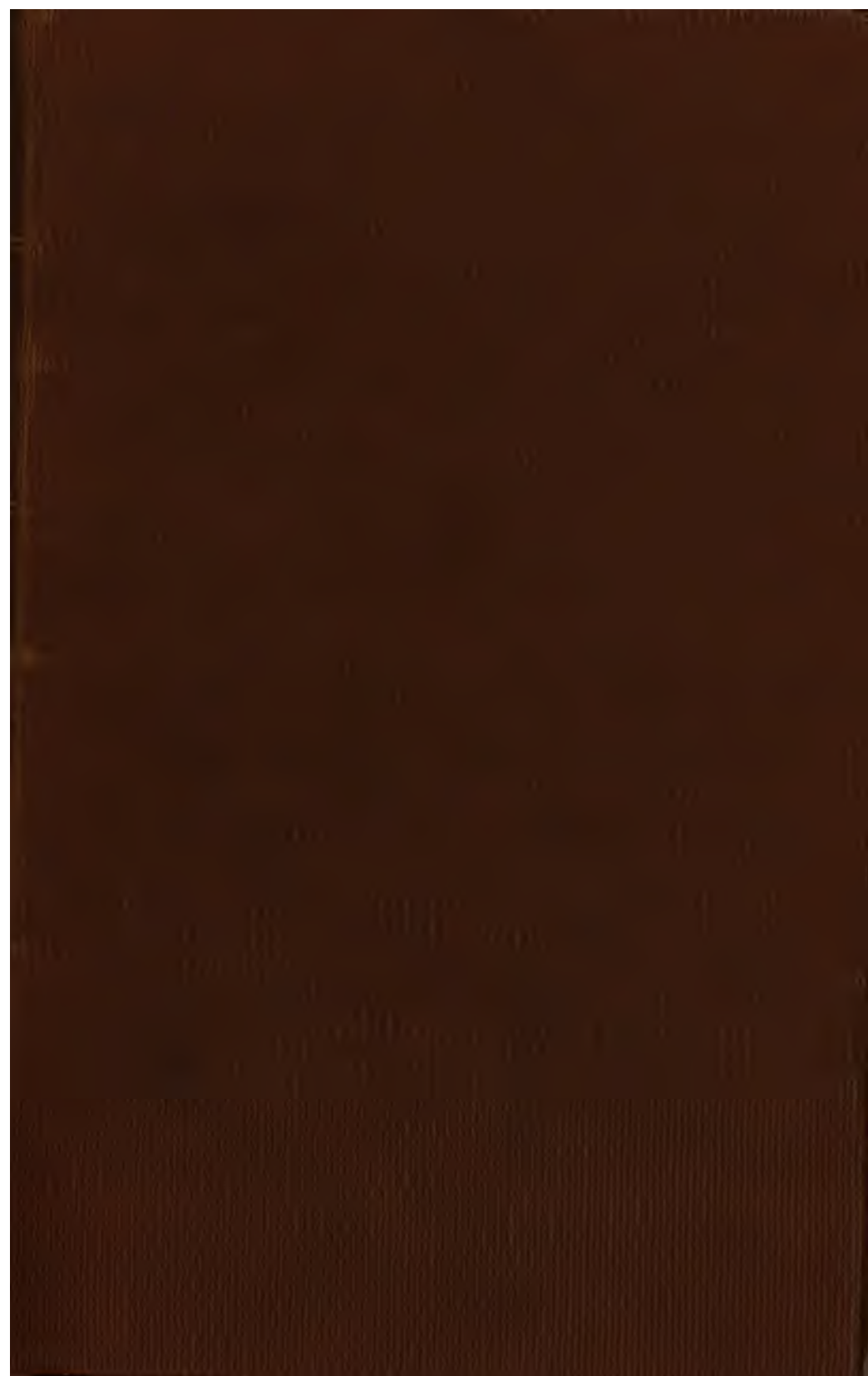
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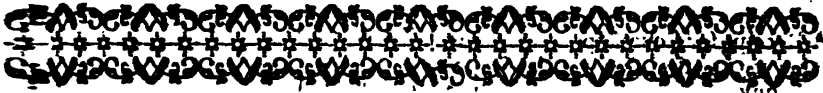
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THE

THE  
JESTER'S MAGAZINE,  
For October 1765.

*A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

A GENTLEMAN, remarkable for his Humour, went to *Play-fayers-Hall* to hear Mr. STEVENS'S Lecture upon Heads. While he was in high Glee with a very whimsical Part of it, a frisking Kind of a Gentleman ask'd him, If the Heads they saw before them were not made of Wood? Really Sir, reply'd the Humourist (a little piqued at the Interruption, and the Simplicity of the Question) *I can't say what those Heads on the Table are made of; but I am certain Mr. Stevens's Head is not a WOODEN ONE;*

A Scholar, being bantered on the Road for having but one Spur, answer'd; *If one Side of my Horse goes on, it's not likely that the other Side will stay behind.*

Mr. Nash being one Day at a public Entertainment, where a Gentleman was present, who sat several Hours without speaking a Syllable; and, as from the Character of the Person, there was great Reason to suspect that his Silence was owing to a supercilious Contempt of the Com-

pany, Nash determined to shew his Resentment the first Opportunity that offered. Accordingly, when Supper was brought in, Mr. Nash was remarkably assiduous in helping the Gentleman to the Best upon the Table, and taking Care to supply his Plate when he saw it neat empty. Upon this one of the Company desired to know his Reason for this extraordinary Attention to the silent Person. To which Nash replied, *I assure you it is from the Tenderness of my Disposition, for I can't bear to see dumb Creatures want.* This smart Hit occasioned an universal Laugh, and put the Gentleman into some Confusion; however, he carried it off very well, and was good Company the rest of the Night.

A Gentleman, having a Servant with a very thick Skull, used often to call him the *King of Fools*. I wish, said the Fellow one Day, *you could make your Words good, I should then be the greatest Monarch in the World.*

A merty drolling Fellow, that liv'd with a Lady who was just on the Point

Point of Matrimony, being sent with a Howd'ye to an Acquaintance of hers, who lived a few Miles off, was asked, how his Lady did? *Ab! dear Madam,* replies the Fellow, *she can never live long in her Condition.*

Some Gentlemen, belonging to the Theatres in London, were at Dinner at a Tavern near Charing-Cross. One of them said, at sitting down to Table, *Now I'll eat heartily, that I may get the Wrinkles out of my Face.* On which another merrily reply'd, *You may eat, perhaps, 'till you get the Wrinkles out of your Belly; but you will never get those out of your Face, though you were to eat 'till Doomsday.*

We commonly say, second Thoughts are best; and young Women, who pretend to be averse to Marriage, desire not to be taken at their Words. One ask'd a Girl, if she would have him? *Faith! No,* John, says she; *but you may have me, if you will.*

An Oxford Vintner, complaining to his Man that there were no Bottles left, though he had laid in a large Stock very lately: *No Wonder,* says the Fellow, *for all those that were Measure you broke, and all that were not Measure the Scholars have broke.*

A Country Squire ask'd a Merry-Andrew, why he play'd the Fool? *For the same Reason,* says he, *as you do; out of Want. You do it for Want of Wit, I for Want of Money.*

A noble Duke ask'd a Clergyman once at the Bottom of his Table, why the Goose, if there was one, was always plac'd next to the Parson? *Really,* said he, *I can give no Reason for it; but your Question*

*is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose for the future, without thinking upon your Grace.*

A Countryman sowing his Field, and two pert Fellows riding by, one of them call'd to him with an insolent Air; *Well, honest Countryman, it is your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour.* To which the Farmer replied, *It is very likely you may, for truly I'm sowing Hemp.*

The late Colonel Charters, reflecting upon his ill Life and public Character, told a Nobleman, if such a Thing as a good Name could be purchased, he would freely give Ten Thousand Pounds for it. The Nobleman said, It would be the worst Money he ever laid out in his Life. *Why so?* says the Colonel. *Because,* replied his Lordship, *you would certainly forfeit it again in less than a Week.*

A Country Squire, being in Company with his Mistress, and wanting his Servant, cried out, *Where is the Blockhead? Upon your Shoulders,* said the Lady.

It was a beautiful Turn given by a great Lady; who, being ask'd where her Husband was, when he lay conceal'd for having been deeply concern'd in a Conspiracy, resolutely answer'd, *I have hid him.* This frank Confession drew her before the King; who told her, Nothing but discovering where her Lord was conceal'd could save her from Torture. *And will that do, Sir?* says the Lady. *Tis,* replied the King, *I have given my Word for it. Then,* says she, *I have hid him in my Heart, there you'll find him.* Which surprizing Answer charmed her Enemies and turned aside the King's Resentment.

A poor

A poor Fellow, who liv'd with the Mayor of a Town in the *West*, and us'd to carry out Parcels, sweep the Shop, &c. (his Master being a China and Glass Seller) was at length entrusted with a little China and Glass, to sell at the neighbouring Markets on his own Account. One Day, when he had paid for his last Goods, and taken up some more for the next Day's Market, as he was going Home with the Parcel, he met a Friend. They must needs drink together; and he, making too free with the Liquor, drank 'till he had lost the little Sense he had. When he got Home, he unpack'd his Goods, and plac'd them all on a slight Table, in Order to reckon the Profits that would arise to him from the Sale of them. *If I have a good Market*, says he to himself, *I shall clear Five Shillings by these Goods. Then I'll pay Mr. Mayor, take up more Goods, and keep a Market every Day in the Week. This Method, allowing my Profits at Five Shillings each Market-Day, will produce me Thirty Shillings a Week; and, in a short Time, I shall have a considerable Sum by me. Then*, continued he, *I'll leave off Travelling, pay Mr. Mayor for his Goods, take a Shop myself, and trade on my own Bottom. When he sees I am in a thriving Way, he'll offer me his Daughter in Marriage: But I'll reject his Offer with the utmost Disdain, and let him know that I shall very speedily—be Mayor MYSELF.* Very unfortunately for our GREAT MAN, as he spoke the last Words, he gave his Feet a sudden Spring from him; which, pushing the Table with great Violence, down went all the Glasses, China, &c. and he, who the Mo-

ment before had rejected the Mayor's Daughter with Indignation, and in Imagination was Mayor himself, was under terrible Apprehensions of being shewn the Inside of a Goal, for being unable to pay for the Goods he had taken on Credit, from the Profits of which he had rais'd all these Chimeras in his Brain.

Mr. Pope, being at Dinner with a noble Duke, had his own Servant in Livery waiting upon him. The Duke ask'd, Why he, that eat mostly at other People's Tables, should be such a Fool as to keep a Fellow in Livery only to laugh at him? *'Tis true*, answered the Poet, *I keep but one to laugh at me, but your Grace has the Honour to keep a Dozen.*

An impudent ridiculous Fellow, being laugh'd at by all that came into the Company, told some of his Acquaintance, that he had the happy Quality of laughing at all those who laugh'd at him: *Then*, said one of them, *you lead the merriest Life of any Man in Christendom.*

Ben Johnson, being one Night at the Devil Tavern, there was a Country Gentleman in the Company, who interrupted all their Discourse with an Account of his Lands and Tenements: At last Ben, unable to bear with it any longer, said, *What signifies your Dirt and your Clods to us; where you have one Acre of Land, I have ten Acres of Wit. Have you so?* replied the Countryman, good Mr. Wiseacre. This unexpected Repartee from the Clown, struck Ben mute for some Time. *Why how now Ben?* says one of the Company, *you seem to be quite stung!* *Why, I never was so prick'd by a Hobnail before*, replied he.

A droll Fellow, who got a Livelihood by sidling at Fairs and about

the Country, was one Day met by an Acquaintance that had not seen him a great while, who accosted him thus; *Bless me! what are you alive? Why not, answered the Fidler, did you send any Body to kill me?* No, replies the other, *but I was told you was dead. Ay, so it was reported it seems, says the Fidler, but I knew it was a Lie as soon as I heard it.*

A Farmer, who had a very great Name in the Country for his Dexterity in manly Exercises, such as Wrestling, Throwing the Bar, and the like, drew upon himself many Occasions to try his Skill with such as came far and near to challenge him: Among the rest, a conceited Fellow rode a great Way to visit this Champion; and being told, that he was in his Ground behind the House, he alighted, and walked with his Horse in his Hand 'till he came where he found him at work; so hanging his Horse on the Pales, he accosted him thus: That having heard of his Fame, he was come forty Miles to try a Fall with him. The Champion, without more Words, came up to him, and closing with him, took him upon such an advantageous Lock, that he pitched him clear over the Pales; and with a great deal of Unconcern, took up his Spade and fell to work again. The Fellow getting upon his Legs again as nimbly as he could, called to speak with him. *Well, says the Champion, have you any more to say to me?* No, no, replied the Fellow, *only to desire you will be so kind as to throw my Horse over after me.*

A Gentleman, who was just come off a Journey, found Means to get into the Ball-Room at *Barb*, accoutred in his Boots and Spurs, and a Whip in his Hand. *Nash* im-

mediately making up to him, told him he was glad to see him at *Barb*; but begg'd Leave to remind him of a Piece of Neglect which he had been guilty of. *What is that, Sir, said the Gentleman?* *Why, Sir, replied Nash, I see you have got your Boots, Spurs, and Whip, but you have unfortunately left your Horse behind.*

In a Company of Gentlemen, the Conversation turn'd on the Source of Differences between Man and Man. A Gentleman then present, said, That most of the Contentions that have been in the World were owing to Women. To which another very gallantly reply'd, *There is Nothing else worth contending for.*

Two Gentlemen, who came very hungry into the *White Lion* at *Barb*, ordered three Fowls to be roasted for Supper, which were brought upon the Table just as Mr. *Nash* came in to speak with one of them about Business. They went out together, and while they were absent, the remaining Gentleman fairly chopt up all the Supper. When they return'd, the other Gentleman was astonished, and ask'd *Nash* what he thought of his Companion? *I think, says Nash; why, I think he is a very foul Feeder.*

A merry Gentleman, who was very rich but not over wise, met one of his Neighbours, and accosted him thus; *I was seeking a Fool, when I found you.* The other archly reply'd, *He is drown'd in yonder Stream, pointing to a little River. Look in, and you'll be sure to see him.*

Two conceited Coxcombs wrangling and exposing one another before Company, one told them, That they had both done like Wits: *For you Wits,*

*Wits, says he, never give over 'till you prove one another Fools.*

A rich Farmer, who had three Sons and two Daughters, sent his eldest Son to the University. After he had been there about two Years, he paid his Friends a Visit. The usual Ceremonies being over, his Father ask'd him, How he improv'd in Learning, and whether he was fit to live in the World? The Youth reply'd, That he hop'd he had made good Use of his Time, and that the Progress he had made therein would be to his Father's Satisfaction. *I hope so too, Boy,* says his Father; *but I'll try you at Dinner whether you are fit to live, or not.* The Farmer order'd a Hare for Dinner; and, when it was put on the Table, said, *Now Lad, let me see how you will give every one a Part, and yet be able to keep the largest Share for yourself.* Sir, reply'd the Son, *in doing this I hope none will be offended; for I mean only to comply with your Request, and make you all merry.* Offended! says his Father; *no, no, here's none will be offended! Come, come; begin, begin.* The whole Family were at the Table, and the Student began by cutting off the Head of the Hare. He cut it afunder, and very respectfully presented one Part to his Father and the other to his Mother; saying, at the same Time, *You, my honour'd Parents, are the Head of the House, therefore I present the Head to you.* He then cut off the Wings (as they are commonly call'd) of the Hare, and gave one to each Sister; saying, *You, my dear Sisters, will get Husbands, take Wing, and leave our Father's House, therefore the Wings may not improperly be given to you.* After this he cut off the Legs; and, giv-

ing one to each of his Brothers, said, *You, my dear Brothers, being both younger than myself, must use your Legs for a Livelihood, and get your Bread by your Industry, therefore the Legs come to your Share.* He then took the Body of the Hare, put it on his Plate, and said, *After the Decease of our honour'd Parents, whom I wish long to live, the Bulk of their Estate comes to me, being their First-born, therefore I have taken the Body of the Hare for myself.* The Farmer was very extravagant in his Son's Praise, and the Company were all in good Humour. He determin'd to try him again at Night, and order'd Half a Dozen Pigeons to be roasted for Supper. When they were brought to Table, *Now, Boy,* says he, *how will you contrive to give every one Something, and keep the most for yourself, as you did at Dinner?* Why, Sir, says the Scholar, *as that was done by Division, this must be done by the Rule of Three.* He then took two Pigeons, put one on his Father's Plate, and the other on his Mother's, and said, *You, my honour'd Father and Mother, are one; so you, and these two Pigeons, make Three.* When he had said this, he took one of the Pigeons, cut it afunder, and gave the two Parts to his Sisters, saying; *You, my dear Sisters, are two: Therefore you two, and this Pigeon, are Three.* He then took another Pigeon, cut it in two Parts, and gave Half of it to each of his Brothers, telling them, *They two, and that Pigeon, made Three.* And now, says he, *there are two Pigeons left. These two I'll take for my Share; because I, and these two, make Three.* The Farmer was in Raptures at his Son's Wisdom,

and cry'd out, in an Extacy, *Ab! he's a rare Boy! I'll warrant me, he'll live on any Ground in England.*

A Sharper was telling his Friends at Tunbridge, that he had brought a young Baronet out of the Country, whose Merit he extolled prodigiously, and at last added, that he was a very honest Man. *He is to be pitied for that,* says Nash: *What, for being an honest Man?* says the other. No, answer'd Nash; *but being an honest Man, he is to be pitied for being in your Company.*

When the first Mr. Penn, the Proprietor of Pennsylvania, and the most considerable Man among the Quakers, went to Court to pay his Respects to Charles the Second; that merry Monarch, observing the Quaker not to lower his Beaver, took off his own Hat, and stood uncovered before Penn; who said, *Prisbee, Friend Charles, put on thy Hat.* No, says the King, *Friend Penn, it is usual for only one Man to be cover'd here.*

Doctor Cheney once, when Nash was ill, drew up a Prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly. The next Day the Doctor coming to see his Patient, found him up and well; upon which he ask'd, *If he had followed his Prescription?* Followed your Prescription, cried Nash, No.—*Egad, if I had, I should have broke my Neck; for I flung it out of the Two Pair of Stairs Window.*

A Gentleman being on board a Ship, in a Voyage to Lisbon, overheard some of the Sailors in a very high Dispute; upon which, going up to them, he desir'd to know the Occasion of their Difference. *The Occasion of our Difference!* answer'd one of them; *why, I'll tell you,*

*Sir. There was my Master John Thornton, an old Boatswain in one of His Majesty's Ships, who was super-antidoted, and past his Labour, and the Ambralty divorced him from his Ship, and His Majesty allowed him a Suspension; and this blockheadly Son of a Whore here, says I talks like a Fool: Whereof I have been thirty Tears a Sailor, if I lives 'till next Mikalmas, and the Devil's in it if I have not been learned to argysye by this Time.*

A Gentleman rallied Nash one Morning in Simpson's Room, and told the Company he had brought his Nephew Bob with him to Bath, who would beat Nash out of the Pit; for he was a great Story-teller. *I don't wonder at that,* says Nash, *when he came of such a lying Generation.*

One having a scolding Wife, swore he would drown himself. She followed him, desiring him to forbear, at least to let her speak with him. *Speak quickly then,* says he. *Pray Husband, if you will needs drown yourself, take my Counsel. Go into a very deep Place, for it will grieve my Heart to see you long a dying.*

A Gentleman once told Nash, That he was both the Butt and the Fool of the Company. No, Sir, says Nash; *I am the Butt, and you—.* What? says the Gentleman.—*You are to supply the Deficiency,* says Nash.

An Irishman, coming into a Woollen-Draper's Shop, accosts him in the following Manner: *Arrab, Honey, will you be so shivel to let a Body look at some English Velvet, made of Irish Wool; becase as why, I loves to encourage the Malefactors of my own Country.* To this polite Address the Woollen-Draper,

Draper, with as grave a Countenance as he could draw up, made Answer, That he had no *English* Velvet, but he could shew him some very choice *Genoa*. *Uh bub boo, fait and do so, dear Joy*, cries Teague; *by my Salvation I have often heard of March Beer brewed in October, but Devil take myself if ever I heard of January Velvets before.*

There is a Town in the Duke of *Wirtemberg's* Dominions, where the Inhabitants are remarkable for making Blunders. The Church, in this Town, happen'd to stand pretty near the Road. An arch Wag advis'd some of the strongest Men in the Parish to push it a little farther off; telling them, He would stand by, and let them know when they had mov'd it far enough. *But how shall we know*, said they, *whether it moves, or not?* *Why*, reply'd he, *lay all your Cloaks behind the Church, as far as you would have it mov'd to, and when it comes to them I'll give you Notice.* They did so; and, while they were pushing, he order'd his Servant to take the Cloaks privately away. Which being done, he cry'd out hastily, *Hold! hold! hold! what are ye at! have you a Mind to overturn the Building!* Upon which they left pushing, and enquir'd what was the Matter? *Master!* said he, *why come and see what you have done; instead of pushing it to your Cloaks, you have push'd it over them!* When they were come to the other Side of the Church, and saw none of their Cloaks, they were all Amazement. At length one of the Wiseacres, scratching his Head, said very gravely, *Neighbours, who'd have thought we had push'd it so far!*

A petulant self will'd Coxcomb was threatening, if his Humour was not gratified, to leave his Relations and Family, and go away to *France*. *Let him alone*, says one, *he will come back from France, before he gets half Way to Dover.*

A large Company being at a Gentleman's House at Dinner, when a Silver Spoon was laid at the Side of every Plate; one of the Guests watching an Opportunity, slipped one into his Pocket, but not so dexterously, but he was observed by a Gentleman who sat over against him, who takes up another, and sticks it in the Button-Hole of his Coat; which the Master of the House perceiving, asked him in good Humour, What was his Fancy in that? *Why*, said he, *I thought every Man was to have one, because I saw that Gentleman, who sits over-against me, put one in his Pocket.*

A plain Country Yeoman bringing his Daughter to Town, said, *For all she was brought up altogether in the Country, she was a Girl of Sense.* *Yes*, says a pert young Female in the Company, *Country Sense.* *Why, Fairb, Madam*, says the Fellow, *Country Sense is better sometimes than London Impudence.*

A poor harmless *Welchman* came to *London*, to see his Relations. When he came into *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, he look'd up at the Cathedral with Amazement, and said to some People near him, *Plefs bur! what do they call that!* One of them reply'd, That was *St. Paul's Church.* *'Tis a huge Sburch, in-seet!* said he: *Pray was bur put together on the Place where bur stands, or was bur prought Whole out of the Country?*



## IN PRAISE of LAUGHTER.

**I** Am one of that Class of Men who love to be *merry* as well as *wise*; and as I know no greater Sign of Mirth than *Laughing*, I chuse that Method of expressing it: From this Custom I have been reflected on for shewing more *Mirth* than *Wisdom*; but in Defence of myself and the rest of the *Laughers* of *Great-Britain*, I have in this Letter undertaken to prove, that *Laughing* is rather the Sign of *Wisdom* than *Folly*.—*Ride si Sapis*, that old Apothegm, *Laugh if you are Wise*, carries some Proof, that the *Antients* entertain'd no mean Opinion of *Risibility*. According to the Schoolmen the Definition of a Man is, *Animal Risibile*, an *Animal that can laugh*; then if the Powers of *Discourse*, and *Reason*, and *Laughter* be all equally proper to *Man* only, why shou'd not that Man be most wise who us'd the Power of *Laughing* most, as well as he who us'd most *Reason* in his *Discourses*?—I must confess there is an old *Latin* Adage,

*Per Risum multum possis cognoscere Stultum.*

By too much *Laughter* you a *Fool* may know.

And another more vulgarly known, *A Fool is known by much Laughing*; yet neither is to be taken in a Sense that the *Laughers* themselves are *Fools*, but that among them there is a *Fool* at whom the *Wits* laugh. That *Folly* makes *wise Men* laugh is indisputable; wherefore *Erasmus*, in his *Moria Enco-*

*mium*, or *Praise of Folly*, hath made *Folly* herself say, she made *Beholders laugh*; and that it is the *Fools* who are laugh'd at, none will contradict, who has had the good Fortune to be one of the *Wits* of the *Company*. *Nature* saw this Faculty of human Kind to be so necessary to its Species, that she suffer'd us to be importun'd to laugh by more Causes than to exercise any other of our *Powers*: For even Things *contrary* in themselves produce this Effect, and we laugh most at Things which are most witty or most absurd. That *Laughter* is a Sign of *Wisdom* in a wise retired Man, may seem more difficult to assert; yet the Poet says in one Question what we have not comprehended in several Lines, *Quid facit Canis tuus? Rider.* And that *Democritus*, one of the greatest *Laughers*, was one of the greatest *Philosophers* of the Age he liv'd in, none I believe will deny. *Heraclitus*, his Contrast *Sage*, indeed was given to *Weeping*; but were they both now alive, I may venture to affirm more of our modern *Wisemen* wou'd rather laugh at *Heraclitus weeping*, than weep with *Democritus laughing*. There is one Thing I have observ'd in my Conversation among Mankind, that several have laugh'd, when others in Company have laugh'd, tho' at the same Time I have been assured they took not the *Joke*, but laugh'd only to conceal their *Ignorance*; which is a convincing Proof that *Laughing* they thought was an evident Sign of *Prudence* and *Wisdom*.

*The Power of Friendship: Or, The Generous Polanders.*

*One Faith, one Fame, one Fate shall both attend;  
My Life's Companion, and my Bosom-Friend.*

Dryd. Virg.

**A**Dversity alone is able to shew how rare and how valuable a Treasure is a real Friend; there is nothing more common than the Appellation, but I fear 'tis little better than an abstracted Idea, since we find those adopt it who have no Regard to what the Profession exacts, and make Use of the sacred Title to cloak their Villainies and prey upon the Credulous. It is true, that former Ages have furnish'd us with some Examples of real Friendship, they are indeed but few; and they are admir'd even in the present Age, which I believe cannot produce one.

The History of *Poland* gives us a beautiful Proof of the Power of this generous, disinterested and virtuous Passion, in the following Story.

*Octavius* and *Leobellus*, two young Gentlemen of *Lithuania*, were bred together from their Childhood, and their Fathers being near Neighbours in *Wilna*, the Capital of that Dutchy, these two were inseparable Companions. This occasion'd a Similitude of Mind, and by this uninterrupted Conversation they seem'd to have but one Will, or to be two Bodies actuated by one Soul. As they grew up, this Friendship became more conspicuous, and Reason succeeding to strengthen their Inclination, they were shewn as a Pattern of virtuous Amity.

While they were at the University *Octavius* fell in Love with, and made his Addresses to *Paulina*; tho'

this beautiful and virtuous Lady was a Match which *Octavius*, if he had consulted his Reason, could not aspire to with any Hopes of Success, there being a great Disproportion of Fortune between them, and therefore in Prudence ought to have stifled his Passion in its Birth; yet as we flatter ourselves in what we wish, and Love blinds us to all Obstacles, *Octavius* saw no Difficulties but what he hop'd to get over, cou'd he engage the Affections of the young Lady. At the same Time *Gelasius*, a young Nobleman, whose Birth and Fortune were greatly superior to *Octavius*, was recommended to the Relations of *Paulina* as a suitable Match. The Proposal was readily embrac'd by them, and he was admitted publickly. This seem'd an insuperable Difficulty for *Octavius*, but it prov'd to his Advantage, with Regard to the young Lady, who could not bear with the Haughtiness of a Lover who seem'd to think he rather did than receiv'd Honour in his Addresses; and this Pride of his was set in a stronger Light, by the respectful Deference *Octavius* paid her, who gain'd the Lady's Heart, whilst the other caus'd her Aversion. *Gelasius*, piqu'd to find a cold Return, imagin'd he had a secret Rival, and soon discover'd that *Octavius* was the Man; he immediately took Fire and threaten'd him with the Effects of his Resentment if he did not desist. *Octavius* made slight of his Menaces, and only answer'd,

swer'd, that as he was a Gentleman he did not think he was guilty of any Vanity in pretending to a Lady, tho' every Way his Superior : That before Marriage Inclination was free, and if his Services cou'd engage that of *Paulina*, it was not his Repentment shou'd make him desist ; but if *Gelasius* shou'd be happy enough to obtain her Hand, he wou'd then endeavour to remove her from his Heart.

*Gelasius* hereupon employ'd the Authority of *Paulina*'s Parents, who forbid her all farther Conversation with *Octavius*, and commanded her to look on *Gelasius* as a Husband they design'd her, and a Nobleman whose Alliance did them Honour. This had such an Effect on *Paulina* against a Lover, who instead of shewing a distant Respect, began to impose on her the imperious Laws of a Husband, that she avoided his Sight as much as possible, and left no Means unessay'd to converse with *Octavius*.

*Gelasius*, perceiving the young Lady's Aversion to him rather augment than abate, resolv'd to remove his Rival ; he set Spies upon him, by whom he discover'd that he often entertain'd *Paulina* at her Window, when the rest of the Family were in Bed. Enrag'd at this, he takes a Friend with him, call'd *Megasius*, and a Servant on whose Courage and Fidelity he rely'd, and lay in Ambush for *Octavius* near *Paulina*'s House. He had not been long hid when *Octavius* came, accompany'd with his Friend *Leobellus* ; having given the Signal *Paulina* came to the Window, and *Leobellus* went off to some little Distance, to give them the Liberty of unbofoming themselves to each other.

*Gelasius*, enrag'd at the Sight, resolv'd to sacrifice his Rival, and order'd the Servant to attack *Leobellus*, while he and *Megasius* chastis'd the Insolence of *Octavius*. The Servant fell with great Resolution upon *Leobellus*, who receiv'd him with no less Courage, and at the second Pass laid him for dead ; being here disengag'd he ran to the Assistance of his Friend, who, with his Back to the Wall, maintain'd an unequal Fight. *Leobellus*, grown furious with the Danger of his Friend, at the first Thrust laid *Gelasius* dead at his Feet, and turning upon *Megasius* gave him a slight Wound in the Arm, upon which he ran away. *Leobellus* receiv'd no Hurt ; but *Octavius* was wounded in a desperate Manner.

The Clashing of the Swords brought the Neighbours into the Street, who found *Gelasius* dead, his Servant fetching the last Gasp, and *Leobellus* supporting his Friend, who desir'd to be carry'd to a Surgeon, where he was dress'd and put to Bed. *Megasius*, in the Interim, having given an Account of the Misfortune to the Relations of *Gelasius*, in Terms greatly to his Advantage, laying his Death to the Treachery of the two Friends, who had assaulted him in the Dark and unawares, they immediately had Recourse to the Magistrates, who order'd the suppos'd Murderers to be seiz'd and imprison'd. *Octavius* was taken, and, notwithstanding the Condition he was in, carry'd to Jail. *Leobellus* made his Escape, and lay conceal'd, hoping to prove both his Friend's and his own Innocence ; but the Relations of *Gelasius* had so great Interest in *Wilna*, that *Octavius* was try'd in a few Days after, and on the single

single Evidence of *Megafius* condemn'd to lose his Head.

Accordingly he was led to the Scaffold, and the Executioner was upon the Point of doing his Office; when *Leobellus*, making Way thro' the Crowd, cry'd out to him to hold his Hand, lest the Innocent suffer'd for the Guilty; for he was the only Author of the Death of *Gelasius* and of his Servant; and mounting the Scaffold, with an undaunted Countenance, he declar'd the whole Matter as it had pass'd to the Magistrates, who were present to see the Execution, and entirely clear'd his Friend; whom he requir'd might be releas'd, since he was ready to satisfy the Laws by laying down his Life. The Populace touch'd with this generous Action, began to cry Pardon, Pardon, and to threaten the Magistrates in a mutinous Manner if they proceeded; this oblig'd them to carry back the two Friends to the Hall, and rehear the Cause.

The Palatine of *Wilms*, being inform'd of what had pass'd, would be present at this Rehearing, and found the two Friends generously contesting which should die to save the other. He examin'd every cir-

cumstance to the Bottom; and heard with Pleasure and Surprise *Leobellus* plead for his Friend's Discharge. It is, said he; evident that I alone ought to suffer Death, since I alone am guilty; if a Man can be so term'd who kills another in Defence of his own Life and of that of his Friend; unjustly and basely attacked. So far, reply'd the Palatine, am I from esteeming you guilty, that I cannot but term what you have done a glorious Action, which exacts the Praise of all who have a just and generous Way of thinking; I therefore not only acquit you both, but condemn *Megafius* to lose his Head for his Treachery and Perjury; and request, as a Favour, to be admitted the third in your Friendship. *Megafius* however escap'd, by the intercession of powerful Friends.

The Palatine not satisfy'd with this Act of Justice, by his Interest with *Paulina's* Parents, procur'd *Octavius* the Happiness he had long sigh'd for; marry'd *Leobellus* to a Relation of his own, and recommending them to the King of *Poland*, procur'd them very honourable Posts at Court.

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## ZOROASTER and SELIMA.

THE *Magi* were a polite and agreeable People, who settled near the Gulph of *Persia*. They had a great Veneration for Music, and look'd upon it as something heavenly, and proper to sooth the Passions; for which Reason, they began and ended the Day with Concerts. After this Exercise was perform'd in the Morning, they led

their Disciples through pleasant Walks to the sacred Mountain, all the while keeping strict Silence. Here they paid their Devotions from the Heart, rather than the Lips; and thus they put the Soul into a Serenity proper for Meditation, and prepar'd themselves for the Contemplation of Truth, which was the only Bond of Society among them.

The God these Sages worship, is call'd the GREAT OROMAZDES, whose Essence is *Love*, whose Body is *Light*, and whose Soul is *Truth*.

ZOROASTER was a Prince by Birth, his Father being King of a Country in the Indies call'd *Sophices*. When Hunting one Day, he lost his Way in a Wood; in the thick Part of which, he happen'd to see a young Maid reposing herself, whose surprizing Beauty struck him to such a Degree, as he instantly became motionless, imagining it an aerial Spirit, descended from the Throne of *Oromazdes*. She alone, on seeing a Man, fled, and took Sanctuary in a Temple near the Forest. Zoroaster durst not follow her, but learnt that she was the Daughter of a Brachman, or Priest, who dwelt there, and that she was consecrated to the Worship of the Fire; whose Laws are so severe, that a Father thinks it an Act of Religion to throw his Daughter alive into the Flames, should she ever violate that Purity she has sworn to preserve.

Zoroaster could not use any Violence, for Princes in that Country have no Power over Persons consecrated to Religion. However, these Difficulties serv'd only to heighten his Passion, and quicken his Ingenuity. Love had got Master of his Reason. He was young, and left his Father's Palace; took the Habit of a Girl, went to the old Brachman, deceiv'd him with a feign'd Story, and became one of the *Espales*, under the Name of *Amanda*. The King his Father grew disconsolate on his sudden Departure, and made strict Search after him, but to no Purpose.

*Selima*, for this was her Name, altogether ignorant of his Sex, took a particular Liking to him. They

work'd, read, walk'd, and serv'd at the Altar together. He told her Stories of the wonderful Effects of Love and Friendship, to prepare her for the Discovery he was meditating. They liv'd in this Manner together several Months; nor was it possible for her to discover either his Disguise or Passion, his Heart not being corrupted with any criminal View; and his sole Design being to engage her Love, to persuade her to forsake that State of Life, and to share his Crown, as the *Espales* might lawfully quit Celibacy and marry. But, alas! all these Endeavours prov'd vain.

It was the Custom of the *Espales* to go several Times in the Year to a high Mountain to kindle the *sacred Fire*, and to offer Sacrifice. One Day they all went on this Errand with the old Brachman. The Sacrifice was scarce began, before they were surrounded by a Body of Horsemen, arm'd with Bows and Arrows, who seiz'd and carry'd off *Selima* and her Father. He follow'd 'till they enter'd into a Wood, and then saw them no more, but at that instant chang'd his Dress, left the *Indies*, forgot his Father, his Country, with every Obligation, and wander'd over all *Asia* in Search of her. In crossing the Country of the *Lycians*, he stop'd in a large Forest to shelter himself from the Sun's Heat, where a Company of Hunters pass'd by, and a little after several Women, among whom he thought he saw *Selima*. She was in a Hunting-Dress, delicately mounted, with a Crown of Flowers on her Head, but pass'd by him so swiftly, that he could not be sure whether his Conjectures were right. However, he made the best of his Way to the Capital,

The

The *Lyceans*, at this Time, were govern'd by Women: For some Years before the Men became so effeminate, during a long Peace, that they minded nothing but Dress, gave themselves up to the most abominable Vices, and treated their Women as Slaves. A foreign War came upon them, when the Men were grown so cowardly, as to hide themselves in Caves and Caverns; and the Women, accus'tom'd to Fatigue and Slavery, took Arms, drove away the Enemy, and establish'd themselves in the Government by an immutable Law. Their Queens indeed had a Council of Senators to propose good Laws, but the Women put them into Execution. The Mildness of the Sex prevented the Mischiefs of Tyranny, and the wise Council of the Senators qualified their Inconstancy.

Here *Zoroaster* was inform'd, that the Mother of *Selima* had been dethron'd by the Ambition of a Kinswoman; that her Prime Minister had fled to the *Indies* with the young Princess; that he dwelt there as a Brachman, and she as an *Estate*; that the old Man kept up a Correspondence with the Royal Family; and that the young Queen had been restor'd on the Death of the Usurper. These unexpected Incidents gave our young Hero inexpressible Joy. He thank'd the Gods for thus wonderfully conducting him to the Object of his Wishes, and implor'd their Aid to favour his Passion. He contriv'd several Methods to make himself known to the Queen; at length seeing War was the most proper, he engag'd in the Troops, and refus'd no Hazard or Fatigue to distinguish himself. In a decisive Battle between the *Lyceans* and *Carians*, he routed the

latter, and gain'd a compleat Victory, so that nothing but his Courage was talk'd of in the Army, and the Soldiers call'd him the Deliverer of his Country. He was conducted to the Queen, who could not possibly recollect him, they having been separated six Years, and his Features alter'd with Grief and Fatigue. She ask'd his Name and Country, both which he conceal'd, telling her he was born of an obscure Family in *Bactria*. Upon this she immediately withdrew, but soon after gave him the Command of her Army; by which Means he had free Access to her Person, and she often sent for him, pretending Business, when she had nothing to say.

One Day, as he was relating to her a Story of the Gods being enamour'd with Mortals, she left him in a Hurry, and he discover'd her hidden Sentiments. Soon after, she gave him an Account of the Misfortunes of her Infancy, of her living among the *Ethiops*, and of her Friendship for *Amanda*. Here he was scarce able to contain himself, and would certainly have thrown off his Disguise, had he not consider'd that the Laws of the *Lyceans* would not permit the Person who govern'd to marry a Stranger. However, in a little Time she sent for him again, and said, *My Subjects desire I would marry: Go tell them from me, that I will consent, provided they leave me to my free Choice.* She spoke these Words with an Air of Majesty, and turn'd from him. He trembled, then flatter'd himself, and doubted again.

When the Council was assembled, he told them the Queen's Pleasure; and, after long Debate, it was agreed, *That she should chuse for herself.*

herself. He carried back the Result of their Deliberation. She immediately order'd him to assemble the Army in the Plain, where he had routed the *Carians*, and to wait there for further Orders: At the same Time she commanded all the chief Men of the Nation to repair thither, where a magnificent Throne was erected. The Queen came, and, being surrounded by her Courtiers, spoke thus; *People of Lycia, since I began my Reign I have strictly observ'd your Laws. At the Head of your Armies I have gain'd several Victories. My only Study has been to make you free and happy. Is it therefore just, that she who has been the Preserver of your Liberty should herself be a Slave? Is it equitable, that she who continually seeks your Happiness should be herself miserable? There is no Unhappiness equal to that of doing Violence to one's own Heart: When that is under Restraints, Grandeur and Royalty serve only to give us a quicker Sense of our Slavery. I demand to be free in my Choice. The whole Assembly cried out, You are free: You are dispersed from the Laws.*

Then the Queen sent Orders to *Zoroaster* to advance at the Head of the Troops. When he came near the Throne, she rose, and pointing to him, said, *There is my Husband. He is a Stranger, but his Services make him the Father of the Country. He is no Prince, but his Merit puts him upon a Level with Kings.* She then call'd him to come upon the Throne, where he took the Oaths, promis'd to renounce his Country, to look upon the *Lycians* as his Children, and never to love any other than the Queen; after which they were con-

ducted to the Capital, amidst the Acclamations of the People.

As soon as they were alone, he discover'd himself, to her great Joy and Surprise, and at length he told her his Story. Then the Council was assembled, and *Embassadors* were sent to the *Indies*, with *Zoroaster's* Renunciation of his Crown and Country for ever to his Brother.

This he imagin'd was an easy Sacrifice for his beloved *Selima*. But, alas! his Happiness was of no long Continuance. He had abandon'd his Father, and withdrawn from his Duty. His Love, though the Admiration of Men, was not approv'd by the Gods. They punish'd him for it, by *Selima's* Death, a few Days after Marriage. He now gave himself over to all the Excesses of Grief; but the Gods did not abandon him: Wisdom descended into his Heart, and he discover'd a great Mystery in the Conduct of *Ormazdes*. It is observ'd, that Virtue is often unhappy. This shocks the Reason of weak Men; who are ignorant, that the transient Evils of this Life, are design'd by the Gods to expiate the secret Faults of those who appear the most virtuous.

These Reflections determin'd him to spend the Remainder of his Days in the Study of Wisdom. He could not stay in *Lycia*, where every Thing renew'd the Remembrance of the Loss of his belov'd *Selima*, therefore form'd a Plan of Happiness, free from the Slavery which accompanies Grandeur; accordingly he return'd to *India*, and went to live among the *Brachmans*. But notwithstanding this Retirement his Brother, grew jealous of him, and oblig'd him to leave that Country also. His Banishment prov'd to

him

him a new Scene of Happiness; for it depends upon ourselves to reap Advantage from Misfortunes.

Zoroaster visited the wise Men of Asia, during his Exile. He convers'd with Philosophers of different Countries. He learn'd their

Laws and Religion, and was pleas'd to find that the great Men in all Places had the same Ideas of Morality and Divinity. At last he came to the Banks of the *Arofts*, near the *Persian Gulph*, where the *Magi* chose him for their Head.



### *An extraordinary Instance of Humanity in Savages.*

THE following tender Descriptions and interesting Reflections, are contained in an Account which has just made its Appearance at *Philadelphia*, of General *Bowques*'s late Expedition against the *Ohio Indians*. After a Detail of the Conferences and Transactions with the several *Indian Tribes* at *Muskingum*, the subsequent Passages are introduc'd.

" Here I am to enter on a Scene, reserved on Purpose for this Place, that the Thread of the foregoing Narrative might not be interrupted.

" The Scene I mean, was the Arrival of the Prisoners in the Camp; where were to be seen Fathers and Mothers recognizing and clasping their once-lost Babes; Husbands hanging round the Necks of their newly-recovered Wives; Sisters and Brothers unexpectedly meeting together after long Separation, scarce able to speak the same Language, or, for some Time, to be sure that they were Children of the same Parents! In all these Interviews, Joy and Rapture inexpressible were seen, while Feelings of a very different Nature were painted in the Looks of others; flying from Place to Place in eager Enquires after Relatives not found! trembling to receive an Answer to their Questions! distracted with

" Doubts, Hopes, and Fears, on obtaining no Account of those they sought for! or stiffened into living Monuments of Horror and Woe, on learning their unhappy Fate!

" The *Indians* too, as if wholly forgetting their usual Savageness, bore a capital Part in heightening this most affecting Scene. They deliver'd up their beloved Captives with the utmost Reluctance; shed Torrents of Tears over them, recommending them to the Care and Protection of the commanding Officer. Their Regard to them continued all the Time they remained in Camp. They visited them from Day to Day; and brought them what Corn, Skins, Horses, and other Matters, they had bestow'd on them, while in their Families; accompanied with other Presents, and all the Marks of the most sincere and tender Affection. Nay, they did not stop here, but, when the Army march'd, some of the *Indians* solicited and obtained Leave to accompany their former Captives all the Way to *Fort Pitt*, and employ'd themselves in Hunting and bringing Provisions for them on the Road. A young *Mingo* carried this still further, and gave an Instance of Love which would make a Figure



" pure, even in Romance. A young  
 " Woman of *Virginia* was among  
 " the Captives, to whom he had  
 " formed so strong an Attachment,  
 " as to call her his Wife. Against all  
 " Remonstrances of the imminent  
 " Danger to which he exposed him-  
 " self by approaching to the Frontiers,  
 " he persisted in following her, at  
 " the Risk of being killed by the  
 " surviving Relations of many un-  
 " fortunate Persons, who had been  
 " captivated or scalped by those of  
 " his Nation.

" These Qualities in Savages  
 " challenge our just Esteem. They  
 " should make us charitably con-  
 " sider their Barbarities as the Ef-  
 " fects of wrong Education, and  
 " false Notions of Bravery and  
 " Heroism; while we should look  
 " on their Virtues as sure Marks that  
 " Nature has made them fit Subjects  
 " of Cultivation as well as we; and  
 " that we are called, by our su-  
 " perior Advantages, to yield them  
 " all the Helps we can in this Way.  
 " Cruel and unmerciful as they are,  
 " by Habit and long Example, in  
 " War, yet, whenever they come to  
 " give Way to the native Dictates of  
 " Humanity, they exercise Virtues  
 " which Christians need not blush  
 " to imitate. When they once de-  
 " termine to give Life, they give  
 " every Thing with it, which, in  
 " their Appropriation, belongs to it,  
 " From every Enquiry that has been  
 " made, it appears, that no Woman  
 " thus saved is preserved for base  
 " Motives, or need fear the Viola-  
 " tion of her Honour. No Child is  
 " otherwise treated by the Persons  
 " adopting it, than the Children of  
 " their own Body. The perpetual  
 " Slavery of those captivated in  
 " War, is a Notion which even their  
 " Barbarity has not yet suggested to

" them. Every Captive, whom their  
 " Affection, their Caprice, or what-  
 " ever else, leads them to save, is  
 " soon incorporated with them, and  
 " fares alike with themselves.

" These Instances of *Indian* Ten-  
 " derness and Humanity were thought  
 " worthy of particular Notice. The  
 " like Instances among our own Peo-  
 " ple will not seem strange; and  
 " therefore I shall only mention One,  
 " out of a Multitude that might be  
 " given on this Occasion.

" Among the Captives, a Woman  
 " was brought into the Camp at  
 " *Muskingum*, with a Babe about  
 " three Months old at her Breast.  
 " One of the *Virginia* Volunteers  
 " soon knew her to be his Wife, who  
 " had been taken by the *Indians*  
 " about six Months before. She  
 " was immediately delivered to her  
 " overjoyed Husband. He flew with  
 " her to his Tent, and clothed  
 " her and his Child in proper Ap-  
 " parel: But their Joy, after the  
 " first Transports, was soon damped,  
 " by the Reflection that another dear  
 " Child, of about two Years old,  
 " captivated with the Mother, and  
 " separated from her, was still mis-  
 " sing, although many Children had  
 " been brought in.

" A few Days afterwards, a Num-  
 " ber of other Prisoners were brought  
 " to the Camp, among whom were  
 " several more Children. The Wo-  
 " man was sent for, and one, sup-  
 " posed to be hers, was produced to  
 " her. At first Sight she was un-  
 " certain; but, viewing the Child  
 " with great Earnestness, she soon  
 " recollected its Features; and was  
 " so overcome with Joy, that li-  
 " terally forgetting her sucking  
 " Child, she dropt it from her  
 " Arms, and catching up the new-  
 " found Child in an Extacy, pressed

" it to her Breast, and bursting into  
" Tears carried it off, unable to  
" speak for Joy. The Father, seiz-  
" ing up the Babe she had let fall,  
" followed her in no less Transport  
" and Affection.

" Among the Children who had  
" been carried off young, and had  
" long lived with the *Indians*, it is  
" not to be expected that any Marks  
" of Joy would appear on being re-  
" stored to their Parents or Relatives.  
" Having been accustomed to look  
" upon the *Indians* as the only Con-  
" nections they had, having been  
" tenderly treated by them, and  
" speaking their Language, it is no  
" Wonder that they considered their  
" new State in the Light of a Cap-  
" tivity, and parted from the *Savages*  
" with Tears.

" But it must not be denied that  
" there were even some grown Per-  
" sons who shewed an Unwilling-  
" ness to return. The *Shawnee*  
" were obliged to bind several of  
" their Prisoners, and force them  
" along to the Camp; and some  
" Women, who had been delivered  
" up, afterwards found Means to  
" escape, and run back to the *Indian*

" Towns. Some, who could not  
" make their Escape, clung to their  
" Savage Acquaintance at Parting,  
" and continu'd many Days in bitter  
" Lamentations, even refusing Sul-  
" lenance."

The following Paragraph, from the  
Speech of the *Shawnee* Chief, on  
delivering his Prisoners, is a strong  
Proof of what is above observed,  
concerning their Tenderness and Af-  
fection for the Captives whom they  
had preserved.

" Fathers (says he to the Eng-  
" lish) we have brought your Flesh  
" and Blood to you: They have  
" been all united to us by Adoptions;  
" and although we now deliver  
" them, we will always look upon  
" them as our Relations, when-  
" ever the Great Spirit is pleased  
" that we may visit them. We  
" have taken as much Care of them  
" as if they were our own Flesh and  
" Blood. They are now become  
" unacquainted with your Customs  
" and Manners; and therefore we  
" request you will use them tenderly  
" and kindly, which will induce  
" them to live contentedly with  
" you."

\*\*\*\*\*  
A Paper, containing the following Words, has been given  
out lately.

### THE WONDERFUL PROPHET

THERE is now arrived, and  
may be seen in this City: A  
Prophet, whose Generation in this  
World was before *Adam*. He was  
with *Noah* in the Ark, with *Christ*  
before he was crucified. He knew  
not his Father, neither did he ever  
suck the Breast of his Mother. He  
goes bare-footed, like a Friar. He

wears no Hat. His Coat is not dy'd,  
neither knit, woven or spun. It is  
neither Silk, Hair, Linnen or Wool-  
len; yet of a very fine Colour and  
Gloss. He walks boldly in the  
Face of his Enemies, without Gun,  
Sword or Stick, yet hath such a  
Weapon as never Man had, or used,  
to defend himself with from his Foes.

He

He is often abused by wicked Men; yet takes it patiently. He lets all Men alone with their Religion. The Protestants are his greatest Enemies; and the Papists use him more mercifully. At a Season his Voice is well understood by those of all Nations, and of all Sorts of People. He declareth the Day of the Lord is at Hand.

As he prophesies the Doors fly open. Poor Women have Reason to rejoice that such a Prophet is come to set before their foolish Husbands, a Pattern of Sobriety. He is one whose Saying has ever been found true. He takes but little Rest; and is admired by all for Vigilancy. He sleeps in no Bed or Chair; but always standing or crutching; neither doth he put off his Cloaths.

As for Religion, he is supposed

to be more inclined to the Papists than the Protestants; for he constantly keeps *Lent*. He eats no Flesh; neither doth he drink any Thing strong, but Water entirely. His Diet is moderate. He takes no Money, if offer'd him. He careth not for the Pomp and Vanities of this wicked World! He is neither Whig nor Tory. He denies no Article of the Christian Faith. His Voice is still and powerful. He never preached but one Sermon, and was so convincing to a good Man of his Sins, that it drew Tears from his Eyes, and was never easy, till he was really converted.

He is neither the Wandering Jew, nor the Son of *Noah*, nor an Old Levite, nor *St. John*, as some may think he is.

~~~~~

### *Explanation of this WONDERFUL PROPHECY.*

*It is a COCK.*

But, for the farther Satisfaction of our Readers, we will explain each Article.

**B**ECAUSE the Fowls were created before *Adam*. Because all Sorts of Fowls enter'd with *Noah*, into the Ark; and he was heard by *St. Peter*, when he was declaring he would not forsake our blessed Saviour. Because he cannot know what begot him, and his Food is of another Kind. Because all the Creatures of his Species go so. Because his Covering are Feathers. Because his Weapons are his Spurs and Beak. Because he is abus'd, when thrown at, &c. Because Protestants eat Fowls in *Lent*. Because all Nations know him, by his Crowing. Because he crows on *Sundays*, at Break of Day, as well as other Days.

Because when he crows, in the

Country, being near Day, Farmers open their Doors, in order to go about their Business. Because he drinks no strong Liquor. Because he gives Notice of the Approach of Day. Because he sleeps on a Perch; and, was he to pull off his Covering, he would be unable to put it on again.

Because he eats no Flesh. Because he knows not what to do with Money. Because he knows nothing about Vanity, Party, or Religion. Because most People hear him crow frequently. Because after *St. Peter's* Denial of our blessed Lord, when he had crow'd thrice, *Peter* wept bitterly.

The last Paragraph wants no Explanation.

*Ceremony*

*Ceremony of a Russian Marriage.*

OF all Nations the *Russians* seem to me to behave most wisely in the Circumstance of Jealousy. The Wife promises her Husband never to let him see her Transgressions; and he as punctually promises, whenever she is detected, without the least Anger, to beat her without Mercy; so they both know what each has to expect. The Lady transgresses, is beaten, taken again into Favour, and all goes on as before.

When a *Russian* young Lady, therefore, is to be married, her Father, with a Cudgel in his Hand, asks the Bridegroom, whether he chuses this Virgin for his Bride? To which the other replies in the Affirmative. Upon which, the Father, turning the Lady three Times round, and giving her three Strokes with his Cudgel on the

Back, *My Dear*, cries he, *these are the last Blows you are ever to receive from your tender Father; I resign my Authority and my Cudgel to your Husband; he knows better than me the Use of either.* The Bridegroom knows Decorum too well to accept of the Cudgel abruptly: He assures the Father, that the Lady will never want it, and that he would not for the World make any use of it. But the Father, who knows what the Lady may want better than he, insists upon his Acceptance. Upon this there follows a Scene of *Russian* Politeness, while one refuses, and the other offers the Cudgel. The Whole, however, ends with the Bridegroom's taking it; upon which the Lady drops a Courtesy in Token of Obedience, and the Ceremony proceeds as usual.



*Remarkable Instance of FILIAL PIETY.*

A Jew, named *Ishmael*, was thrown into the Prison of the Inquisition at *Seville* in *Spain*, with his Father, a *Rabbi*. They had been confined together four Years, when *Ishmael*, having made a Hole, made shift to climb to the Battlements of the Tower; and, by Means of some Ropes he had provided, let himself down along the Wall with a great deal of Hazard. When he arrived safe at the Bottom, he could not but reproach himself for having

abandoned his Father, and without considering the Risk he had just ran, and that his Father and he were to be tormented, with several others, in the severest Manner, at *Madrid*; he, with a Generosity that would have done Credit to a Christian, and the utmost Difficulty, re-ascended the Tower, entered once more the horrid Dungeon, and, after having dragged his aged Father from it, conveyed him first securely down, and then escaped himself.

D

A Col-

*A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks,  
Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.*

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. **W**HY is a Jew's Harp like a good Dinner?
2. Why is a fortify'd Town like a Pudding?
3. Why is there a bad Audience at the Playhouse when the Pit is full?
4. Why is *Ireland* like a Bottle of Wine?
5. Why is a Beau the Reverse of a Miser?
6. Why are Weather-cocks like the Sea?
7. Why does a Tallow-Chandler live better than another Man?
8. Why is Claret like an Oath?
9. Why is a Fidler like an *African*?
10. Why is a Looking-glass like a Philosopher?

[\* \* \* *The Solutions in our next.*]

## RIDDLES.

1. **M**Y proper Title I forsake,  
And often that of others take:  
Sometimes a King in stately Pride,  
With lofty Majesty I stride;  
Sometimes with sprightly Nymphs and Swains  
I trip it o'er the flow'ry Plains;  
Sometimes I fleet aloft in Air,  
And oftentimes quite disappear:  
In various Shapes I'm known to be,  
And Children often start at me.

2. **T**HO' big my Belly, long my Nose,  
And with one Arm I strut;  
I make the Fair their Foes expose,  
And keep my own Mouth shut:  
They before me their Secrets tell,  
The News of all the Day;  
And, for my Silence, I'm fed well,  
But empty sent away.

Yet tho' they love my Company,  
And seem to me so civil;  
Sometimes you'd swear, they thought  
that I  
Had Dealings with the Devil.  
[\* \* \* *The Solutions in our next.*]

## REBUSSES.

1. **T**HAT is a sweet Thing, if you could it obtain,  
Would refresh you and make you forget ev'ry Pain,  
Restore your lost Spirits, dispel all your Fears,  
Your Sorrows divert and dry up all your Tears.  
If you guess what it is, you will then know the Dame,  
Who, tho' colder than Ice, can make all others flame.

2. **T**HAT of the pretty feather'd Race,  
Which doth most courtly Tables grace,  
And o'er the Mountains bends its Flight,  
Or lurks in Fields with Harvest bright;  
For whose Destruction Men with Care,  
The noblest Canine Breed prepare,  
Bestows a Name on that fair Maid,  
Whose Eyes to Love my Heart betray'd.  
[\* \* \* *The Solutions in our next.*]

## ACROSTICKS.

*On the Amiable Miss ———.*

**M**AY Love indulgent my fond Wishes hear!  
I sing the Charms of an angelic Fair;  
Sole Mistress of my Heart, my only Flame,  
Search these fond Lines, and you will find her Name.

*P*attern

Pattern of Virtue and bright Inno-  
cence,  
Of winning Sweetness and of manlike  
Sense;

Like Venus' self doth this bright  
Fair appear;  
Like Heaven, her Smiles can sooth  
each anxious Care,  
Yield perfect Bliss, and chase away  
Despair.

Propitious prove, O Cupid, to my  
Pray'r,

Repay my Sufferings with this match-  
less Fair;

Inspire her Heart, her Breast with  
Pity move,

O h! teach the charming Maid my  
Flame t' approve,

Reward my Constancy, and crown  
my Love.

G. P. T.

Careless about Affairs of State,  
Obedient to the Will of Fate,  
Nor envies those, supremely Great:  
Thus undisturb'd *Palmon* lives,  
Exempt from all that Trouble gives;  
No civil Broils e'er rack his Breast,  
To him a quiet Life is best.

## THE ARTFUL WIFE

### A TALE.

A Country Farmer, Saint or Sinner,  
No Matter—ask'd the Priest to  
Dinner,

And order'd *Nell*, his buxom Bride,  
Of Fowls a Couple to provide;

Her Flock of Poultry she survey'd,  
And instantly his Will obey'd.

Early next Morn the Table spread,  
Knives, Forks, and Plates, in order  
laid:

But mark, what haps 'twixt Lip and  
Cup,

The Roast just ready to take up,  
In came a Neighbour big with Child,

Who red'ned, lick'd her Lips, and  
smil'd,

Curt'sy'd, then said, with plaintive  
Sigh,

Ah *Nell*! I certainly shall die!

The Child within me kicks and jumps,  
My Heart against my Bodice thumps;

I tremble, faint, and long to eat  
A Limb of that delicious Meat.

The *Good-Wife* pitying her Condi-  
tion,

With Freedom granted her Petition;  
Desir'd no longer she'd implore her,  
But drew the Fowls and set before her;  
Of which, *Nan*, tho' no Glutton known,  
With Eagerness pick'd ev'ry Bone;  
Then thank'd the Host, asham'd to stay,  
And well contented trip'd away.

*Nell* paus'd a while, and scratch'd  
her Head,

At length in broken Accents said,  
"What's to be done?—I'm here  
alone!—"

"The *Parson*'s bit!—The Birds are  
flown!"

"My *Husband*'s Anger much I fear—  
"And Dinner Time too, now draws  
near.

"Hard Case!" Then rallied all her  
Wit,

Remov'd the Dripping-Pan and Spit,  
Cover'd the Fragments in her Ire,  
And set the Dish down to the Fire.

Mean Time came in her loving  
Spouse,

And wisely looking round the House,  
Says, what's become o'th' Pullets, *Nelly*?

Are all Things ready for the Belly?  
She smiling answer'd, *Yes, my Dear*,

To keep 'em warm, I put 'em there:  
You step up Stairs, change Shoes and  
Hose,

And Shirt; and d'on your *Sunday*  
*Cloaths*,

For to be clean and neat, you know,  
Does most Respect to Strangers show;

Then to the Parlour take some Wood  
in,

While I dish up the Beef and Pudding.  
*John*, ignorant of all, comply'd.

So far, so good, *Nelly* aside;  
I've fob'd off one, without much Pother,

Assist me, Art, to manage t'other!  
And if you'll with Attention mind,

The Cream of all is left behind.

Before the *Farmer* was half dress'd,  
Enters the Door his *Reverend Guest*,

D 2

Salutes

Salutes the Host with Awe profound,  
Who blush'd and curtsy'd to the  
Ground;

Then slowly rose, panting for Breath,  
And cry'd, I'm frighted, Sir, to Death!  
For God's sake, say? On what Oc-  
casion

You rais'd my *Husband's* Indignation?  
Who frets, and stamps, and raves, and  
swears,

He'll this Day cut off both your Ears;  
And I, determin'd to prevent him,  
Have on a sleeveless Errand sent him.  
Then, says the *Doctor*, I'll not stay,  
And in a Hurry budg'd away.

Things thus far answer'ing to her  
With,

*Nell* laugh'd—then hid the empty  
Dish,

And bustling fast as she was able,  
Set Beef and Pudding on the Table.  
The *Parson* almost out of Sight  
She call'd down *John*, as in a Fright;  
Told him the *Doctor* could not stay,  
But with him took the Fowls away.  
*John*, to appease his Help-mate's Grief,  
Immediately pursu'd the Thief;  
And run, and flew along the Plain;  
But all his Efforts prov'd in vain.  
The fright'n'd *Priest* his Toil renew'd,  
And fled as fast as he pursu'd.

*John* almost tir'd, bemoan'd his Fate,  
And offer'd to capitulate;  
Call'd out amain, and begg'd for one;  
No, says the *Parson*, I'll spare none.  
On this, he sweating Home return'd,  
Stifled his Rage that inward burn'd,  
With seeming Ease, and feign'd Con-  
tent,

Sat down in Peace, to Dinner went;  
And plying *Nell* for Usage rough,  
*I thank'd God*, that he had Meat enough.

#### THE MORAL.

Vain Man 'by every Passion tost,  
No more superior Wisdom boast;  
No more your Strength or Pow'r dis-  
play,

Deluded, jilted, every Day.  
To *Female* Charms, or *Female* Wit,  
You all must yield, and all submit;  
And from the *Cottage* to the *Crown*,  
The *Farmer's* *Fable's* handed down.

#### WOMEN the best POLITICIANS.

ONE Night plump *Sue* and Coach-  
man *Ned*,

A Bargain struck in Haste to wed;  
A Crown was stak'd, the Pair con-  
sented

To lose their Pledge, who first re-  
pented:

Time for the Matrimonial Farce,  
To-morrow comes—*Ned* hangs an *Ass*.

Of bad the best poor *Sue* makes,  
And, angry, claims his forfeit Stakes:

*Ned* frankly paid it, as agreed,  
Of a worse Bargain to be freed.

Quoth he, "thou'rt welcome on my  
Life;

"A cheap Divorcement from a Wife."  
The crafty Queen, who feign'd awhile,

Soon answer'd with a jeering Smile,  
"Ah! Fool, 'tis well you first re-

lented,  
"I'd lost—had you but seem'd con-

tented;  
"Gladly your Freedom I'll restore,

"One Shilling spend, and pocket  
Four."

Ladies, lay *Ovid's* Rules apart,  
In Love learn thriffter *Susan's* Art.

#### AN IRISH LOVE-LETTER.

A R R A H, my Honey, my Dear  
and my Jewel,

I love you far better than Noting at  
all;

If ye resolve to remain always cruel;  
By *Patrick*, I'm sure it will cost me

a Fall.

Then take me, my Sweet One, into  
your good Graces;

Be after consenting, I'll call you my  
Wife:

I'll make you a Lady, to wear Silk  
and Laces,

And ride in a Chair all the Days of  
your Life.

The Jesuitical Painter: Or, *A Match*  
for the Devil.

A Vi&ler did once to a Painter re-  
pair,

To deck his old House with the Sign of  
a Bear;

But

But to lessen Expence, thought it need-  
less and vain

To bedeck *Bruin's* Back with a costly  
Gold Chain :

But the Knave so untemper'd his Co-  
lours did lay,

That the first Show'r of Rain wash'd  
his Tints quite away.

My Landlord swore loud at the Man  
of the Brush,

That his Daubing deserv'd not the  
Skin of a Rust.

"Why, Friend," cry'd the Artist (a  
Master in Cunning)

"Can a *Bear* without Chains be pro-  
"vented from running ?

"You blame without Reason, all  
"thoughtless and warm,

"Tho' your *Bear* has escap'd, here's  
"no Matter of Harm."

"No Harm," quoth mine Host, "what  
"to see, a Pox on it,

"A plain dangling Board, with no  
"Picture upon it ?"

"Tush, tush," quoth arch Dry-Brush,  
"rave on 'till you burst,

"Tis as good, I'll aver, as when  
"hung up at first :

"Tis true there's no Picture, what  
"then ? ne'er repine :

"For your *Sign of a Bear*—you  
"have here a bare *Sign*."

## COUNTRY COURTSHIP

'T WAS in the merry Month of  
*May*,

All in a Field profusely gay.

As I walk'd forth, I heard one say,  
Shall I, *Juggy*—shall I—Ha ?—

Dearest *Juggy*, sweet *Juggy* ; tell me,  
pray,

Tell me whether I shall, or nay ?

No truly, *Collins*, you must stay  
Till *Hymen* joins, than I'll obey

All and ev'ry Thing you say ;

Then like Lambs we'll sport and play,

And with Kisses pass away

Ev'ry Night and ev'ry Day ;

Therefore why should we delay,

To be happy while we may.

## EPIGRAMS.

OLD Lady *Lovejoy*, aged just  
Threescore,

Whose lussy Footboy rode behind  
*before*,

Is in a Fit of Fondness grown so kind,  
He rides *within* who rode *before be-*  
*hind*.

A N amorous Wag once sought the  
Bliss,

To steal a soft and balmy Kiss ;  
When *Sylvia* stamp'd (and some say,  
swore)

That he should gain the Prize no more ;  
He smil'd, and said, if 'tis such Pain,

Pray, Miss, return it back again.

## EPITAPHS.

For a Country Churchyard.

YOU'D know who lies beneath  
this Stone ?

And what, my Friend, is that to  
thee ?

Be long from hence your *Worship*  
gone ;

I'll ask of you, as you of me.

But stay !—I eat, and drank, and  
slept ;

These were the Actions of my Life.  
The Church and Marker both I kept,  
Nor often scolded with my Wife.

Dull Fool ! you'll cry—what Stuff is  
this ?

Could such an *Oaf* be fill'd a Man ?  
Yet hear for once a Clown advise,

*Do you live Better, if you can.*

On a Man and his Wife.

STAY, Bachelor ! if you have Wit,  
A Wonder to behold ;

Husband and Wife, in one dark Pit,  
Lie still, and never scold

Tread softly tho', for fear she wakes—  
Hark, she begins already ;

You've hurt my Head—my Shoulder  
akes—

These Sots can ne'er move steady.

Ah Friend, with happy Freedom blest  
See how my Hope's miscarried ;

Nor Death itself can give you Rest,  
Unless you die unmarried.

*The*



## THE OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. KING,

At the Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre.

[Enter, reading a Superscription.]

I'M right—Your Servant, Sirs—  
Th' Address is plain—  
To the High Court of Critics, Drury-  
Lane.

Two Ladies, Sisters, Women of Con-  
dition,  
Have sent by me, their *Courier*, a *Pe-  
tition*.

Who are these Ladies should the Cu-  
rious ask?

See their Broad Seal—a *Dagger* and a  
*Mask*!

Here, *Brass*, take this.—I answer to  
the Name,

Am at their Call, and for your Service  
came.

'Tis sign'd, as you may plainly }  
see,

*Thalia* and *Melpomene*,  
Alias, *Tragedy* and *Comedy*.

Poor Souls! they're angry—and to  
hint is *Treason*,

That angry Ladies have not always  
Reason;

In classic Language they complain  
of Wrong,

Which thus I change to mine—the  
vulgar Tongue.

They set forth at large, that their  
Case is so sad,

That poor *Comedy* weeps, and that  
*Tragedy's* mad;

That *Op'ra*, their Rival, heretofore  
Maid of Honour,

Has got to your Hearts, and has ta'en  
much upon her;

That this foreign Minx has engross'd  
all your Favours,

And fritter'd their Passions and Hu-  
mour to Quavers;

That she walks Check by Jole, and  
won't hold up their Tail;

So humbly they beg, that you'll send  
her to Jail;

There strip her, and whip her, then  
send her away,

And, as bound in Duty, for ever  
they'll pray.

My mettled Mistress, so high in  
Blood,

Would scratch poor *Op'ra's* Eyes  
out, if they cou'd.

Suppose, your Honours, to avoid a *Fuss*,  
And save the pulling Caps, adjust it  
thus:

When *Tragedy* has borrow'd up the *Soul*,  
Plung'd deep her *Dagger*, or tols'd off  
her Bowl;

When Grief, Rage, Murder, strew  
the Palace round,

*Musick* should pour her Balm into the  
Wound;

Or, when the *Comic Last* has shook  
your Sides,

That Laughter swell'd so high, burst  
out in Tides,

Then *Musick*, with its sweet enchanting  
Strain,

Should to its Banks lure back the Tide  
again.

But how shall we your various Fan-  
cies bind,

When ev'ry *Britten* has a different Mind?  
*Musick's* a Harlot—(thus *Tom Swby* spoke)

Whose Charms will bend our honest  
*Hearts of Oak*!

What are the *Romans* now, once  
brave and free?

Nothing but tweedle-dum and  
tweedle-dee.

Read *Shakspeare* (cries his Wife) he'll  
blunt your Satire,

Who has not *Musick* in his *Soul's* a Trai-  
tor.

Ev'n savage Beasts are mov'd by *Mu-  
sic's* Touch:

And you, my Dear, to be unmov'd—  
is much.

My Mammy's right (lisp Miss)—  
you're wrong, my Daddy;

I'd hear for ever, *Through the Wood*,  
*my Laddie*.

How's this? roars out a Bard, in  
tragic Pride,

This cagut Pest comes on with mighty  
Stride;

In *Musick's* lulling Magic we are  
bound;

Like Yawning, spreads the epidemic  
Sound,

"For when one yawns, by Turns  
"we all yawn round."

O H.

O *Horatio*! what, Harmony an Evil?  
*Musick*'s an Angel, *Tragedy* the Devil.  
 Of Right, and Wrong, how shall  
 we find the Test?

To fix this, that, or t'other is a Jest;  
 We'll laugh, or cry, or sing, as  
 you like best.

You, our great *Turk*, shall cull our  
 choicest Treasures;

And now three heav'n-born Beauties  
 wait your Pleasures,

On *One*, more happy, should you  
 smile with Favour,

Throw but your Handkerchief, and  
 you shall have her.

QUIN's *Soliloquy on seeing Duke*  
*Humphry at St. Alban's.*

A Plague on *Egypt's* Arts, I say!  
 Embalm the Dead! on senseless  
 Clay

Rich Wines and Spices waste!  
 Like *Sturgeon*, or like *Brawn*, shall I  
 Bound in a precious Pickle, lie,  
 Which I can never taste?

Let me Embalm this Flesh of mine  
 With *Turtle* fat, and *Bordeaux*  
 Wine,

And spoil th' *Egyptian* Trade!  
 Than *Humphry's* Duke more happy I—  
 Embalm'd alive, old *Quin* shall die  
 A Mummy ready made.

D. G.

TUNBRIDGE VERSES.

On the two *Mist* Mundays.

IN *Waller's* easy and harmonious  
 Lines,

Bright *Sacchariss* boasts unrivall'd  
 Sway;

Whilst *Annes*, with softer Splendor  
 shines,

Mild as the Ev'ning Star at Close of  
 Day.

The *Muse* with equal Justice tunes  
 the Lyre,

Pleas'd to behold the *Sidney's* Charm  
 in you:

But whilst from Fame you modestly  
 retire,

You only by superior Skill subduc.

Let others, by fond Arts and empty  
 Airs,

Hope with a fond Preeminence to  
 reign;

True Merit a more lasting Value  
 bears,

Scorning the cheap Applauses of  
 the Vain.

Blest with good Sense, with Elegance,  
 with Ease,

With ev'ry polish'd Art, and vir-  
 tuous Grace,

That envy'd Secret you have found,  
 to please:

Confess, the foremost Beauties of  
 the Place.

On a *Butterfly burnt in the Ball-Room.*

THE *Butterfly* flies round and  
 round,

Each heav'nly Fair admiring;  
 At length, receives his fatal Wound,

At Beauty's Shrine expiring.

Timely by his Example taught,  
 Ye Beaux! learn hence Instruction;

Ne'er rove, but wisely fix with  
 Thought,

Or meet, like him, Destruction.

PROLOGUE to the *Tunbridge Verses*,  
 for the Year *Sixty-Six*.

OUR Patron *Apollo*, both Wit and  
 Physician,

At *Tunbridge* will grant us but Half  
 our Petition:

We find by the Waters, and what is  
 here writ,

That his Physic he gives, but denies  
 us his Wit:

No Good can ensue, while he plays  
 us this Trick,

For the Spring makes us well, and  
 the Verse makes us sick,

Upon all the Verses.

O Say, thou God *Apollo*, is it fit  
 That so much Beauty yield so  
 little Wit!

TUNBRIGIENSIS.

A Col.

## A Collection of Favourite New Songs.

## SONG I.

## THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE.

*Sung by Miss Wright, at Vauxhall.*

O *Sweeney*, why leav'st thou thy  
Nelly to mourn?

Thy Presence cou'd ease me,  
When naething can please me;  
Now dowie I sigh on the Bank of the

*Burn*,  
Or thro' the Wood, Laddie, until  
thou return.

Tho' Woods now are bonny, and  
Mornings are cleat;

While Lay' rocks are singing,  
And Primroses springing,  
Yet none of them pleases mine Eye or  
mine Ear,

When thro' the Wood, Laddie, ye  
dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to  
tell;

I'm fash'd with their Scorning,  
Baith Ev'ning and Morning,  
Their Jeering goes aft to my Heart  
wi' a Knell,

When thro' the Wood, Laddie, I  
wander my fell.

Then stay, my dear *Sweeney*, nae lon-  
ger away,

But quick as an Arrow,  
Haste here to thy Marrow,

Wha's living in Languor, 'till that  
happy Day,

When thro' the Wood, Laddie, we'll  
dance, sing, and play.

## SONG II.

## SOMETHING ODD.

*Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone.*

THE fam'd Poets of *Crece*,  
Were but as *John Bide*,  
And pretended the Gift of some

Yet, believe me, their Art  
Was as length as a

Something Whimsical, Clever and Odd.

So with Moderns we find,  
That this Vein of the Mind,  
Reigns from Monarchs quite down to  
the Clod;

And tho' Palaces strike,  
Yet the Cottage alike,  
Has its Pleasures—because it is Odd.

E'en the Prude, in her Way,  
Cries, each Fool has his Day;  
So for once I will follow the Mode:  
Let us quit the dull Sage;  
And since Cares don't engage,  
I'll be Cheerful—because it is Odd.

Nay the Wife, who from Home  
Scarce can venture to roam,  
For this once too will venture Abroad;  
And, tho' Husbands will rule,  
Yet she cries, I'm a Fool,  
If to Day I can't dare to be Odd.

Thus odd Folks under Heav'n,  
May of odd Things make even,  
And of all my Expencc ease the Load:  
Then, for my sake, this Day,  
Leave your Cares as they may,  
And to *Marybone* come—and be Odd.

## SONG III.

*Sung by Miss Brent, at Vauxhall.*

H Aple's Lovers who sue in vain,  
Whose Hearts are 'frozen with  
cold Distain,

Learn of *Jockey* Love's pleasing Art,  
To quell a Beauty's Insistence, and  
melt her Heart:

He, like you, wou'd sigh and pine,  
From *Phæbus*' Rise, from *Phæbus*' Rise  
to his Decline.

I deny'd, and reply'd with scornful  
Brow,

Ah! *Jockey* 'twill not do, 'twill not do;  
prithce, prithce, leave me now.  
Gazing advancing, his Eyes Love dart-  
ing,

*Jenny*, said he; one Kiss at parting.  
Gazing then my slender Waist,

With eager Arms he me embrac'd:

Kiss'd

Kiss'd me, call'd on Heav'n above,  
To record, to record his constant Love.

Partially I ey'd him,

Faintly I deny'd him,

My Tongue bely'd my Heart;

His Shape, his Face,

And manly Grace,

Strongly took my Lover's Part.

I his Suit approving,

He my Doubts removing,

With Ardor reply'd;

I fly to bring,

The Wedding, Wedding Ring,

Lovely *Jenny* is my Bride.

Hopeless Lovers mind, mind what I  
sing,

No Cure, no Cure for Disdain, like a  
Kiss and a Ring.

SONG IV.

A TRIO. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

**F**LY hence, grim Melancholy's  
Train!

Hence, wasting Thought and Years  
of Pain!

What to us is Age and Care,

Eyes of Grief, and Looks of Fear?

Join the laughter-loving Train;

This is Pleasure's boundless Reign.

Mind not what the Stoics say;

Life is only for a Day;

Banish far Reflection's Pow'r;

Loose not one important Hour;

Fly the meagre hideous Train;

This is Pleasure's boundless Reign.

Make the most of Beauty's Pride;

Youth and Beauty soon subside:

Courted yield—while yet you may,

Capit' else will fly away:

Join the sportive harmless Train;

This is Pleasure's golden Reign.

*Bacchus* all his Treasure lends,

(Mirth and Wine are constant Friends)

Lifts on high the human Soul:

Dread no Poison in the Bowl.

Seek the jovial rosy Train;

This is Pleasure's boundless Reign.

In the Meadows safely stray,

Innocence shall guard the Way;

And by Moon-light, on the Green,  
View the Fairies with their Queen:  
Go where Love directs the Train;  
For 'tis Pleasure's golden Reign.

Envy's Snakes, all-murdering War,  
With Phantom Honour, hence are far;  
Hope, and Peace, and Joy sincere,  
And Love, maintain their Revels here;  
Haste to join the festive Train;  
This is Pleasure's golden Reign.

Nor to scornful Airs inclin'd,  
Know the Season to be kind:  
What would all your Beauty do,  
Should Shepherds once neglect to  
woo?

See the beck'ning sportive Train;  
Hark! they cry, 'tis Pleasure's Reign.

Freedom, with immortal Shield,  
Guards the Blessings we can yield;  
Freedom hails thee to resign  
All thy Cares in Love and Wine;  
Stay no longer, join the Train;  
This is Pleasure's golden Reign.

*Hymen's* graceful Altars smoke,  
Haste, and wear the silken Yoke:  
Endless Peace, unfading Youth,  
Rise the sure Rewards of Truth:  
Hasten then to join the Train;  
For 'tis Pleasure's golden Reign.

SONG V.

CONTENT. *A Pastoral Ballad.*

*Sung by Mr. Hudson.*

**O**ER Moorlands and Mountains,  
rude, barren, and bare,  
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,  
A gentle young Shepherdess fees my  
Despair,  
And leads me o'er Lawns to her  
Home:  
Yellow Sheaves, from rich *Ceres*, her  
Cottage had crown'd,  
Green Rushes were strew'd on the  
Floor;  
Her Casement sweet Woodbines crept  
wantonly round,  
And deck'd the sod Seats at her  
Door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling  
Repast,

Fresh Fruits, and she cull'd me the  
best;

Whilst thrown from my Guard, by  
some Glances she cast,

Love slyly stole into my Breast.

I told my soft Wither, she sweetly re-  
ply'd,

(Ye Virgins, her Voice was divine)

I've rich One's rejected, and great  
One's deny'd;

Yet take me, fond Shepherd; I'm  
thine.

Her Air was so modest, her Aspect so  
meek,

So simple, yet sweet were her  
Charms;

I kiss'd the ripe Roses that glow'd on  
her Cheek,

And lock'd the lov'd Maid in my  
Arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few  
Sheep,

And if on the Banks, by the Stream,  
Reclin'd on her Bosom I sink into Sleep,

Her Image still softens my Dream.

Together we range o'er the low-  
rising Hills,

Delighted with pastoral Views;

Or rest on the Rock where the Stream-  
let distils,

And mark out new Themes for my  
Musc.

To Pomp, or proud Titles, she ne'er  
did aspire,

The Damiel's of humble Descent;

The Cottager, Peace, is well known  
for her Sire.

And Shepherds have nam'd her  
Content.

#### SONG VI.

Sung by Mr. Cook, at Sadler's-Wells.

**M**Y Dog and my Mistress are both  
of a Kind,

As fickle as Fancy, inconstant as Wind;

My Dog follows ev'ry strange Hoel in  
the Streets,

And my Mistress as fond of each Fel-  
low she meets.

Yes, in spite of her Arts, I'll not make  
the least Strife,

But be chesry, and merry, and happy  
thro' Life.

Go Miss where she will, and when-  
ever she please,

Her Conduct shall ne'er my Philoso-  
phy tease?

Her Freedom shall never embitter my  
Glee,

One Woman's the same as another to  
me.

So, in spite of her Arts, I'll not make  
the least Strife,

But be chesry, and merry, and happy  
thro' Life.

I laugh at the Wretches who stupidly  
pine

For false-hearted Gipsies they title di-  
vine;

At worst of my Love-fits no Physick  
I ask;

But that which is found in the Bowl  
or the Flask.

For go Things how they will, I'll not  
make the least Strife,

But be chesry, and merry, and happy  
thro' Life.

The Girl that behaves with Good-  
humour and Sense,

Shall still to my Heart have the warm-  
est Pretence;

And for those that would jilt me; de-  
ceive, and betray,

In honest Bumpers I'll wash them  
away.

'Tis my final Resolve, not to make the  
least Strife,

But be chesry, and merry, and happy  
thro' Life.

#### SONG VII.

The HONEST FELLOW.

**P**HO! Fox o' this Nonsense, I  
prithee give o'er,

And talk of your *Philis* and *Chloe* no  
more;

Their

Their Face, and their Air, and their  
Mien, what a Rour!

Here's to thee, my Lad, push the Bot-  
tle about,

Here's to thee, my Lad, push the Bot-  
tle about.

Let finical Fops play the Fool and the  
Ape;

They dare not confide in the Juice of  
the Grape;

But we honest Fellows—'Edcath who'd  
ever think

Of pulling for Love, while he's able  
to drink?

Of pulling, &c.

'Tis Wine, only Wine, that true  
Pleasure bestows;

Our Joys it increases, and lightens  
our Woes;

Remember what Topers of Old us'd  
to sing,

The Man that is drunk is as great as  
a King;

The Man, &c.

If *Cupid* assaults you, there's Law for  
his Tricks;

*Anacron's Cafes* see, Page Twenty-six:  
The Precedent's glorious, and just by  
my Soul;

Lay hold on, and drown the young  
Dog in a Bowl,

Lay hold, &c.

What's Life but a Frolic, a Song, and  
a Laugh?

My Toast shall be this, whilst I've  
Liquor to quaff?

May Mirth and good Fellowship al-  
ways abound;

Boys, fill up a Bumper, and let it  
go round,

Boys, fill up a Bumper, and let it  
go round.

SONG VIII.

The MAID of the MILL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Attend all ye Shepherds and  
Nymphs to my Lay,  
You may learn from my Tale, and go  
wiser away;

A Damsel once dwelt at the Foot of a  
Hill,

Well known by the Name of the *Maid  
of the Mill.*

In her all the Graces had jointly com-  
bin'd,

Her Face to improve and embellish  
her Mind;

Nor Pride or Deceit e'er her Bosom  
did fill,

'Twas Nature alone in the *Maid of the  
Mill.*

The Lord of the Village beheld the  
sweet Maid,

Each Art to subdue her was presently  
laid,

With Gold he endeavour'd to tempe-  
her to Ill;

But nought could prevail with the  
*Maid of the Mill.*

Her Virtue she priz'd beyond Splendor  
and State;

Though poor, yet she never repin'd at  
her Fate;

His Proffers she slighted, in vain all  
his Skill,

To ruin the Fame of the *Maid of the  
Mill.*

Young *Colin* address'd her with Hope  
and with Fear,

His Heart was right honest, his Love  
was sincere;

With Rapture his Bosom each Mo-  
ment would thrill,

Whene'er he beheld his dear *Maid of  
the Mill.*

His Passion was founded in Honour and  
Truth,

The Nymph read his Heart, and of  
Course lov'd the Youth;

At Church little *Patty* soon answer'd,  
"I will:"

His Lordship was baulk'd of the *Maid  
of the Mill.*

What Happiness waits on the chaste  
nuptial Pair?

Content, they are Strangers to Sorrow  
and Care;

The Flame they first rais'd in each  
other burns still,

And *Colin* is blest with the *Maid of the  
Mill.*

## SONG IX.

*Sung by Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall.*

**G**entle Gales, in Pity bear  
My Sighs, my tender Sighs  
away;  
To my cruel *Stephen's* Ear  
All my soft Complaints convey.

Near some mossy Fountain's Side,  
Or on some verdant Bank reclin'd,  
Where bubbling Streams in Murmurs  
glide,  
You will the dear Deluder find.

**G**entle Gales, in Pity bear  
My Sighs, my tender Sighs away;  
To my cruel *Stephen's* Ear  
All my soft Complaints convey.

Tell the false One, how I mourn,  
Tell him all my Pains and Woes;  
Tell, ah! tell him to return,  
And bring my wounded Heart Re-  
pose.

Gentle Gales, in Pity bear  
My Sighs, my tender Sighs away;  
To my cruel *Stephen's* Ear  
All my soft Complaints convey.

## SONG X.

*The BRITISH FAIR.**Sung by Miss Wright, at Vauxhall.*

**P**leasant meaner Themes disdain,  
To the Lyrist's Call repair,  
And the Strings to Rapture straining,  
Come and praise the *British* Fair.

Chiefs throughout the Land victorious,  
Born to conquer and to spare,  
Were not gallant, were not glorious,  
Till commanded by the Fair.

All the Works of Worth or Merit,  
Which the Sons of Art prepare,  
Have no Pleasure, Life or Spirit,  
But as borrow'd from the Fair.

Reason is as weak as Passion,  
But if you for Truth declare,  
Worth and Manhood are the Fashion,  
Favour'd by the *British* Fair.

## SONG XI.

*To a favourite Air of Sig. Cocchi's, sung by Miss Pope in The Musical Lady.*

**C**EASE, ye Fountains, cease to  
murmur;  
Balmy Winds, your Breath for-  
bear:

Softly blowing, gently flowing, gently  
flowing,

Ye but wake my tender Care.

Softly blowing, gently flowing, gently  
flowing,

Ye but wake my tender Care;

My tender Care, my tender Care.

## SONG XII.

*The MAID'S ADVICE.**Sung by Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall.*

**S**hepherds, would you hope to  
please us,

You must ev'ry Humour try;  
Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,  
Sometimes laugh, and sometimes  
cry.

Soft Denials, are but Trials  
Of the Heart we wish to gain;  
Tho' we're shy, and seem to fly,  
If you pursue, we fly in vain.

\*\*\* Gentlemen or Ladies, who are possess'd of any Pieces which may contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them inserted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal-Exchange, for the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

 The Second Number will be publish'd the First of DECEMBER.

THE  
**JESTER'S MAGAZINE:**  
 OR, THE  
**MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER.**  
*For November 1765.*

*Being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the Kind or Price.*

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|--|---|
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*Ride & Sapis.*  
 Laugh, if you are Wise.

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Numb. II. *To be continu'd Monthly.*

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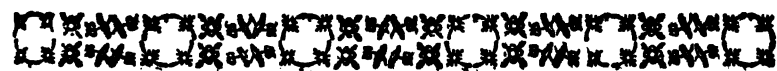
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# C O N T E N T S.

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\*\*\* We hope the GENTLEMAN who sent us *The Frighted Farmer* will not be offended at leaving out a few Lines, because we imagin'd they might be displeasing to some of our Readers—And we should take his future Correspondence as a particular Favour.



T H E

# JESTER'S MAGAZINE,

## For November 1765.



### *A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

Gentleman and some Farmers were making merry at an Inn, in a Town in *Buckinghamshire*, and a Man was crying his Earthen-Ware by the Door. The Gentleman hearing him, said to the Company, *That's a very odd Fellow, who cries Earthen-Ware; he has got Eyes in his A—.* Eyes in his A—! said the Company. Aye, said the Gentleman, *I'll lay any Person here a Couple of Bottles of Wine on it.* Done, said a Farmer; *now how will you prove it?* Very easily, reply'd the Gentleman. He then rung the Bell, and order'd the Waiter to call the Earthen-Ware Man. When he came, *Come, Friend, said the Gentleman, drink a Glas of Punch.* Having drank it, says the Gentleman, *Honest Friend, what is your Earthen-Ware carried upon?* The Fellow (who had Humour in him) very bluntly reply'd, *On my A—.* And pray, said the Gentleman, *is it blind?* Blind! no, reply'd the Fellow; *he has got two as good Eyes as I have, Iben, my Friends,*

*said the Gentleman to the Company, you find this Man, by his own Confession, has got Eyes in his A—.* Aye, reply'd the Fellow, laughing, *that's what I have, my Masters; and if any of you doubt it, it is but pushing up the Sash, and you may convince yourselves, for he stands now at the Door.* Well, Farmer, says the Gentleman, *you see you have lost the Wager; but, to show you that I won't take any Advantage of you, I shall be your Bottle and mine.* And, honest Friend, said he to the Earthen-Ware Man, *to make you some Amends for the Trouble I have given you, do you leave three Quart and three Pint Mugs at my House, and take the Money for them.* The Man thank'd him, and went about his Business; and the Farmer, after scratching and shaking his Noddle a little, drawl'd out, *Ha! Sir, you're a Tartar!*

A Stage-Coach on the *Tar-month-Road* was stopped by a Highwayman; who, having robbed all the Inside-Passengers of what Money they had, espied an old

old Man in the Basket behind, to whom he presented his Pistol, saying resolutely, *Give me your Money, or I'll blow your Brains out. My Money! Sir,* said the old Man: *Why I have but Eighteen-pence in the World, and I may as well be without Brains as without Money; so blow away, and go to the D—— as fast as you can.*

A Gentleman of Gascoigne, who inherited Two Thousand Crowns a Year from his Father, commenc'd Marquis at Paris, and, being a gay volatile Genius, soon got the better of his Fortune, and was reduced to the lowest Ebb of Wretchedness: Yet, in the Midst of it, never lost his Spirit and Courage, or impotently repin'd at what was not to be remedied; but with the small Pittance he had left, purchased a Mule, and turn'd Water-Carrier. Sometime after which, as he was trafficking his Merchandize up and down the Streets, he happen'd to meet two of his old Companions, who would have avoided him for fear of giving him Pain, at being caught in such an Equipage. But he prevented them, sprung forward to salute them with his usual Freedom; and, when they seem'd to pity his ill Fortune, briskly interrupted them, by saying, *That he had Forty Thousand Crowns worth of Water in the River Seyne, but, for Want of Servants, he was oblig'd to sell it himself.*

An arch Fellow overtook a Coach by the Way as he rid, and ask'd the Rear-Man of the Train, what Lady or Gentlewoman it was? The Servant answered, *The Queen of Clubs. I thought as much,* reply'd the other, *seeing the Knave of Clubs to ride so fast after.*

A Usurer having lost an Hundred Pounds, promised Ten Pounds Reward to any that should bring it him. A tender-conscienced Man finding it, brought it to him, demanding the Ten Pounds: But he, to baffle him, alledged, there was a Hundred and Ten Pounds in the Bag when lost; though, upon breaking open the Seal, there appeared no more than an Hundred. The Man arrested him for his Promise, and it coming to be tried before a Judge of *Nisi Prius*, it appearing that the Seal had not been broke open, nor the Bag ripped, says the Judge to the Defendant, *The Bag you lost had an Hundred and Ten Pounds in it, you say? Tes, my Lord,* says he. *Then,* replied the Judge, *according to the Evidence given in Court, this cannot be your Money, for here was but an Hundred Pounds: Therefore the Plaintiff must keep it 'till the true Owner comes, and you must look for your Hundred and Ten Pounds where you can find it.*

One Gentleman was telling to another, *That his Page was run away from him, notwithstanding he had always us'd him well, both with good Cloaths to his Back, and Spending-Money in his Purse:* Whereunto the other answered, *And I, for my Part, have a poor Knave, whom I keep bare and penniless, and yet he loves me well, and will never forsake me. How can he forsake you,* reply'd the other, *having no Wings wherewith to fly away.*

A Gentleman having cudgell'd his Page for a Fault, bid him in the End put on his Cloaths and make him ready: Whereunto the Page answer'd, *Sir, they are the Executioner's Fee.*

A Countryman

A Countryman, who lov'd his Belly, said to the Cook in the Family, where he liv'd, Cook, *I wonder how you know when your Victuals is enough? Very well,* reply'd the Cook; *or I should not be fit for my Business. For my Part,* says the Countryman, *I don't know when any MEAT is enough, except a FOWL. And how,* reply'd the Cook, *do you know when a Fowl is enough? 'Tis very easy to know that,* says the Countryman; *for when a Fowl is enough, all the Breath comes out of its Body.*

A Gentlewoman, who had married a Husband of great Good-nature, but a little deficient in Point of Understanding, was reproached, by her Brother-in-Law; who told her, in Derision, that she had coupled herself to a Fool. *So has my Sister,* says she; *for no Man of Sense would endeavour to give any Woman a mean Opinion of her Husband.*

A Country Fellow, just come up to London, and peeping into every Shop he pass'd by, at last looked into a Scrivenor's; where seeing only one Man sitting at a Desk, he could not imagine what was sold there, and calling to the Clerk, said, *Pray, Sir, what do you sell? Loggerheads,* cry'd the other. *Do you so?* answered the Countryman; *egad! you have a fine Trade then, for you have but one left.*

A Gentleman and his Servant in a cold frosty Morning riding through a River together, the Gentleman's Horse stumbled, and threw him into the Water, and soon after fell to Drinking: At which the Man laughed heartily. *Sirrah,* said the Master, *do you laugh at me? No,* Sir, says the Servant, *I don't laugh at you, but I laugh to think that*

*your Horse can't drink without a Toast this cold Morning.*

A Tradesman newly made Mayor of a little Town in the North, meeting with an old Acquaintance while he was mending his Hedge, who spoke to him, and by Accident kept his Hat off, imagined it was done out of Respect to his new Dignity; upon which, bridling and composing his Muscles with great Gravity, he said, *Put on your Hat, Sir, put on your Hat; I am still but a Man!*

One asked a Man of great Learning how he might do to become wise? Who answered, *In Truth, Friend, I can hardly resolve you; for you still go one Way and Wisdom another, so that I cannot see how you can possibly meet.*

Several Scholars went to steal Rabbits, and by the Way they warn'd a Novice among them to make no Noise, for fear of scaring the Rabbits away. At last, he espying some, said aloud in Latin, *Ecce Cuniculi mul-ti!* and with that the Rabbits ran into their Boroughs: Wherewith his Fellows offended, and chiding him for it, he said, *Who the Devil would have thought the Rabbits understood Latin!*

A Person being ask'd to Breakfast at a Friend's House he excused himself, because he never drank Tea. *And pray,* says Somebody, *what do you usually take for Breakfast? Vegetables,* says he, *generally. A Beef-steak or Mutton-chop.*

Mr. Pope, was one Evening at Burton's Coffee-house, where he and a Set of Literati had got poring over a Manuscript of the Greek comic Poet Aristophanes, in which they found a Passage that none of them could comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young Officer who stood by the Fire, heard their

G

Conference,

Conference, and begg'd that he might be permitted to look at the Passage—*Ob!* says Pope sarcastically, *by all Means; pray let the young Gentleman look at it.* Upon which the Officer took up the Book, and considering awhile, said, that there only wanted a Note of Interrogation to make the Whole intelligible. Which was really the Case; *And pray, Master, says Pope,* (piqued perhaps at being out-done by a Red-Coat) *what is a Note of Interrogation?* *A Note of Interrogation,* replied the Youth, with a Look of the utmost Contempt, *is a little crooked Thing that asks Questions.* 'Tis said, however, that Mr. Pope was so delighted with the Wit, that he forgave the Sarcasm on his Person.

A Coxcomb, remarkable for talking a great deal of Nonsense, had a most disagreeable Voice in speaking. One mentioned it as an Imperfection in him; but a Lady said she could not think it so, since it was a constant Rule, that the *Sound* should be an Echo to the *Sense*.

A Gentleman in Ireland, remarkable for what is called *Bulls*, was met one Day in Mourning. *How now Frank,* says his Acquaintance, *who are you in Mourning for?* *For my poor Wife, Honey,* answers he. *Bless me!* says the other. *Indeed it is very true,* says Frank. *She wou'd have been three Weeks dead, if she had lived till last Wednesday.*

An extremely lean Gentleman used to ride on a very fat Horse; and, as he was coming towards London, two Women met him. One of them, after looking at him for some Time, call'd out to the other, *Moll! Moll! what do you think that Gentleman does?* *I*

*don't know,* replies *Moll.* *Why,* says the other, *he starves himself to feed his Horse.*

When the Army of Lewis the Fourteenth of France was encamped in Flanders, during his War with the Confederates, the King used sometimes to reside at the Headquarters himself. It happened, that a very fine Horse, which he had lately purchased, was exercised before his Tent, and among others who had gathered round him was a Corporal, who having been that Afternoon too free with *Aqua Vitæ*, was become as great a Man as his Majesty. He had strolled up to the Spur, and getting within the Circle put himself into an Attitude of Consequence. After having some Time made his Observation with the Air of a profound Connoisseur, he thrusts a Quid of Tobacco into his Mouth, and swore it was as fine a Creature as ever he saw, and as well broke; then, tottering up to the Groom who had been riding it, and just dismounted, ask'd him, *Who was the Owner?* At this Moment the King came out from his Tent; and, overhearing the Corporal's Question, with whom he had already been diverted, told him courteously, That the Horse was his. The Corporal made his Majesty a slight Compliment, by moving his Hat; and then, setting Arms akimbo, told him, That his Reason for asking was, that he had taken a Liking to the Horse, and was inclined to buy it. The King said, he had no Intention to sell it; but, if it would oblige him, he would treat with him on the same Spot next Morning. The Corporal thrusting out his Hand, cried, *A Match;* to which the King consented, and rode off, giving private Orders that no Punishment

ment should be inflicted upon the Corporal, but that he should be brought before him the next Morning. In the Morning, when the poor Fellow was told what had passed, and conducted to the King's Tent, he was seized with a dreadful Panic, lest his Insolence and Drunkenness might cost him his Life. Into the Presence, however, he was carried: And the King, who intended only some Sport, ask'd him, If he was the Man that would last Night have bought his Horse? No, and please your Majesty, says the Fellow, *that Man went away at Three o'Clock this Morning. Did he so?* said the King (who understood that at Three o'Clock Sleep had substituted a sober Man for one that was drunk) *I am very glad that I have got so sensible and decent a Person as you are in his Stead, and I hope he will never come back; for if I see him, I shall certainly resent his Behaviour.*

A Countryman, hearing the Post-Boy had been lately robb'd, and having Occasion to send a Bank-Note for Fifty Pounds to London, was advis'd to cut it into two Parts. This he did; but, instead of sending them by the Post at different Times, he put them into two Letters, and sent them both by the same Post, directed to the same Person; acquainting his Correspondent, in both his Letters, That he cut the Note into Two Parts, for fear the Mail should be robb'd.

A Lady being ask'd how she lik'd a Gentleman's Singing, who had a very stinking Breath. *The Words are good,* said she, *but the Air is intolerable.*

Mr. Congreve, going up the Water in a Boat, one of the Watermen told him, as they pass'd by Peterborough-

*House at Mill-bank, That House had sunk a Story. No, Friend,* says he, *I rather believe it is a Story rais'd.*

A drunken Fellow having made away with all his Goods, except his Feather-Bed, was at length obliged to part with that too; for which, being reproved by some Friends, *Phoo,* says he, *I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my Bed?*

Dr. Rattcliffe was remarkable for a sudden Thought in extraordinary Cases. He was once sent for into the Country to a Gentleman, who was dangerously ill of a Quinsey; and the Doctor soon perceived, that no Application internal or external would be of any Service. Upon which he desires the Lady of the House to order her Cook to make a large Hasty-Pudding; and when it was done, to let his own Servant bring it up. While the Cook was about it, he takes his Man aside, and instructs him what he was to do. By and by the Man brings up the Pudding in great Order, and sets it on the Table, in full View of the Patient. *Come, John,* said he, *you love Hasty-Pudding, eat some along with me, for I believe you came out without your Breakfast.* Both fall to with their Spoons; but John's Spoon going twice to his Mouth to his Master's once, the Doctor takes occasion to quarrel with him, and dabs a Spoonful of hot Pudding in his Face. John resents it, and throws another at his Master. This puts the Doctor in a Passion; and quitting his Spoon, takes it up by Handfuls, and throws at his Man; who battles him again in the same Manner, 'till they were both of them all over in a most woful Pickle. The Patient, who had a full View of the Skirmish,

was so tickled at the Fancy, that he burst into a Laughter, which broke his Quinsey, and cur'd him.

A Person having two very ungracious Sons, the one robb'd him of his Money, and t'other of his Goods: His Neighbour coming to condole with him, told him, *He might sue the County, for he had been robbed between Son and Son.*

A Gentleman riding through a River, which he suppos'd deep, bid his Servant go before. But he, to shew his Politeness, replied, *I never will be guilty of so much ill Manners; pray, Sir, do you cross over first.*

An *English Vessel* meeting one from *Ireland*, hailed it, and desir'd to know what she was laden with? *Timber and Fruit*, answer'd the Master. *Timber and Fruit!* replied the other. *Ay*, said the Master, *Birch-Brooms and Potatoes.*

*Nash* used sometimes to visit the great *Dr. Clarke*. The Doctor was one Day conversing with *Locke*, and two or three more of his learned and intimate Companions, with that Freedom, Gaiety, and Cheerfulness, which is ever the Result of Innocence. In the Midst of their Mirth and Laughter, the Doctor, looking from the Window, saw *Nash's* Chariot stop at the Door. *Boys, Boys*, cried the Philosopher to his Friends, *let us now be wise, for here is a Fool coming.*

A young Lady who was just come out of the Country, and affect'd to dress in a very plain Manner, was sitting on a Bench at *Bath*, as *Nash* and some of his Companions were passing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, *There's a smart Country Girl, I will have some Discourse with her.* Then

going up to the Lady; *So, Child*, says he, *you are just come to Bath, I see. Tes, Sir*, answered the Lady. *And you have been a good Girl in the Country, and learned to read your Book, I hope. Tes, Sir. Pray now*, says he, *let me examine you. I know you have read your Bible, and the History of Tobit and his Dog. Now can you tell me, What was the Dog's Name? Tes, Sir*, says she; *his Name was Nash, and an impudent Dog he was.*

One coming to a Lawyer for his Advice in Law without a Fee, the Lawyer said unto him, *How will you have your Lamp burn, without Oil?*

A Countryman passing through a Street in *London*, stumbled, and his Backside fell to the Ground. A 'Prentice seeing it, fell a laughing, and said, *See, see, Fellow, how fine London is, it brooks no such Clowns as you.* With that the Countryman turn'd back, and answered, *As fine as it is, it has kiss'd my Tail for this once.*

A great toasted Cheese Eater had baited his Trap with Cheese, and another seeing it, said unto him, *What need you bait your Trap with Cheese? Do you but sleep with your Mouth wide open a Nights, and all the Mice in the Chamber will enter there-into.*

An Author was shewing a Gentleman a Pastoral Dialogue, which he had written. The Gentleman said the Words were pretty, but he thought the Nymph should not begin and end it. *Ob! Sir*, reply'd the Author, *that's quite in Character, for a Woman will always have the first Word, and the last.*

To the Authors of *The Fetter's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

*am extremely fond of remarkable Passages in History; and, as there may be many others who are of my Way of Thinking, I have sent you an Account of an extraordinary Event, as related by Justin. By giving it a Place in your Magazine, you will greatly oblige*

*Your sincere Well-wisher,*

HISTORICUS.

### *The FAITHFUL SLAVE: Or, HUMANITY Rewarded.*

IT happen'd that the Slaves, being very numerous in the famous City of *Tyre*, form'd a Conspiracy against their Masters. They murder'd them all in one Night, except *Strato*, who was secretly preserv'd by his Slave. Having by this Means got Possession of the City, married their Mistresses, and made themselves absolute Lords of the State, they resolv'd to make a King out of their own Body; therefore unanimously agreed, that he should be rais'd to that Dignity, who the next Morning should first see the Rising Sun, imagining that would be a Token of the Person's being approved of by the Gods. They resolv'd therefore to meet about Midnight in an open Field on the East Side of the City, and there, with one Accord, to bestow the Crown upon him who should first make the Discovery.

Before the Time appointed *Strato's* Slave imparted the whole Matter to his Master, whom he kept secretly concealed; and was advised by him, not to turn his Face to the East, as the others would probably do, but to the West, and

there to keep his Eyes fixed on the Top of the highest Tower in the City.

The Slave followed the Instructions of his Master; and the whole Multitude thought him no better than a Fool or a Madman, on seeing him look for the Rising Sun in the West. However, they were soon convinc'd of their Mistake; for, while they stood gazing towards the East in Expectation of seeing the Sun appear, *Strato's* Slave call'd to them, and shew'd them the Tops of the high Buildings of *Tyre* already illuminated with his Rays.

Upon this he was universally applauded by his Companions, who very earnestly press'd him to name the Person to whom he was indebted for so wise a Thought; for they could not ascribe it to himself, or to any of their Fellow-Slaves.

For some Time he refused to satisfy their Curiosity; but at length, upon Promise of Impunity for himself and the Person he should name, he acknowledged, that having been always treated by *Strato* with great Humanity and Kindness, he had been influenced by Compassion and Gratitude



Gratitude to ſave both him and his Son in the common Maſſacre; and that, in the preſent Affair, he had acted according to the Directions of his Maſter.

Upon hearing this, the Multitude

not only pardoned the Slave, but looking upon *Sirato* as a Perſon preſerved by the particular Providence of the Gods, they immediately advanced him to the Throne of *Tyre*.



*Description of the great Tun of Heidelberg, and of a merry Adventure that happen'd at an Entertainment over it.*

**H**EIDELBERG is called the Paradise of Germany (ſays a Gentleman who travell'd thro' it) for its Fruitfulneſs in Wine, Corn, and all Sorts of Fruit. I myſelf have ſeen growing in one Plain, at the ſame Time, Vines, Corn, Cheſnuts, Almonds, Dates, Figs, Cherries, beſides ſeveral other Sorts of Fruit: And as the Country is fertile in yielding the Fruits of the Earth, ſo the People are careful in providing Store-Room for them.

This I take notice of, becauſe of the prodigious *Rheniſh* Wine Vats which are to be ſeen there; amongſt which there are ſeven, the leaſt whereof holds the Quantity of two Hundred and fifty Barrels of Beer, as I calculated; but the large, and moſt celebrated Vat, is that which goes by the Name of the great Tun of *Heidelberg*, and holds two Hundred and four Pouders of Wine, and coſt Seven Hundred and Five Pounds Sterling in building, for which one may have a very good Houſe built.

This Vat I have ſeen twice; and the firſt Time was, when the Elector treated the *French* Ambaſſadors that came to conclude the Match betwixt his Daughter and Monſieur the *French* King's Brother, who

married her after the Death of *Henrietta*, his firſt Wife: At which Treat there happened an Adventure, that I ſhall here pleaſe the Reader with.

In a Gallery that is over this Vat, the Elector cauſed a Table to be placed in the Middle, exactly above the Bung-hole of this monſtrous Veſſel, and to be covered with a coſtly Banquet of all Sorts of Sweet-Meat; the Day-before all the Wine being emptied out of this Tun, into other Vats. A little before the Ambaſſadors, with other foreign Miniſters and Perſons of Quality, mounted the Stairs to come to the Place of Entertainment, the Elector cauſed twelve Drummers, with many Trumpeters, ſome Kettle-Drums, and other Muſick, to be lodged in the Belly of the Tun with Orders to ſtrike up, upon a Signal given, when the Elector drank the *French* King's Health.

All being ſat down at Table, and merrily feeding, the Elector drank the Health, and the Signal was given; whereupon the Muſick began to play its Part, with ſuch a roaring and uncouth Noiſe out of that vat Cavity below, that the *French*, and other Perſons of Quality, who were unacquainted with the Deſign, look-

ing upon it to be an infernal and ominous Sound, in great Astonishment, began to cry out, *Jesu Maria! The World is at an End!* and to shift every one for himself in so great Disorder and Confusion, that for Haste to be gone, they rambled down Stairs one over another.

All that the Elector could say to compose them, was either not heard,

or not regarded; nor could any Thing satisfy and re-assure them, 'till they saw the Actors come marching out of their Den.

Had not many Persons of Quality and Travellers seen this Vat as well as myself, who know what I say of its incredible Bigness to be true, I should be afraid the Reader might think I imposed upon his Credulity.



### *A Description of the Island of ANNA-BONA.*

*Is a Letter from a Gentleman, who touched there in his Passage to St. Helena, to his Friend in London, dated St. Helena, July 10, 1765.*

**A**FTER leaving *England* we met with nothing remarkable, except a View of the famous Pike of *Teneriffe*; 'till *February* the 19th, when we made *Anna-Bona*, a small Island lying directly under the Line, which I shall attempt to give you some Idea of, from the few Observations I made while there.

This Island is entirely mountainous, yet produces all the Necessaries of Life in great Plenty. Fowls, both tame and wild, abound in it, with Plenty of tolerable Goats and Sheep, and excellent Pasture for them; the Mountains being cover'd with Verdure to their very Tops. It produces likewise *Indian Corn*, and *Cassada* in Abundance, with most of the tropical Fruits; such as Oranges, Limes, Cocoa Nuts, Pine Apples, &c. Cotton too, and Sugar thrive very well there; the first of which is excellent, and the last I am apt to think would be so too, did they know how to cultivate it properly, or cure it when cultivated.

The Inhabitants are entirely Blacks, and very numerous; they are under

the Protection of the King of *Portugal*, by whose Governor of *St. Thomas*, they have a Governor appointed from among themselves, but pay no Sort of Tribute or Duties to him. They profess the *Roman Catholic* Religion, and have Priests from among themselves, likewise educated at *St. Thomas's*, to officiate. Their Language is a broken Sort of *Portuguese*. Money they have none, nor do they know the Use of it; so that the only Method of trading with them is by Barter, in which they shew a great deal of Judgment, preferring a Scrap of Cloth that they can convert into a Cap, or any little Use, to the gaudiest Baubles you can offer them; though if they were at Half the Pains in raising Cotton and manufacturing it, the Art of which they seem to understand very well, as they are at in rearing Stock, &c. which they give in Exchange for old Cloaths, they might be supplied with more than sufficient for their own Consumption, without depending on such an uncertain Method of being supplied,

supplied, as from the few Ships that call there.

If by Avarice is understood the bare Lust of hoarding up Money, they must be free from it, as they have none; but in the more general Sense of the Word they may justly be accused of it, discovering the greediest Disposition in all their Dealings. Nor have they any Principle of Honesty, but boast in being able to over-reach one another, as well as Foreigners. Jealousy they are entire Strangers to, and seem to have very little Notion of Honour, for they will cheerfully lend their Wives and Daughters to the highest Bidder.

The Town before which we anchored (which, to the best of my Information, is the largest in the Island) was composed of an immense Number of small Huts, with a pretty large one that they honoured with the Name of Church, and

one something less, in which the Governor lives, who, knowing us to be *English*, for whom they have the greatest Veneration, and imagining us to be a Man of War, from our Size and Guns, as soon as ever we anchored, came on Board in his Barge (which by the Bye was nothing but a hollowed Tree) to pay his Respects to the Captain, who treated him very courteously, and, in Return for a few trifling Things he had brought by Way of Present, gave him a complete *English* Suit, and equipped his Attendants; but insisted upon the same Privilege as a Man of War, of paying no Duties for the Liberty of Trading.

During the Time we staid here, which was very short, we were plentifully supplied with every Thing the Island produces, at the cheapest Rates imaginable, entirely owing to their Ignorance of the real Value of their Commodities.



### *The Manner of smoaking Tobacco in some Parts of the East.*

THE Eastern Nations are extremely fond of Tobacco; some of them draw the Smoke in so prodigious a Quantity, that it comes out of their Nose. The Caalean used in smoaking is a Glass Vessel, resembling a Decanter, and fill'd about three Parts with Water. Their Tobacco is yellow, and very mild, compar'd with that of *America*; being prepar'd with Water and made into a Ball, it is put into a Silver Utensil, not unlike a Tea-cup, to which there is a Tube affixed that reaches almost to the Bottom of the Vessel. There is another Tube fixed to the Neck of the Vessel above the Water; to this

is fastened a Leathern Pipe, through which they draw the Smoke, and as it passes through the Water, it is cool and pleasant. The *Persians* for many Ages have been immoderately fond of the Caalean. *Shah Abbas* the Great made a Law to punish this Indulgence with Death; but many chose to forsake their Habitations, and to hide themselves in the Mountains, rather than be deprived of this insatuating Enjoyment. Thus this Prince could not put a Stop to a Custom, which he considered not only as unnatural and irreligious, but also as attended with Idleness and unnecessary Expence.

*The true Original Receipt for composing a Modern*  
**LOVE-LETTER.**

*Adapted to the Use of all the pretty Fellows within the Cities of  
 London and Westminster.*

**T**AKE five Hundred Protestations, Half as many Vows, three Thousand Lies, fifty Pounds Weight of Deceit, an equal Quantity of Nonsense, and treble the Whole of Flattery: Mix all these Ingredients up together, and add thereto Half a Scruple of Sincerity, sweetening it often with the Words Angel, Goddess, Charmer, Honey, and the like. When it is sweetened to your Taste, take as much of it at a Time as you think proper, fold it up in Gilt-Paper, seal it with the Impression of a flaming Heart, full of Wounds; let it be carefully delivered, and it is irresistible.



*The Luxurious ABBOT, and the ITALIAN ROBBER.*

**A T A L E.**

**G**hiso di Tacco was a Man famous for his bold and insolent Robberies; who, being banished from *Siena*, caused the Town of *Tadicatorani* to rebel against the Church, and liv'd there whilst his Gang robbed all that passed that Way. When *Boniface* the Eighth was Pope, there came to Court the Abbot of *Clugni*, reputed to be one of the richest Prelates in the World; and having debauched his Stomach with high Living, he was advised by his Physicians to go to the Bath of *Siena*, as a certain Cure.

Having obtain'd Leave from the Pope, he set out with a large Train of Coaches, Carriages, Horses and Servants, shewing no Regard to the Rumours concerning this Robber. *Gbino* was apprised of his coming and took his Measures accordingly; when, without the Loss of one Man, he enclosed the Abbot and his whole Retinue in a narrow De-

file, where it was impossible for them to escape. This being done, he sent one of his principal Fellows to the Abbot, with his Service; requesting the Favour of him to alight, and visit him at his Castle. Upon which the Abbot replied with a great deal of Passion, that he had nothing to do with *Gbino*, but that his Resolution was to go on, and he would see who dared to stop him. *My Lord*, quoth the Man, with a great deal of Humility, *you are now in a Place where all Excommunications are kicked out of Doors; then please to oblige my Master in this Thing, 'twill be your best Way.*

Whilst they were talking together, the Place was soon surrounded with Highwaymen. The Abbot seeing himself a Prisoner, went with a great deal of Ill-will with the Fellow to the Castle, follow'd by his whole Retinue; where he

dismounted, and was lodged, by *Gbino's* Direction, in a poor, dark little Room, whilst every other Person was well accommodated according to their respective Stations, and the Carriages and all the Horses taken exact Care of. This being done, *Gbino* went to the Abbot, and said, *My Lord, Gbino, whose Guest you are, requests the Favour of you to let him know whether you was going, and upon what Account?* The Abbot was so wise to lay all his Haughtiness aside for the present, and so satisfied him as to both.

*Gbino* went away at hearing this, and resolving to cure him without a Bath, he order'd a great Fire to be kept constantly in his Room, coming to him no more 'till next Morning: When he brought him two Slices of toasted Bread in a fine Napkin, and a large Glass of his own rich White Wine; saying to him, *My Lord, when Gbino was young he studied Physick, and declares, that the very best Medicine for a Pain in the Stomach is what he hath now provided for you; and of which these Things are to be the Beginning; then take them, and have a good Heart.*

The Abbot, whose Hunger was greater much than was his Will to joke, eat the Bread, tho' with a great deal of Despise, and drank the Glass of Wine; after which he began to talk a little arrogantly; asking many Questions, and demanding more particularly to see this *Gbino*. But *Gbino* passed over Part of what he had said as vain, and the rest he answer'd very courteously; declaring, that *Gbino* meant to make him a Visit very soon, and then he left him.

He saw him no more 'till next

Morning, when he brought him as much Bread and Wine as before, and in the same Manner: And this he continu'd many Days, 'till he found the Abbot had eat some dried Beans, which he had left purposely in the Chamber; when he enquir'd of him, as from *Gbino*, how he found his Stomach? The Abbot replied, *I should be well enough was I out of this Man's Clutches. There's nothing I want now so much as to eat, for his Medicines have such an Effect upon me, that I am fit to die with Hunger.*

*Gbino* then having furnished a Room with the Abbot's own Goods, and provided an elegant Entertainment, to which many People of the Town were invited, as well as the Abbot's own Domesticks, went the next Morning to him; and said, *My Lord, now you find yourself recovered, 'tis Time for you to quit this Infirmary.* He then conducted him into the Chamber, leaving him there with his own People; and as he went out to give Orders about the Feast, the Abbot was giving an Account how he had led his Life in that Place, whilst they declared that they had been used by *Gbino* with all possible Respect.

When the Time came, they sat down, and were nobly entertained, but still without *Gbino's* making himself known. But after the Abbot had continu'd some Days in that Manner, *Gbino* had all the Goods and Furniture brought into a large Room, and the Horses led into a Court-Yard which was under it; when he enquir'd how his Lordship now found himself, or whether he was yet able to ride? The Abbot made answer, that he was strong enough, and his Stomach perfectly

kally well, and that he only wanted to be quit of this Man.

*Ghino then brought him into the Room where were all his Goods, shewing him also to the Window, that he might take a View of his Horses; when he said, My Lord, you must understand it was no evil Disposition, but his being drove a poor Exile from his own House, and persecuted with many Enemies, that forced Ghino di Tacco, whom I am, to be a Robber upon the Highways, and an Enemy to the Court of Rome. You seem, however, to be a Person of Honour; as therefore I have cured you of your Pain at your Stomach, I do not mean to treat you as I would do another Person that should fall into my Hands, by taking what I pleased; but I would have you consider my Necessity, and then give me what you will yourself. Here's all that belongs to you, the Horses you may see out of the Window; take either Part or the Whole, just as you are disposed, and go or stay, as is most agreeable to you.*

The Abbot was surprized to hear an Highwayman talk in so courteous a Manner, and not a little pleased; so turning all his former Passion and Resentment into Kindness and Goodwill, he ran with an Heart full of Friendship to embrace him. *I protest solemnly, that to procure the Friendship of such a one as I take you to be, I would undergo more than what you have already made me suffer. Cursed be that evil Fortune which has thrown you into this Way of Life.* So taking only a few of his most necessary Things, and also of his Horses, and leaving all the rest, he came back to Rome.

The Pope had heard of the Abbot's being a Prisoner, and tho' he was much concern'd at it, yet upon seeing him he enquired what Benefit he had receiv'd from the Baths? The Abbot replied with a Smile, *Holy Father, I found a Physician much nearer, who hath cured me excellently well; and he told him the Manner of it, which made the Pope laugh heartily: When going on with his Story, and moved with a truly generous Spirit, he requested of his Holiness one Favour. The Pope, imagining he would ask something else, freely consented to grant it. Then said the Abbot, Holy Father, what I mean to require is, that you would bestow a free Pardon on Ghino di Tacco, my Doctor, because of all the People of Worth that ever I met with, he certainly is most to be esteemed, and the Damage he does is more the Fault of Fortune than himself. Change but his Condition, and give him something to live upon according to his Rank and Station, and I dare say you will have the same Opinion of him that I have.*

The Pope being of a noble Spirit, and a great Encourager of Merit, promis'd to do so, if he was such a Person as he reported; and, in the mean Time, gave Letters of safe Conduct for his coming thither. Upon that Assurance, *Ghino* came to Court, when the Pope was soon convinc'd of his Worth, and reconciled to him; giving him the Priory of an Hospital, and creating him a Knight. And there he continu'd as a Friend and loyal Servant to the Church, and to the Abbot of *Clugni*, as long as he lived.

To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

*The following is my Sister Jenny's vastly romantick Soliloquy on Matrimony, which I happen'd to over-hear a few Days since; but, I must confess, the Expressions are a little heighten'd. She is a likely Girl, of about Fifteen, and is look'd on in a very favourable Light in the Village where we live. By giving it a Place in your Magazine, you will at least oblige all the fashionable Girls in our Neighbourhood, besides laying an Obligation on*

Your most obedient Servant,

TIM. FROLICK.

*Vastly short, but vastly clever* NOTIONS of  
MATRIMONY.

**T**O be sure Mr. *Sprightly* is a *vastly polite* Man, and I am sure I am *vastly fond* of his Company.—Well! I hope I shall have him, for he saluted me with a *vastly pretty* Compliment this Morning. "Miss," says he, "you are as neat as a new Pin." Oh! Gemini! thought I, that was *vastly endearing*.

Well! when I marry Mr. *Sprightly*, I'll flaunt it about, I'll warrant me!—To the Millener's or Mercer's every Morning!—To *Vauxhall*, *Ranelagh* or *Marybone* every Evening!—Then I shall see Plays, Operas, and all the gay Sights!—That will be *vastly fine*, and *vastly pleasing*!

Papa is so *vastly grave* and so *vastly wise*, that one hardly knows what to say to him!—Mamma keeps me so *vastly in*, that I'm confin'd as much as her favourite Canary-Bird!—Well! we are *vastly unkind* here, tho' so near

*London*!—Rarely any Company, unless we could converse with the Trees and Flowers—If Mr. *Sprightly* didn't visit us sometimes, 'twould be like living in a Desert!—Dear Creature! he's *vastly entertaining*! He's as full of merry Pranks as poor *Romeo*, my Monkey. Ha! poor *Romeo*! I am forc'd to kill Time with thee now and then!—

"*Sure Marriage is a fine Thing,*  
"*It is so common grown,*" &c.

Well! I'm sure I've no Cause to *grieve*!—But, if I marry Mr. *Sprightly*, the Case will be *vastly alter'd*!—As soon as he asks me the Question, I shall be *vastly delighted*; and, with a *vast deal* of Pleasure, say, One, Two, Three, and away to Church!—Then live in a continual Round of exquisite Joy, and be *vastly happy* all the Days of my Life!

*Account*

*Account of a very extraordinary ANIMAL.*

**A**MONG the great Variety of Animals in *South-America*, one of the most remarkable is the *Perico Ligero*, or nimble *Peter*, an ironical Name given it, on Account of its extreme Sluggishness and Sloth. It resembles a middling Monkey, but of a wretched Appearance, the Skin of it being of a greyish Brown, and all over corrugated, and the Legs and Feet without any Hair. He is so lumpish, as not to stand in need of either Chain or Hutch, for he never stirs 'till compelled by Hunger; and shews no Manner of Apprehension either of Men or Wild Beasts. When he moves, every Effort is attended with such a plaintive, and at the same Time so disagreeable a Cry, as at once produces Pity and Disgust; and this, even in the slightest Motion of the Head, Legs, or Feet, proceeding probably from a general Contraction of the Muscles and Nerves of his Body, which puts him to an extreme Pain, when he endeavours to move them. In this disagreeable Cry consists his whole Defence; for, it being natural to him to fly at the first hostile Approach of any Beast, he makes at every Motion such Howlings, as are even insupportable to his Pursuer, who soon quits him, and even flies beyond the Hearing of his horrid Noise. Nor is it only during the Time he is in Motion that he makes these Cries, he repeats them while he rests himself, continuing a long Time motionless before he takes another March. The Food of this Creature is generally Wild-Fruits; when he can find none on the Ground, he looks out for a Tree well loaded, which, with a great deal of Pains, he climbs; and, to save himself such another toilsome Ascent, plucks off all the Fruit, throwing them on the Ground; and to avoid the Pain of descending the Tree, forms himself into a Ball, and drops from the Branches. At the Foot of this Tree, he continues 'till all the Fruits are consumed, never stirring 'till Hunger forces him to seek again for Food.

*ODD FESTIVAL celebrated at Brussels.*

**T**HE Nineteenth of *January*, a very odd Festival is celebrated at *Brussels*. Every Wife undresses her Husband, and carries him to Bed. The next Day the Husbands invite their Wives Relations, and entertain them with the utmost Generosity.

It is said that this Ceremony was

instituted in Commemoration of a Siege, at which the Women had stipulated at the Capitulation, that they should be allowed to carry with them their Children, and whatever else they were able to carry. This being granted by the Enemy, each Wife carried her Husband with her.

*Tb:*



*The judicious* CONFESSION: Or, *A short* LESSON  
for the LADIES.

THE Example of *Celia*, which I would recommend as a Pattern to the Ladies, is sufficient to shew the Force of Virtue to create Love. "Had I" (was the agreeable and wealthy *Celia* heard to say) "been the completest Beauty, and possess'd of an Hundred Thousand Pounds Fortune, *Aristus* should have been the Man I would have chosen" (speaking of a Person eminent for his Abilities, and the successful Application of them in the noblest and worthiest Designs, and of strict Virtue) "and I should have thought them well bestowed, and that I had made a very prudent Choice, though he had no Estate, and though his outward Form has nothing extraordinary in it; such Charms have his Mind and Qualities for me." The Gentleman was disposed of, and fallen to the Lot of another; and I doubt not, met with greater Returns of Affection from his Partner, who is a Person of a good Understanding and Disposition, than the handsomest and best dress'd Man of a different Stamp, ever did from his Consort in her Prime. An Affection indeed of a different Kind; the regular, constant, but the most delightful Tendency of the Mind towards him, resembling the Passion which *Milton* represents *Eve* to have for *Adam* before the Fall; and as far superior to

any grateful Motion excited in the Senses, as Reason is to Sense.

I would not depreciate outward Beauty, or deprive it of its due Value. It is worthy of our Love and Cherishing; but it stands in need of Auxiliaries to maintain them. Beauty and good Breeding, when they are only secondary Qualities, and serve to set off Virtue, render the Person, so accomplished, completely amiable. But there is this weighty Difference betwixt Virtue and Beauty, to the Advantage of the former, that it has often supplied the Place of the latter, where the Person has not been very disgusting, in keeping the conjugal Flame alive and clear to the last. But, I think, I may venture to affirm, that Beauty, devoid of Virtue and Discretion, never maintained a lasting Empire over a Man of Sense and just Taste.

And hence we have the Reason, why many of the Matches of the Great are not happy; at best flat and insipid Societies, frequently tiresome and disagreeable to both Parties: Because some Gentlemen don't endeavour to form themselves to Virtue, nor some Ladies into a right Taste of what is worthy of their Affection, and only can preserve it; but are carried away with Appearances, and the general Custom of a vain and thoughtless Age.

AMICUS.

*An extraordinary Instance of noble and disinterested Friendship in a BRITISH SAILOR.*

*Extracted from Hughes's History of Barbados, on which Coast the Accident happened.*

IN order to prepare our Readers for the very curious and entertaining Anecdote, which we are now going to lay before them, we must inform them, that the Shark is a Fish well known both in the Northern and Southern Seas for its ravenous Nature, preying upon most Animals that come in its Way. These Creatures are sometimes seen very numerous among the Ships in *Carlisle-Bay* at *Barbados*, especially when there are many Vessels with Slaves from *Guinea*: For some Hundreds of these poor Wretches being often crowded together in one Bottom, a great many of them die, with various Diseases; and being thrown overboard, bring together so great a Multitude of these voracious Animals, that it is not safe, at such Times, for the fatigued Sailors to refresh themselves by bathing in the Bay.

It was here, that one of these daring and profitable Adventurers of the Deep performed so memorable an Achievement in the Destruction of a Shark, that, when the Principle which prompted him to so very unequal and hazardous a Combat, and the Intrepidity of the Action itself, are considered, abstractedly from the low and mean Circumstances of the Person, who was but a common Sailor, it will perhaps appear to be as heroic an Instance of disinterested Friendship, and personal Bravery, as any recorded in History.

About the latter End of *Queen Ann's Wars*, Captain *John Beams*, Commander of the *Tork Merchant*, arrived at *Barbados* from *England*. Having disembarked the last Part of his Loading, which was Coals, the Sailors who had been employed in that dirty Work ventured into the Sea to wash themselves. There they had not been long before a Person on board espied a large Shark making towards them, and gave Notice of their Danger: Upon which they swam back and reached the Boat, all but one. Him the Monster overtook almost within Reach of the Oars, and griping him by the Small of the Back, his devouring Jaws soon cut him asunder, and as soon swallowed the lower Part of his Body. The remaining Part was taking up and carried on Board, where his Comrade was.

His Friendship with the Deceased had long been distinguish'd, by a reciprocal Discharge of all such endearing Offices as implied an Union and Sympathy of Souls. When he saw the severed Trunk of his Friend, it was with an Horror and Emotion too great for Words to paint. During this affecting Scene, the insatiable Shark was seen traversing the bloody Surface in Search after the remainder of his Prey. The rest of the Crew thought themselves happy in being on Board; he alone unhappy, that he was not within Reach of the Destroyer.

Fire

Fired at the Sight, and vowing that he would make the Devourer disgorge, or be swallowed himself into the same Grave, he plunges into the Deep, armed with a large sharp-pointed Knife. The Shark no sooner saw him, but he made furiously towards him. Both equally eager; the one of his Prey, the other of Revenge, the Moment the Shark opened his rapacious Jaws, his Adversary dexterously cliving, and grasping him with his Left-Hand somewhat below the upper Fins, successfully employs his Knife in his Right-Hand, giving him repeated Stabs in the Belly. The enraged Shark, after many unavailing Efforts, finding himself over-matched in his own Element, endeavours to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the Bottom, then, mad with Pain, rearing his uncouth Form (now stained with his own streaming Blood) above the foaming Waves.

The Crews of the surrounding Vessels saw the unequal Conflict, uncertain from which of the Combatants the Streams of Blood issued; till at length the Shark, much weakened by the Loss of Blood, made towards the Shore, and with him his Conqueror, who fluffed with an Assurance of Victory, pushes his Poe with redoubled Ardour, and by the Help of an ebbing Tide, dragging him on Shore, rips up his Bowels, and unites and buries the

severed Carcase of his Friend in one hospitable Grave.

The Story, I confess, (*says the Author*) is of so extraordinary a Nature, that I should not have dared to give it my Reader, had not I been authorised thereto by the Testimony of a very credible Gentleman, who is ready to confirm by Oath the Truth of what is here related. This Action, intrepid as it is, will unquestionably fall under the Censure of those who are accustomed to judge by the Rules of moral or political Fineness; it not being prudent for any Man to expose himself to a Danger, from which he must owe his Escape as much to Chance as Valour; nor consistent with the Value which ought to be set on the great Gift of Life, to risque it on small and inadequate Occasions.

The Exploit, therefore, had been more truly heroic, had it been performed for the Preservation of his Friend's Life, rather than the Recovery of his Body: But such Reflections are not the Sentiments of Sailors; a Class of Men to whom Courage is a Virtue, however madly or unreasonably exerted: And yet, if such an Action had been recorded of *Scipio* or *Alexander*, in the Defence of *Lutius* or *Hephestion*, whether it would not have been celebrated by their Admirers among the most shining and magnanimous Achievements of those renowned Heroes and Friends?

### *The Generous* N E G R O.

I cannot help relating to you, on account of its Singularity (*says a Lady to her Friend*) a Circumstance which happened to me not long ago, in the midst of my Dis-

treases, which affected me greatly at the Time; nor shall I soon forget it.

One Morning taking an Airing along the Piazzas leading from *Kingston* to the Fields, an old Negro

gro, who was sitting there dressing his Sores, begged Alms of me. I passed him, without taking any Notice of him; but immediately reflecting upon the poor Fellow's Situation, I turned back and gave him a Bit; telling him, at the same Time, that I had got but a few more remaining for myself. The Fellow expressed his Gratitude in Thanks and good Wishes for me, and I passed on.

Some Days afterwards, having Occasion to pass the same Way, I again met the same Negro. On my nearer Approach, he attempted to come towards me, but his Sores disabled him from getting further than a few Paces, by which Means I had an Opportunity of passing him. Upon this he called after me; I still walked on, however, without regarding him: But as I continued to go further from him, he raised his Voice the higher, begging to speak with me. Curious to learn what the Man had to say, I turned back, when he delivered himself to the following Effect: That as soon as I had left him the other Day, he concluded, from what I had said when I relieved him, that I was myself in Distress; that it grieved him much to see a Lady in Want, nor could he be happy, 'till he saw me again. He then pulled out a Purse, containing, as he said, Twenty-eight Doubloons, and begged me to take it; telling me, that he had collected this by Begging, and that he could

beg more to make him live; but that a Lady could not beg, but must die for want of Yam, Yam, if she had no Money.

I thanked the poor Fellow for his Generosity; and told him, that I had got more Money since I saw him, and that I did not want it. I then asked him how his Master suffered him to beg, seeing he was so Old? He told me, that now he could work no more, his Master had turned him out of Doors, to beg or starve: That he had been a Slave from his Infancy, and that his Sores were occasioned by constant and hard Labour. After giving him another Bit, and cautioning him not to discover his Money to any Body, lest he might be robbed of it, I left him; and could not help reflecting on this Adventure on my Return Home.

My Heart was in Truth touched with the poor Fellow's Sensibility, and animated with Indignation at the ill Usage he had met with from his Master, after having served him while he was able to work.—I don't know, my dear Friend, how this Story will affect you; but I think it merits Reflection, and ought to be remembered now and then, that the great Quantities of Rum and Sugar you use, are procured by enslaving, hard treating, and confining to everlasting, and sometimes intolerable Labour, a very large Number of our Fellow-Creatures.

*A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks,  
Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.*

**SOLUTIONS to the CONUN-  
DRUMS**

*In Number I.*

1. **B**ECAUSE it makes a Man's Mouth Water.
2. Because it's often batter'd.
3. Because it is a pitiful House.
4. Because it has a Cork in it.
5. Because the Beau shews his Bag, the Miser hides it.
6. Because they wave.
7. Because he lives on the Fat of the Land.
8. Because it Binds.
9. Because he lives by his Bow.
10. Because it reflects.

**SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES**

*In Number I.*

1. A Shadow.
2. A Tea Kettle.

**SOLUTIONS to the REBUSSES**

*In Number I.*

1. Miss Knap.
2. Miss Partridge.

**CONUNDRUMS.**

11. **W**HY is a Smith a dangerous Companion?
12. Why are Perch like fine Ladies?
13. Why is *Wales* like a Neck of Mutton?
14. Why is a little Man like a good Book?
15. Why is a peevish Man like a Watch?
16. Why is a Pick-pocket like a Bridegroom?
17. Why is a bad Gimblet like a Prophet of ill Events?
18. Why is a Buttock of Beef like a Traitor?

19. Why is an honest Friend like Orange-Chips?

20. Why is a sleepy Servant like a Warming-Pan?

[\*\* *The Solutions to our next.*]

**RIDDLES.**

3. **T**HOU' I, alas! a Prisoner be,  
My Trade is, Prisoners to set free.

No Slave his Lord's Commands obeys,  
With such insinuating Ways.  
My Genius piercing, sharp and bright,  
Wherein the Men of Wit delight.  
The Gentry keep me for their Ease,  
And turn and wind me, as they please.  
A new and wondrous Art I show  
Of raising Spirits from below;  
In Scarlet some, and some in White;  
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.

In at each Mouth the Spirits pass,  
Distinctly seen as thro' a Glass:  
O'er Head and Body make a Rout,  
And drive at last all Secrets out:  
And still, the more I shew my Art,  
The more they open every Heart.

A greater Chymist none, than I,  
Who from Materials hard and dry,  
Have taught Men to extract with Skill,  
More precious Juice than from a Still.

Altho' I'm often out of Case,  
I'm not ashamed to shew my Face.  
Tho' at the Tables of the Great,  
I near the Sideboard take my Seat;  
Yet, the plain 'Squire, when Dinner's done,  
Is never pleas'd, 'till I make one.  
He kindly bids me near him stand;  
And often takes me by the Hand.

I twice a Day a humping go;  
Nor ever fail to seize my Foe;  
And, when I have him by the Pole,  
I drag him upwards from his Hole,  
Tho'

Tho' some are of so stubborn Kind,  
I'm forc'd to leave a Limb behind.

I hourly wait some fatal End;  
For, I can break, but scorn to bend.

4. **T**ORN from the dark Recesses  
of the Earth,  
And form'd in various Shapes by fu-  
rious Birth;  
Sometimes a Bird, or Insect, I appear,  
At other Times, no living Form I wear:  
And tho' my Form's so various, yet  
my Name,  
Throughout the Kingdom is the very  
same.

To-day I make the Hearts of many  
glad,  
Perhaps, To-morrow, makè as many  
sad;  
Like fickle Man! by Blasts of Fancy.  
blown,  
On whom he smiles To-day, To-  
morrow he'll disown.

[\* \* \* *The Solutions in our next.*]

# REBUSSES.

3. **T**AKE the Name of a Circle;  
the Delight of a Boy,  
Which often encloses what fills us  
with Joy,  
And the Half of a Dyer, will plainly  
discover,  
The Girl who shall ever have me for  
a Lover.

4. **W**HAT Cocker first teaches,  
ingenious was he,  
What I call myself, and my Father  
calls me,  
Is the Name of a Poet, as all will  
agree.

[\* \* \* *The Solutions in our next.*]

COLIN'S COMPARISONS:  
Or, *The Voice of Love.*

**T**O the dear Mistress of my love-  
sick Mind,  
Sweet *Amary!* for ever fair and  
kind;  
To her a'one all Colin's Cares belong,  
His Morning Subject and his Ev'ning  
Song.

Thee I love, sweet *Amary!*  
More than Doe its tender Fawn;  
More than Goat the sundy Hill,  
More than Lambkin loves the  
Lawn:

More than *Philomel* the Grove,  
More than all Things—thee I love.

More than Swallow loves to fly,  
More than Thrush to charm the  
Mead;

More than Lark its tow'ring high,  
More than Hen-her Young to feed:  
More than Peace the gentle Dove,  
More than all Things—thee I love.

More than Turtle loves to coo,  
Or its Mate to give Delight;  
Or *Juno's* Bird its radiant Hue,  
Or stately Swan to court the Sight:  
More than feather'd Flocks to rove,  
More than all Things—thee I love.

More than Miser loves his Store,  
More than Hermit loves his Cell;  
More than Swain e'er lov'd before,  
More than *Colin's* Tongue can tell:  
More than all on Earth and Sea,  
More than all Things—I love thee.

# AN ACROSTICK.

*On a young Lady, who met with a Fa-  
mily Disappointment.*

**M**IDST various Storms that here  
perplex thy Breast,  
Intent upon that Work of Peace and  
Rest;  
Still may thy Soul, upon Devotion's  
Wing,  
Soar to the Skies, chaunt forth its  
Praise, and sing.

When that great, awful, solemn  
Time shall come,  
And Death shall waft thee to thy  
peaceful Tomb;  
Dear to thy Lord, thou shalt both  
taste and see  
Eternal Joys, prepar'd for Saints  
like thee.

To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

November 6, 1765.

*If you think the following Piece (tho' not altogether an Original) worthy a Place in your very entertaining Work, you will, by inserting it, greatly oblige one, who intends to be a constant Reader; and will, if agreeable to you, send you other little Pieces, which perhaps may contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick.*

## The FRIGHTED FARMER.

## A TALE.

ONE Day an honest Farmer went,  
(Roger by Name) to pay his Rent;  
The Bumpkin in his very Best,  
As prim as any Quaker drest,  
Did with a boorish Kind of Pride,  
Sure-footed, sturdy Brack bestride;  
His Fob replete with glittering Pence  
Gave him an Air of Confidence;  
But, yet it griev'd the Gaffer sore,  
To think how soon the precious Ore,  
Must for his Landlord be secur'd,  
By that insatiate Leech, the Steward;  
The Thought e'en pierc'd him to the Heart,  
But dearest Friends, alas! must part.  
He jogg'd along—and shook his Head,  
And to himself thus sighing said;  
"Relentless Landlords!—sure, oh!  
" sure,  
" If Half the Ills that we endure,  
" To you were once but rightly  
" known,  
" To us some Mercy would be shown:  
" You would not, sure, seize on the  
" Spoil,  
" The Product of our endless Toil;  
" Nor thus engross the annual Gains,  
" Of all our great incessant Pains.  
" But, ah! ye little know the Care,  
" The slavish Life, the slender Fare,  
" The coarse Conveniences, the  
" Crosses,  
" The vast Expenses—various Losses,  
" To which poor Farmers are ex-  
" pos'd;  
" Were this but thoroughly disclos'd,  
" You would not then so ill requite  
" us,  
" Nor with sad Pettifoggers fright us:

" But we must strive to be content,  
" Prove honest Men, and pay our  
Rent;  
" Then shall we need to fear no Evil,  
" Nor dread to face the very Devil."  
He spoke—with harness'd Heel he  
spur'd  
Poor Brack, and made him grunt and  
gurd.

At length, arriving at the "Squire's",  
He for his Landlord straight enquires;  
Dismounts, and gives his Horse some  
Hay,  
And tow'rs the House then takes his  
Way.  
Into the Steward's Hall he's led,  
Where, tho' not o'er genteelly bred,  
Hodge to the Bailiff makes a Bow,  
As nicely as he well knew how.  
This done—the fumbling lub'ring Lout,  
The loaded leathern Purse lugs out;  
Empties the glitt'ring splendid Store,  
Which, with great Care, is counted o'er.  
The Steward gives him a Receipt;  
The Cook, his Belly full of Meat:  
Nor does the jolly Butler fail,  
To bring in Jugs of nappy Ale.

Hodge smok'd his Pipe, and freely  
drinking,  
Forgot his Purse—had quite done  
thinking:  
By Fellow-Farmers now beset,  
(Upon the like Occasion met)  
With them he falls into Discourse,  
Tells them where *Bess* and *Jear* took  
Horse;  
For Seed-Corn what he was made pay,  
And how he sold last Market-Day:  
Talks of Manuring, Ploughing, Sow-  
ing,  
Of Harrowing, Rowling, Reaping,  
Mowing;  
What

What Management does good—what harm,

And how he had improv'd his Farm.  
Quite merry, he proceeds to quaff,  
And oft sets up a loud Horse-laugh;  
With roaring Voice essays to sing,  
And grows as happy as a King.  
Now—now—he's almost overcome;  
Tis now high Time to think of Home:  
He rises, takes his Leave of all,  
And tries to stand, but fears to fall;  
Then bending tow'rs the Block his Course,  
From thence he mounts upon his Horse.

Alone he budg'd—for lack-a-day,  
The rest all went a diff'rent Way;  
And yet, he went not quite alone,  
As in the Sequel will be shown;  
For one got up, you'll quickly find,  
(By him tho' unobserv'd) behind.

Now on he jogs with great Content,  
Rpic'd at having paid his Rent;  
But, having partly got his Load,  
In an unsteady Manner rode:  
Lean'd this Way, that Way, Back-ward, Forward,  
Nor deem'd it proper now to spur hard;

For, tho' he were not fairly fuddl'd,  
Hedge felt himself a little muddl'd.  
For valiant grown, courageous Roger,  
Thought he cou'd make a special Soldier,

Valu'd no Mortals of a Loufe—and  
Of Fees cou'd kill—at least—a Thou-sand.

But all his Valour nought avail'd him,  
Alas! his Courage quickly fail'd him;  
Tho' strongly arm'd with stout Oc-tober,

A hearty Fright soon made him sober,  
And chas'd away the drowsy God,  
Who now and then had forc'd a Nod;  
For passing o'er a dreary Green,  
Where dreadful Spectres had been seen.

(By crazy Coxcombs half asleep)  
Poor Roger Sideways chanc'd to peep,  
This he no sooner dar'd to do,  
But, Oh! he saw ('tis very true)  
He saw a sad tremendous Sight,  
That caus'd his Hair to stand upright;

A Sight that well nigh made him swoon,

So clearly shone the splendid Moon.  
He saw—a shocking Kind of Shade,  
(I mean not that his Body mude,  
For, Oh! besides he saw another)  
That made him tremble, quake and shudder.

Softly he turn'd his Head—and then,  
He look'd and turn'd—and look'd again.

The Man was in a muck-wet Sweat,  
To think of what behind him sat;  
And wonder'd in the Name of G—,  
What rueful Creature with him rode;  
Which cast (he horribly suspected)  
The monstrous Shade he saw projected.  
Himself he blesses—and at length,  
Resuming Courage, Sense and Strength,  
Heo'er one Shoulder glance'd—but, Oh!  
What Horror did he undergo;  
When plainly thus reveal'd to Sight,  
He look'd upon th' infernal Spright.

And now, Forsooth, to make appear,  
The Cause of all his panic Fear;  
Know then, there was, where *Hodge*  
had been,

Tho' ne'er before by *Roger* seen;  
I say, there liv'd in this same Hall,  
A Thing which Men a Monkey call;  
(For great Folks then, all must allow,  
Odd Fav'rites had, as well as now.)  
To please the Lady, Pug was kept;  
And he, to please himself had leapt,  
(The mimic Brute, with hideous Mein,

Damsels oft do the same he'd seen)  
Behind poor *Roger* on the Horse,  
And what ensu'd--this--this the Source.

Let's now return to that same Wight,

We left in such a woe'ful Plight,  
At sight of this tremendous Monkey;  
How he did stare, and oh! how skak he:

For ev'ry Time the poor Man started,  
It seems he somewhat more than far--d.  
*Hodge* ne'er had seen (nor had his Wife)

So strange a Thing in all his Life;  
And having once of this foul Imp's  
Upcouth Grimace, receiv'd a Glimpse



At this first Interview (Oh! sad)  
That Roger and the Monkey had,  
"Hack—hack—hack—keck,"  
the Goblin cry'd,

And grin'd in grisly Sort beside.  
Oh! how did then the poor Man  
part?

How mend his Pace? says he "Avaunt;  
"Satan, avaunt—thou I resist,"

(He said—and felt himself bep—st)

"And do thou—Satan—from me fly;

"Satan, avaunt!—I thee—defy:

"Thee I—defy—then let—me go;

"I am—as all—my—Neighbours

"know,

"A righteous Man—and good

"Psaln-singer,

"Nor long to—pay—my Rent e'er

"linger."

Beginning now to feel the Spur,

Bruck gallop'd wi' wrong Foot before;

And Pug around poor Roger's Neck,

Clamping his Paws, cries, "Hack,

"kack, keck,"

The Farmer, frightened worse than  
ever,

All o'er like Aspen-Leaf did shiver;

And he, who lately did so goffer,

Strove now to say his Pater-noster.

Hodge fault'ring pray'd, and Home-  
ward hy'd,

Thus Pug, with "Hack—kack—  
"keck" reply'd,

And held him by the Farmer fast,

Who (Heaven be prais'd) got Home at  
last.

Roger forthwith began to roar,

"Open, dear Wife, at once the Door."

Joan came, as fast as she cou'd run,

("Make haste," says Hodge—"or I'm  
"undone.")

She star'd to see that Monster, Pug,

So close behind her Husband hug;

Thus hang behind like any Knap-sack,

And in such horrid Sort his Chops  
hack.

"Oh! come and help, sweet Wife—

"Oh! hie thee,"

Says Hodge—"Sa—Satan—I defy—  
"thee."

With gogling Eyes, and screaming  
Tong,

"And I defy thee too," says Joan:

Nay, and to let the Devil in, Joath,  
Straight flams the Door, and with an  
Oath

Adds "Faith, and I defy thee  
"both."

Alas! Misfortune on Misfortune,  
In vain does Hodge his Wife importune  
That in such Need she'd not forsake  
him;

But e'en for her—the Devil might  
take him.

What, what, must now of him be-  
come!

Arriv'd (but ah! not safe) at Home!

He got, as well as he was able,

He knew not how, into the Stable;

Accompany'd with his foul Familiar,

Nor ever in his Life look'd sillier.

Alas! what must the Man do now?

He sobs, he stares, and kens the Mow:

To scramble up the Clown then strives;

Fear gives him strength, and Satan  
drives.

Unhappy Hodge! think what you list  
on't,

Joan prov'd a most unmeet Assistant:

In troth he well might weep and wail,

To see his Bosom-Friend turn Tail!

O'er Head in Hay now forc'd to creep,

Yet could not cry himself asleep;

But watch'd—and pray'd—and quak'd  
all Night,

And thought of nothing but the  
Spright.

Thus well'ring in his Muck he lay,

And long'd most ardently for Day;

Whilst the said dire, tremendous

Stranger,

Lodg'd, harmless, underneath the

Manger.

The welcome Morn arrives at last,

And early comes, in murrain Haste,

A crusty Servant from the 'Squire's,

Who for cloping Pug enquires:

For one, Forsooth, had call'd to Mind,

He'd seen him slyly mount behind

Poor honest Hodge—Pug o'er and o'er,

The like had practis'd heretofore;

And near th' Block it seems th' In-  
chanter,

Happen'd that Night incog. to saun-  
ter.

But

But who'd ha' thought this grim Gallant,  
Would e'er ha' been so complaisant;  
Prov'd thus dispos'd so far to roam,  
And wait upon the Farmer Home?

In short (tho' I must own my Metre  
Both shorter might ha' been, and  
sweeter)

The Squire his Monkey had again;  
Rags got rid of all his Pain;  
Was really frighten'd more than hurt;  
Requir'd, with Shame, a cleaner  
Shirt;

And, as himself he went to Mixen,  
Cur'd, all the Way, the vagrant Vixen.

PILK.

To his Excellency the Earl of HERT-  
FORD.

By a Gentleman of Trinity-College,  
Dublin.

FOR Flatt'ry born, let crafty  
Knaves descend  
To fawn on Grandeur for some private End;  
Trace Virtue's Semblance in the ruling Great,  
And by false Dabbling shew the artful Cheat;  
Let the expecting Croud distract their Brain,  
And courtly Writers sacred Truth profane;  
Whose wretched, glaring Colours straight describe,  
They act, speak, think and flatter for a Bribe;  
Such worthless Sycophants create Disdain,  
On Virtue's self imprint a lasting Stain;  
Expose the Baseness of the servile Crew,  
Devoid of Honour and of Genius too;  
Such vile, inglorious Arts the Muse debase,  
And, far from praising, spread the Chief's Disgrace:  
But if the loyal and ingenuous Heart,  
To list'ning Millions the glad Truth impart,

They catch the Sound, admire the Godlike Man,  
Extol the Bard, whence their just Praise began.

To such Reward alone th' exalted Muse

Boldly aspires, and blushes not to use  
She gives th' Alarm, from Shore to Shore it flies,

Nor on the Snow-top'd Alps the Murmur dies;

Widely diffus'd the Latian Peasants hear

The much-lov'd Sound reverberate in Air.

Hertford re-echos from each fertile Hill,

Winds through the Vale, and warbles on each Rill.

Happy the Man, whom Nations thus revere;

Happy the Land, committed to his Care;

Happy the People, whom his Virtues frame;

Happy the Muse, who rises by his Fame!

Thrice happy Chief, when Envy speaks his Worth,

And Malice sighs at the Voice of Truth!

Thrice happy Isle, where Nations bear the Sway;

Thrice blest *Ierne*, hail the long-wish'd Day!

Who can command th' Emotions of his Soul,

Check his fond Hopes, his rising Joys controul?

Boundless they break in Raptures from my Pen,

And thus at Distance hail the best of Men.

The BRITISH EPICURE.

Imitated from Horace.

*Persicos odi, &c.*

I Hate French Cooks, but love their Wine;  
On Fricassee I scorn to dine;

And

And bad's the best Ragout:  
Let me of Claret have my Fill!  
Let me have Turtle at my Will  
In one large mighty Stew!

A Napkin let my Temples bind,  
In Night-Gown free and unconfin'd  
And undisturb'd by Women!  
All Boons in one I ask of Fate——  
Behind the 'Change to eat my Weight!  
And drink enough to swim in!

## AN EPIGRAM.

IN the Coffee-Room——*Q—n——*  
(whom you know very well)——  
Calls——“ Give me some Coffee——  
“ as hot, Sir, as Hell.”——  
Sly *G——k* cries——“ *Tom*”——(as  
the Boy held the Pot)  
“ Let me have a Dish too——but not  
“ quite so hot.”

## AN EPI TAPH.

HERE lieth the Body of *Fane*  
*Blade*,  
Who was a Whore. Before she was  
a Maid.

PROLOGUE to *Daphne* and *Amyntor*.

A Skilful Cook, this useful Art will  
boast,  
To hach and mince, as well as boil and  
roast;  
Our Cook To-night, has, for your  
Fare, made bold,  
To hach a Piece of Ven'son, that was  
cold;  
With fresh Ingredients seasons high  
the Stew,  
And hopes the Guests will heartily fall  
to.  
Leaving the Piece to answer for it-  
self,  
We beg your Favour for a little  
Elf;  
A young One, and a good One;  
yet no Sinner,  
And though a Female, has no Mis-  
chief in her;

Though oft with syren Song she  
charm'd your Ears,  
She now has other Hopes, and other  
Fears:  
She hopes, not yet content with  
what is done,  
To find more Ways into your  
Hearts than one.——  
A Passion long she hid, 'till out it  
broke,  
And thus, with blushing Diffidence,  
she spoke:  
“ What Joys, what Raptures in my  
“ Breaſt would ſpring,  
“ Had I but Leave to Act as well  
“ as Sing;  
“ Though young I am and difficult  
“ the Trade is,  
“ In Time, I'll do as much as other  
“ Ladies.”  
Ye giant Wits! who run a Tilt at  
all,  
Who ſpare, nor Sex, nor Age, nor  
Great, nor Small;  
Should you, fell Criticks! like the  
*French* Wild Beaſt,  
With Gluttony refin'd, on Damſels  
feast.——  
Spare our's awhile!——let her ſome  
Subſtance get,  
Plump high with Fame——ſhe's ſcarce a  
Mouthful yet.  
Or would you, Ladies, ſtrike theſe  
Giants dumb,  
You can protect her from their *Fes*,  
*Fa, Fum!*  
Though humble now, how ſoon would  
ſhe be vain,  
Should you but cry——*Bravo!*——*we'll*  
*come again.*  
To raiſe your Smiles, were it her  
happy Lot,  
For Smiles are honeſt, when the  
Hands are not.  
Should you our little Songſtrefs kindly  
treat,  
With Gratitude, her little Heart  
would beat;  
What Raptures for a Female and ſo  
young,  
To have a double Right to uſe her  
Tongue!

A Cal-

*A Collection of Favourite New Songs.*

SONG XIII.

SOMETHING NEW.

*Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.*

**I**N all Mankind's promiscuous Race,  
The Sons of Error urge their  
Chace,

The Wond'rous to pursue;  
And, both in Country and in Town,  
The curious Courtier, Cit and Clown  
Solicit Something New.

The Poets fill from Nature take,  
And what is ready-made they make;  
Historians must be true:  
How therefore shall we find a Road,  
Thro' Dissertation, Song, or Ode,  
To give you Something New?

They say Virginity is scarce  
As any Thing in Prose and Verse,  
And so is Honour too:  
The Papers of the Day imply  
No more than that we live and die,  
And pay for Something New.

We see a-like the woeful Dearth  
In Melancholy, or in Mirth;  
What then shall Ladies do?  
Seek Virtue as th' immortal Prize;  
In fine, be honest, and be wise,  
For that is Something New.

SONG XIV.

*Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.*

**W**HERE shall *Delia* fly for Shelter?

In what secret Grove or Cave?  
Sighs and Sonnets sent to melt her,  
From the Young, the Gay, the  
Brave.

Tho' with prudish Airs she starch her,  
Still she longs, and still she burns:  
*Cupid* shoots like *Hayman's* Archer,  
Wherefo'er the Damsel turns.

Virtue, Youth, good Sense, and Beauty,  
(If Discretion guide us not)  
Sometimes are the Ruffian's Booty,  
Sometimes are the Booby's Lot:  
Now they're purchas'd by the Trader,  
Now commanded by the Peer,  
Now some subtle mean Invader  
Wins the Heart, or gains the Ear.

O Discretion! thou'rt a Jewel,  
Or our Grand-Mammas mistake,  
Stinting Flame by bating Fewel,  
Always careful and awake.  
Would you keep your Pearls from  
Tramplers,  
Weigh the Licence, weigh the  
Banns:  
Mark my Song upon your Samplers,  
Wear it on your Knots and Fans.

SONG XV.

*The W I S H.*

**W**HEN the Streets are so clean,  
scarce a Coach can be seen,  
And the Fields are with Violets  
dress'd;  
When each Meadow is cloath'd in it's  
Mantle of Green,  
And each Linnet is building her Nest.

When the fair Country Maiden, as  
fresh as a Rose,  
From *Palamon* receives a green  
Gown;  
And the Rustics laugh loud, if poor  
*Phyllida* shows—  
What, she struggles to hide from  
the Clown.

When the Nymphs and the Swains  
have a Hay-making been,  
Or partaking the Sports of the  
Wake;  
Where *Hob* flatters *Sue*, and each Girl  
of Eighteen  
Talks of—Love, and the sweet brid-  
dal Cake.

K

Heave

Heaven grant, in this Season, it may  
be my Fate,  
With the Charmer I love and  
adore,  
To live undisturb'd in some rural Re-  
treat;  
Grant me this, and I'll never ask  
more.

Wherein innocent Pastimes our Minutes  
would glide,  
Each Moment with Pleasure should  
flow;  
Our Tempers, ungovern'd by Humour  
or Pride,  
On each other would Raptures be-  
flow.

## SONG XVI.

*The* HAPPY FARMER.

**I**N a sweet healthy Air, on a Farm  
of my own,  
Half a Mile from a Church, and just  
Two from a Town;  
Half a Mile from a Church, and just  
Two from a Town;  
Diversions and Business I vary for  
Ease,  
But your fine Folks at *London* may do  
as they please,  
Your fine Folks at *London* may do  
as they please,  
But your fine Folks at *London* may do  
as they please.

By my Freehold, 'tis true, I'm en-  
titled to vote,  
But because I will never be wrong,  
if I know it,  
I'll adhere to no one, 'till each Party  
agrees,  
But your fine Folks at *London*, &c.

Tho' Sixty and upwards I never knew  
Pain;  
My Goody's as ancient, yet does not  
complain:  
From the Flocks of my own I wear  
Coats of warm Frize,  
But your fine Folks at *London*, &c.

I ne'er was at Law in the Course of  
my Life,  
Nor injur'd a Neighbour in Daughter  
or Wife;  
To the Poor have lent Money, but  
never took Fees,  
But your fine Folks at *London*, &c.

I ne'er had Ambition to visit the  
Great,  
Yet honour my King, and will stand  
by the State,  
By the Church and dear Freedom in  
all its Degrees,  
But your fine Folks at *London* may do  
as they please,  
But your fine Folks at *London*, &c.

## SONG XVII.

## MUM FOR THAT.

*PHILLIS*, to whom none dare be  
rude,  
Whose modest Looks conceal'd the  
Prude,  
By Chance was seen the other Day,  
Alone in shady Groves to stray;  
Perhaps you'll ask, what she was at?  
I dare not tell—but mum for that;  
Mum for that, mum for that;  
I dare not tell—but mum for that.

She saw a lovely Youth appear,  
Fearless, where Virgins ought to fear:  
Well, and what then? suppose she  
did?

We know that Scandal's apt to fly.  
Perhaps you'll ask, what they were at?  
I dare not tell—but mum for that;  
Mum for that, &c.

Ye Fair Ones, let this Instance prove,  
There's no concealing lawless Love;  
In Secret lurks the busy Spy,  
Nay Trees have oft an unseen Eye:  
Would you conceal what you'd be at?  
Be more reserv'd—but mum for that;  
Mum for that, &c.

Since Love must then each Bosom rule,  
His Precepts learn from Virtue's  
School;

Let

Let Wedlock authorize the Youth,  
Who burns with Honour and with  
Truth :  
And should you ask, what he'd be at ?  
I dare not tell—but mum for that ;  
Mum for that, &c.

SONG XVIII.

*The* HAPPY FELLOW.

LET other Men envy the Pomp  
of the Great,  
And sigh for the splendid Delusions  
of Stare ;  
While Health, and good Humour,  
and Freedom are mine,  
To my Lais and my Bottle my Thoughts  
I'll resign,  
To my Lais and my Bottle my Thoughts  
I'll resign.

With them, while I carelessly stretch  
at my Ease,  
I say what I will, and I do what I  
please ;  
What tho' to allure me Ambition may  
try,  
With my Lais and my Bottle her  
Charms I defy,  
With my Lais and my Bottle, &c.

Old Misers, to add to their Thousands  
in Store,  
May dive into Earth, and its Treasures  
explore ;  
Such Dross I despise, for Content-  
ment is mine,  
And the Jewels it yields me are  
Woman and Wine,  
And the Jewels it yields me, &c.

To musty old Precepts let Grey  
Beards subscribe,  
Dull Stoics ! I hate all the dotardly  
Tribe ;  
My Knowledge is pleasant, my Wis-  
dom divine,  
For I study no Science but Wisdom  
and Wine,  
For I study no Science, &c.

While thus with Contentment I cheer-  
fully sing,  
I envy no Courtier, no Court nor no  
King ;  
I smile at Ambition, and Fortune defy,  
With my Lais and my Bottle so hap-  
py am I,  
With my Lais and my Bottle, &c.

SONG XIX.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

WHEN Fanny to Woman is  
growing a-pace,  
The Rose-Bud beginning to blow on  
her Face ;  
For Mamma's wife Precepts she cares  
not a jot,  
Her Heart pants for Something, but  
cannot tell what.

No sooner the Wanton her Freedom  
obtains,  
Than, among the gay Youths, a Ty-  
rant she reigns ;  
And finding her Beauty such Power  
has got,  
Her Heart pants for Something, but  
cannot tell what.

Tho' all Day in Splendour she flaunts  
it about,  
At Court, Park, and Play, the Ridot-  
to, and Rout ;  
Tho' flatter'd, and envy'd, yet pines  
at her Lot,  
Her Heart pants for Something, but  
cannot tell what.

A Touch of the Hand, or a Glance of  
the Eye,  
From him she likes best, makes her  
ready to die ;  
Not knowing 'tis Cupid his Arrow has  
shot,  
Her Heart pants for Something, but  
cannot tell what.

Ye Fair, take Advice, and be blest  
while you may ;  
Each Look, Word, and Action, your  
Wishes betray ;

Give

Give Ease to the Heart by the Con-  
jugal Knot,  
Tho' they pant e'er so much, you'll  
soon know for what.

## SONG XX.

**T**HAT I might not be plagu'd  
with the Nonsense of Men,  
I promis'd my Mother again and again,  
To say as she bids me wherever I go,  
And to all that they ask, or would  
have, tell 'em, No.

I really believe I have frighten'd a  
Score :

They'll want to be with me, I war-  
rant, no more ;

And I own I'm not sorry for serving  
them so ;

Were the same Thing to do, I again  
should say, No.

For a Shepherd I like, with more  
Courage and Art,

Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him  
depart ;

Such Questions he puts since I answer  
him so,

That he makes me mean Yes, tho'  
my Words are still, No.

He ask'd, did I hate him, or think  
him too plain ?

(Let me die if he is not a clever  
young Swain)

If he ventur'd a Kiss, if I from him  
would go ?

Then he press'd my young Lips,  
while I blush'd and said, No.

He ask'd if my Heart to another was  
gone ?

If I'd have him to leave me, or cease  
to love on ?

If I meant my Life long to answer  
him so ?

I faulter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to  
him, No.

This Morning an End to his Court-  
ship he made ;

Will *Phyllis* live longer a Virgin ? he  
said ;

If I press you to Church, will you  
scruple to go ?

In a hearty Good-humour I answer'd,  
No, no.

## SONG XXI.

*Sung by Mr. Cooke, at Sadler's Wells.*

**W**HAT a Blockhead is he that's  
afraid to die poor !

We came into the World with our  
Skins, and no more :

So the Matter is plain, he that wor-  
ships his Pelf,

Is a Thief to Mankind, and a Dupe to  
himself.

I'll have Women and Wine, I'll have  
Horses and Hounds,

And my Taste in all Shapes shall be  
rul'd by no Bounds :

For the Matter is plain, &c.

'Tis a Smatch of them all must afford  
the true Joy,

In an Olio of Sports that the Heart  
cannot cloy :

For the Matter is plain, &c.

If a Miser you prove, the whole  
World wish you dead,

And your Wife and your Son pluck  
the Prop from your Head :

So the Matter is plain, &c.

Let me live then thro' Life, well-  
belov'd and at Ease,

My Cash shall provide me whatever  
I please :

For the Matter is plain, he that wor-  
ships his Pelf,

Is a Thief to Mankind, and a Dupe to  
himself.

†† Gentlemen or Ladies, who are possess'd of any Pieces which may  
contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them in-  
serted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal  
Exchange, for the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

☞ The Third Number will be published the First of JANUARY.

THE  
**JESTER'S MAGAZINE:**  
 OR, THE  
**MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER.**  
 For *December 1765.*

*Bring more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the  
 Kind or Price.*

Containing (among many other curious Particulars)

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|--|--|
| <p>I. A Collection of Jest, Bulls, Stories, &amp;c.</p> <p>II. Thoughts on Christmas, and good Old English Hospitality.</p> <p>III. As You Like It: Or, The whimsical Quarrel.</p> <p>IV. A noble Instance of Clemency in the Emperor Gallienus.</p> <p>V. <i>Simon and Ephigenia</i>: Or, The Power of Love.</p> <p>VI. The Surprize: Or, The Pious Son.</p> <p>VII. Letter from a Countryman, near Leeds, in Yorkshires.</p> <p>VIII. Humorous Letter from a Clergyman to a Quaker, who was a Watch-Maker.</p> <p>IX. A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebuffes, Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &amp;c. &amp;c.</p> | <p>X. A favourite Song: Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall. A favourite Song: Sung by Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh. The Bridal Day. A Cantata: Sung by Miss Smith, at Marybone-Gardens. The Casuist: Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall. A Cure for the Vapours: Sung at Ranelagh. A favourite Song: Sung at Ranelagh. A favourite Song: Sung by Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall. A favourite Song: Sung at Ranelagh. A Hunting Song: Sung by Mr. Squibb, at Marybone-Gardens. The Accident: Sung at Sadler's Wells. The Fair Monitor: Sung by Miss Brown, at Sadler's Wells. A favourite Song, &amp;c.</p> |
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*Ride si Septis.*

Laugh, if you are Wise.

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Numb. III. *To be continu'd Monthly.*

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L O N D O N :

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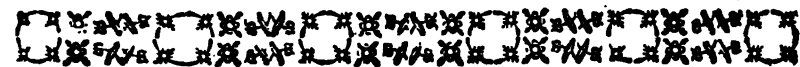
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\*. \* The Letter sign'd *J. Cook* is receiv'd; but can't be insert'd, because it will offend many of our Fair Readers.—*Laughing Ned's* Letter is receiv'd, and his future Correspondence will be esteem'd a Favour: But hope he will keep within the Bounds of Decency.—Several other Letters are receiv'd, which will be insert'd in our next Number.



THE  
JESTER'S MAGAZINE,  
For December 1765.



*A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

Farmer's Son had a Cow which he call'd his own. A She had two Calves; and the Lad desir'd his Father to let him have the fattening of them, and he would warrant he would make them pay for the Time and Charges. The Farmer, knowing him to be an arch Youth, let him manage them as he thought proper. The Calves thrive apace; and well they might, for he tended and fed them well. One of his Calves he call'd, *One with the Other*; the other Calf he call'd, *Both Together*. When they were very fat, and Veal bore a great Price, he and his Father's Man had them to Market. Being exceeding fine Calves, a Butcher presently ask'd the Price of them. *Which would you have*, said the Lad; *One with the Other, or Both Together?* *Both Together*, reply'd the Butcher. *If you have Both Together*, said the Lad, *I'll have Three Pounds Ten Shillings: If One with the Other, I'll have Three Pounds*. The Butcher, thinking the Youth was a Fool to talk of *One with the Other* and *Both To-*

*gether*, agreed to give Three Pounds Ten Shillings, and take *Both Together*, thinking he had got a great Bargain. Accordingly he paid the Money, and soon after sent his Man for the Calves. When the Man came, the Lad told him that was the Calf his Master had bought; but the Man insisted he was to have both. *Friend*, said the Lad, *your Master gave me Three Pounds Ten Shillings for this Calf, Both Together; but he has not bought this Calf, One with the Other, neither shall he have it*. Upon this the Man went to his Master; and his Master had the Farmer's Son before the Mayor, for not delivering the Calves, after he had bought and paid for them. The Mayor ask'd him, Why he didn't let the Man have the Calves, according to Agreement? *Mr. Mayor*, says the Lad, *I don't deny him the Calf: He bought Both Together, and that he shall have; but he didn't buy One with the Other, therefore he shall not have it*. The Mayor ask'd him, Where was the Difference between *One with the Other*, and *Both To-*

stinately persisted to have him hanged. Pooh, pooh, you are a Fool, says the King, cannot you see that this is a poor Devil dissatisfied, and out of Humour with his Condition? I will make his Boat free, and I will engage that he will barok all the Rest of his Days—Long live Henry! and long live Gabrielle!

One asking a Servant how much his miserly Master's Revenue was? He answer'd, *Able to starve a thousand Persons.*

A Gentleman coming by Maidenstone Goal, seeing an old Acquaintance of his there, said, *How now, Tom, how comest thou here? Faith,* said he, *a blind Man might have found the Way hither, for I was led between two; and they would suffer me to go no other Way.*

A Carpenter's Journeyman having drove a Nail or two in a Gentleman's Study, hoped he would give him Something to drink. *Ay,* says the Gentleman, *there's a pickled Herring for you, and if that won't make you drink, I'll give you another.*

A Countryman passing along the Streets, met with a Carr, and the Horse spying his bouncing Beard, snar'd at it, instead of a Bottle of Hay; upon which the Countryman said, *The Devil take thee; who made thee a Barber?*

The Duke of Infantasgo sent a merry Man of his about important Business, and by Reason of much Rain that fell that Night, a Brook which he was to pass was so swollen that he could go no farther; whereupon he turn'd back again, without dispatching his Lord's Affair. The Duke hereat was all in a Chase, and sore beknaw'd him: Whereunto he

answered, *It seems then your Grace sent me rather to dispatch myself than your Business.*

As a Gentleman was riding Post he met a Scholar on the Road on a pitiful tired Jade, that with all his Whipping and Spurring would not stir out of the Way to make Room. *Don't you see,* said the Gentleman, *I am riding Post? And don't you see,* said the Scholar, *I am riding upon a Post?*

In a Company of merry Companions over a cheerful Bowl, when different Toasts were going round, a Gentleman, whose Name was Brown, toasted an absent Lady; which he had done for many Years, tho' he never had the Courage to speak to her: Upon which, one who sat next to him, said, *I believe, Sir, you have toasted that Lady these seven Years at least, and 'tis surprising she's not Brown yet.*

Some Gentlemen one Day boasting of their Ancestors, an arch Wag standing by, said, He believ'd he was one of the ancientest Family of any of them, and could trace his Pedigree in a lineal Descent from King Lud. *Ay,* says one of them, *how do you make that out? Why,* Sir, said he, *it was my Misfortune to be put into Ludgate for a Debt of Fifty Shillings, and I made my Escape down a Rope.*

In Christmas Holidays the Servants of a Gentlewoman were making merry, and had sent for a Fidler. When they had danc'd 'till they were weary in the Hall, they went into the Kitchen to eat Plumb-Porridge, Mince-Pies, and other good Fare. The Fidler, when he went with the Servants into the Kitchen, had left his Fiddle on the Hall-Table; and, while they were all feasting, a poor silly Fellow came into

into the Hall. On seeing the Fiddler, he goes up to it, and says, *Al! poor Thing! thee mayest well be dumb, when you have got Nothing to eat; but I'll fetch you something, and then you may be merry as well as they.* He then ran into the Kitchen, and return'd with a Porringer of Plumb-Porridge, which he pour'd into the Sound-Holes with a Spoon. The Porridge being hot, unglow'd the Fiddle; and he, being surpriz'd at seeing it fall to Pieces, ran into the Kitchen, and cry'd out, *Ecod, I have done it! I have done it indeed! Done it! Why, what have you done?* said the Servants. *Why,* reply'd the silly Fellow, *I have fed yonder Thing, that made ye all so merry, with Plumb-Porridge, and it has eat'till it has burst its Belly.*

A young Gentlewoman married to a very wild Spark, who had made away with a plentiful Estate, and was reduced to some Streights, said verily innocently to him one Day; *My Dear, I want some Shifts sadly.* Z—ds, *Madam,* replied he, *how can that be, when we make so many every Day?*

One passing by a Poulterer's Shop, and seeing an exceeding fat Swan lying on the Stall, said to his Companion, *I wish that Swan was mine.* *Why,* said the other, *what would you do with it, if it were?* *Marry,* replied he, *I would make a Goose-Pye of it.*

Two inseparable Companions of the Guards in Flanders, had every Thing in common between them. One was very extravagant, and unfit to be trusted with Money; hereupon the other was always Purse-bearer, which he sav'd but little by; for the former would often pick his

Pocket in the Night, to the last Stiver. To prevent this, he thought himself of a Stratagem; and, coming the next Day among his Companions, bragg'd how he had bit his Comrade. *Ay, how?* said they. *Why,* replied he, *I hid my Money in his own Pocket last Night; and, I am sure, he will never look for it there.*

An old Woman that had never seen a Monkey in her Life before, and coming to Bedford-Market, saw one riding on a Dog's Back, and the Dog running away with him. Says she, *I am afraid that young Gentleman will fall by and by, he rides so fast.* And when she saw he did not, then she cried out, *Well rid, young Gentleman! well rid, young Gentleman! in Truth he's a good Horseman!*

A droll Fellow told a Miser, That if he would give him but a Load of Faggots, he would tell him how one Log of Wood should keep him warm all the Winter. The Miser, after computing how much it would save him in Firing, consented. The Fellow said, *Take a large Log of Wood, and throw it out of your upper Room Window into your Garden; then run down Stairs, and bring it up again. Do this as often as you find yourself cold, and I warrant it will warm you.*

An Irishman, on Board a Man of War, was desired by his Mess-mate to go down and draw a Can of Beer: *Teague,* knowing that Preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. *Arrah! by my Shoul,* says he, *and so while I am gone into the Cellar, to fetch Beer, the Ship will sail, and leave me behind.*



shocking: Because that *Edward* had refused, tho' asked, to go to the Play with *Catherine*. Whereupon *Philip*, falling into a Passion with *Titus*, swore he would be revenged on *Patrick*, and therefore called *Thomas* Rogue, Rascal, &c. *Stephen*, who 'tis thought was an Eye-Witness to the Abuse, and being *Christopher's* Friend, slyly tripped up *Rowland's* Heels, and broke *Jeremy's* Head. *Cuthbert* on this drew his Dagger at *Edmund*; and *Archibald*, trembling, with much ado recovered his Fright, reassumed his natural Intrepidity, and, in a cold Sweat, snatched *Gilbert's* Pistol from *Lawrence*, and cocked his Blunderbuss at *Paul*. Whereat *John* being amaz'd, secretly advised *Samuel* to apply to *Leonard*, with the Help of *George*, privately to make an Affidavit against *Arthur*, to take out a Writ against *Henry* and *Rachel*, at the Suit of *Timothy*, Executor of the last Will and Testament of *Jacob*. But *Peter* objected to that, wisely alledging, that *Robert* being sick, had sent Word to *David*, who was lately married to *Hannah*, to desire *Jeffrey*, who had been taken in Bed with *Mark's* Wife, to send his Grand-Son *Ralph* to his Cousin *Bridget*, earnestly to intreat his Nephew *Josua*, to go along with his Brother *Frank*, to make up the Matter amicably with his Aunt *Susan*: But she refused to go with *Jack*; yet nevertheless recommended *Frederick* and *Humphrey* to *Andrew*, *Simon*, and *Luke*; who, after a long and grave Consultation, order'd the Musick to play brisker, and then went unanimously to *Bartholomew*. So that having drank plentifully at *Ned's*, 'till they were all intoxicated, having nothing to pay the Shot with,

they drew their Swords at *Dick* the Landlord, stabbed *Robin*, fell upon *Lancelot*, lam'd *Isaac*, and had it not been for *Solomon*, had slain *Cornelius*. Thereupon *Nas* rushed forward, and swearing at *Marmaduke*, who had been asleep all the Time in *Sally's* Lap, so incensed *Walter* and *Martin*, that *Miles* and *Zachariah*, without any Regard to *Matthew*, threw Bottles, Glasses, &c. at one anothers Heads. At which *Abraham*, who was *Moll's* Bully, being enraged, took *Benjamin* civilly by the Throat; kicked *Theophilus* gently down Stairs; picked *Abel's* Pocket, while he was making his Addresses to *Nell*; and at the same Time in the highest Fury, imaginable, smiling calmly, sent *Barnaby*, *Toby*, and *Giles* to the Roundhouse. At which *Anthony* half drunk, soberly started up; and having first reeled two or three Times round the Room, put on an important wise Look, made a fine Speech, nothing to the Purpose, and then asked what was the Matter? Whereupon *Bryan*, in a low Voice, loudly whispered *Aaron*; and, perceiving that *Alexander* was strangely astonished at their silent Noise, told *Francis*, that his Great Grandfather *Joseph* was dead. At which unexpected News *Nicholas* awaked, and being in an Ill-Humour, writ a Jost Love-Song; whistled an Opera Air; and then withdrew to a neighbouring Alehouse, to drink a Dish of Chocolate with *Dudley*. Which exasperated *Job* in such a surprizing Manner, that none of the Company wonder'd at it: Only indeed *Valentino*, in the Height of his Resentment, could not forbear going to hang himself. However, *Allan* run undesignedly to the Goal, in order to let out the aforesaid Prisoners;

Prisoners; and having, without any Noise, broke open the Doors, freed *Gerrard, Margaret, and Betty*; who being apprehended at a Publick-House, by the timely Assistance of *Bernard*, were carried next Morning before Justice *Shallow*; and upon paying a Shilling a-piece, the

whole Affair was happily determined: Which is the most exact Account that can be given thereof, by

*Your humble Servant,*

OLIVER PUZZLE-CAUSE.



### *A noble Instance of CLEMENCY in the Emperor* GALLIENUS.

A Man, who dealt in Jewels, found Means to be introduced to the Empress, and sold her a Set of Stones, rich in Show, but poor in Value, being indeed no better than coloured Glass. This Fraud, though managed with all imaginable Address, was, by some Means or other, discovered, and this Merchant of fictitious Gems dragged away to the publick Tribunal. The Emperor, after hearing the Charge, and examining into the Proofs, adjudged him to be exposed to a Lion; and the People, ever greedy of Blood, ran in Crowds to behold the Execution. When he came into the Area of the Dens of the Lions, he was placed in the Middle by

himself; the Guards withdrew, the People gaz'd, and the trembling Wretch stood expecting his Fate: On a sudden a Door opened, and out came a Cock, which, after two or three Strides, fell a crowing and clapping his Wings; immediately followed a Cryer, who made open Proclamation in the following Terms: "Behold, O *Romans!* the Justice of your Emperor: This Man, who made no Conscience in deceiving in his Trade, is now deceived himself." Who will deny that this Act of Lenity deserved much more Praise than if Justice had been allowed to take its Place, without rebating its Edge?



### CIMON and EPHIGENIA: Or, *The Power of Love.*

*From the ITALIAN of BOCCACE.*

*Being the Story on which Mr. DRYDEN's Song is founded.*

According to the ancient Histories of *Cyprus*, there lived in that Island, a Person of great Rank and Distinction, called *Ariftippus*, by far the wealthiest Person

in all that Country; and if he was unhappy in any one Respect, it was, amongst his other Children, in having a Son, who though he exceeded most young People of his Time in

Stature

Stature and Corneliness, yet was he a perfect Natural. His true Name was *Galeſo*; but as neither the Labour nor Skill of his Maſter, nor the Correction of his Father were ever able to beat one Letter into his Head, or the leaſt Inſtruction of any Kind, and, as his Voice and Manner of Speaking was ſtrangely harſh and uncouth, he was (by Way of Diſdain) call'd only *Cimon*, which in their Language ſignified *Beaſt*. The Father had long beheld him with infinite Concern; and as all Hopes were vaniſhed concerning him, to remove alſo an Object, which afforded conſtant Matter of Grief, out of his Sight, he order'd him away to his Country-Houſe to be there with his Slaves. This was extremely agreeable to *Cimon*, becauſe People of that Sort had been always moſt to his Mind. He abiding there, and doing all Sorts of Drudgery pertaining to that Kind of Life, it happen'd one Day, as he was going about Noon-tide, with his Staff upon his Shoulder, from one Farm to another, that he paſſed through a pleaſant Grove, which as it was then the Month of *May*, was all in its Bloom; from whence, as his Stars led him, he came into a Meadow ſurrounded with tall Trees; in one Corner of which was a cryſtal Spring, and upon the Side of it upon the Graſs lay a moſt beautiful Damſel aſleep, cloathed with a Mantle ſo exceedingly fine and delicate, as ſcarce to conceal underneath the exquisite Whiteness of her Skin; only from her Waſt downwards ſhe wore a white ſilken Quilt; and at her Feet were ſleeping likewiſe two Women and a Man-Servant. As ſoon as *Cimon* caſt his Eye upon her, as if he had never ſeen the Face of a Woman before, he

ſtood leaning upon his Staff, and began to gaze with the utmoſt Aſtoniſhment, without ſpeaking a Word: When ſtraightway in his rude uncivilized Breaſt, which had hitherto been incapable of receiving the leaſt Impreſſion of Politeness whatſoever, a ſudden Thought aroſe, which ſeem'd to intimate to his groſs and ſhallow Underſtanding, that this was the moſt agreeable Sight that ever was ſeen. From thence he began to examine each Part by itſelf, commending every Limb and Feature, and being now become a Judge of Beauty from a meer Idiot, he grew very deſirous of ſeeing her Eyes, on which Account he was going ſeveral Times to wake her; but as ſhe ſo far excelled all other Women that he ever ſaw, he was in doubt whether or no ſhe was a mortal Creature. This made him wait to ſee if ſhe would awake of her own Accord; and tho' that Expectation ſeem'd tedious to him, yet ſo pleaſing was the Object that he had no Power to leave it. After a long Time ſhe came to herſelf, and raiſing up her Head, ſaw *Cimon* ſtand propt upon his Stick before her; at which ſhe wonder'd, and ſaid, *Cimon, what are you looking for here at this Time of the Day?* Now he was known all over the Country, as well for his own Ruſticity, as his Father's Nobility and great Wealth. He made no Answer, but ſtood with his Eyes fixed upon her's, which ſeemed to dart a Sweetneſs, that ſill'd him with a Kind of Joy, to which he had hitherto been a Stranger; whiſt ſhe obſerving this, and not knowing what his Rudeneſs might prompt him to, call'd up her Women, and then ſaid, *Cimon, ga about your Buſineſs*. He replied,

*I will*



*I will go along with you.* And though she was afraid; and would have shifted off his Company, yet he would not leave her 'till he had brought her to her own House; from thence he went Home to his Father, when he declared, That he would return no more into the Country, which was very disagreeable to all his Friends; but yet they let him alone, waiting to see what this Change of Temper could be owing to. Love thus having pierced his Heart, when no Lesson of any Kind could ever find Admittance, in a little Time his Way of Thinking and Behaviour were so far changed, that his Father and Friends were strangely surprized at it, as well as every Body that knew him. First of all then, he ask'd his Father to let him have Cloaths, and every Thing else like his Brothers; to which the Father very willingly consented. Whereupon conversing with young Gentlemen of Character, and observing their Ways and Manner of Behaving, in a very short Time he not only got over the first Rudiments of Learning, but attained to some Knowledge in Philosophy. Afterwards, his Love for *Ephigenia* being the sole Cause of it, his rude and rustic Speech was changed into a Tone more agreeable and civiliz'd: He grew also a Master of Musick; and, with Regard to the Military Art, as well by Sea as Land, he became as expert and gallant as the Best. In short, not to run over all his Excellencies, before the Expiration of his fourth Year from his being first in Love, he turn'd out the most accomplish'd young Gentleman, in every Respect, that ever *Cyprus* could boast of. *Cimon* nevertheless refused to be call'd *Gaioso*, re-

membring that *Ephigenia* had stiled him *Cimon*; and being desirous of bringing that Affair to an happy Conclusion, had often requested her in Marriage of her Father; who made answer, That he had already promis'd her to one *Pasimanda*, a young Nobleman of *Rhodes*, and that he intended not to fail of his Word. The Time then being come, that was appointed for their Nuptials, and the Husband having sent, in Form, to demand her, *Cimon* said to himself: *Oh! Ephigenia! the Time is now come when I shall give Proof how I love you! I am become a Man on your Account, and could I but obtain you, I should be as glorious and happy as the Gods themselves; and have you I wish, or else I will die.* Immediately he prevailed upon some young Noblemen, who were his Friends, to assist him; and fitting out a Ship of War privately, they put to Sea, in order to way-lay the Vessel that was to transport *Ephigenia*; who, after great Respect and Honour shewed by her Father to her Husband's Friends, embarked with them for *Rhodes*. *Cimon*, who had but little Rest that Night, overtook them on the following Day; when he call'd out, *Stop, and strike your Sails, or expect to go to the Bottom of the Sea.* They, on the other Hand, had got all their Arms above Deck, and were preparing for a vigorous Defence. He therefore threw a Grappling-Iron upon the other Ship, which was making the Best of its Way, and drew it close to his own; when, like a Lion, without waiting for any one to second him, he jumped singly among his Enemies, as not making the least Account of them; and Love spurting him on with

in-

incredible Force, he cut and drove them all like so many Sheep before him, 'till they soon threw down their Arms, acknowledging themselves his Prisoners; when he addressed himself to them in the following Manner. *Gentlemen, it is no Desire of Plunder, nor Enmity to any of your Company, that made me leave Cyprus to fall upon you here in this Manner. What put me upon it is a Matter of the utmost Consequence to myself to have obtained it, and as easy for you quietly to grant me. It is Ephigenia, whom I love above all the World; and as I could not have her from her Father peaceably, and as a Friend, my Love did constrain me to win her from you as an Enemy, by Force of Arms: Wherefore I am resolved to be to her what your Passimunda was to have been. Resign her then to me, and go away in God's Name.* The People, more by Force than any Good-will, gave her, all in Tears, up to Cimon; who, seeing her lament in that Manner, said, *Fair Lady, be not discouraged, I am your Cimon, who have a better Claim to your Affection, on Account of my long and constant Love, than Passimunda can have by Virtue of a Promise.* Taking her then on board his Ship, he suffered her Ship to depart.

Cimon thus being the most overjoyed Man that could be, after comforting the Lady under her Calamity, consults with His Friends what to do, who were of Opinion that they should by no Means return to Cyprus yet; but that it were better to go directly to Crete, where they had all Relations and Friends, but Cimon especially, on which Account they might be more secure there along with *Ephigenia*;

and accordingly they directed their Course that Way: But Fortune, who had given the Lady to Cimon by an easy Conquest, soon changed his immoderate Joy into most sad and bitter Lamentation. In about four Hours from his parting with the *Rhodians*; Night came upon them, and with it a most violent Tempest, which overspread the Face of the Heavens in such a Manner, that they could neither see what they did, nor whither they were carried; nor were they able at all to steer the Ship. You may easily suppose what Cimon's Grief must be on this Occasion. He concluded, that Heaven had crowned his Desires only to make Death more grievous to him, which before would have been but little regarded. His Friends also were greatly affected, but especially *Ephigenia*, who trembled at every Shock, still sharply upbraiding his ill-timed Love, and declaring, that this Tempest was sent by Providence for no other Reason, but that as he had resolved to have her, contrary to the Will and Disposal of Heaven, to disappoint that Presumption; and that seeing her die first, he might die likewise in the same miserable Manner.

Amongst such Complaints as these, they were carried at last, the Wind growing continually more violent, near the Island of *Rhodes*; and not knowing where they were, they endeavoured, for the Safety of their Lives, to get to Land if possible. Herein they succeeded, and got into a little Bay, where the *Rhodian* Ship had arrived just before them; nor did they know they were at *Rhodes* 'till next Morning, that they saw about a Bow-shot from them, the same Ship they had parted with the Day before. Cimon was

N

greatly

greatly concern'd at this, and fearing what afterwards came to pass, he bid them put to Sea if possible, and trust to Fortune, for that they could never be in a worse Place. They us'd all possible Means then to get out, but in vain; the Wind was strongly against them, and drove them to Shore in spite of all they could do to prevent it. They were soon known by the Sailors of the other Ship, who had now gained the Shore, and who run to a neighbouring Town, where the young Gentlemen that had been on board were just gone before, and informed them how *Cimon* and *Ephigenia* were drove thither by Storms of Weather, in like Manner with themselves. They hearing this, brought a great many People from the Town to the Sea-side, when they took *Cimon* and his Companions Prisoners, who had got on Shore, with a Design of fleeing to a neighbouring Wood, as also *Ephigenia*, and brought them all together to the Town. *Pasimunda*, upon hearing the News, went and made his Complaints to the Senate, who accordingly sent *Lisimachus*, who was Chief Magistrate that Year, along with a Guard of Soldiers, to conduct them to Prison. Thus the miserable and enamour'd *Cimon* lost his Mistress soon after he had gained her. In the mean time *Ephigenia* was handsomely received by many Ladies of Quality, and comforted for the Trouble she had sustained in being made a Captive, as well as in the Storm at Sea; and she remained with them 'till the Day appointed for her Nuptials. However, *Cimon* and his Friends had their Lives granted them (tho' *Pasimunda* us'd all his Endeavours to the contrary) for the Favour shew'd to the *Rho-*

dians the Day before; but they were sentenced to perpetual Imprisonment, where they remained sorrowful enough, as they had no Hopes of obtaining their Liberty.

Now whilst *Pasimunda* was making Preparation for his Nuptials, Fortune, as if she had repented the Injury done to *Cimon*, produced a new Circumstance for his Deliverance. *Pasimunda* had a Brother beneath him in Years, but not in Virtue, call'd *Hermisda*, who had been long talk'd of to marry a beautiful Lady of that City, call'd *Cassandra*, whom *Lisimachus* was also in Love with, and had for some Time been prevented marrying her, by diverse unlucky Accidents. Now as *Pasimunda* was to celebrate his own Nuptials with great State and Feasting, he suppos'd it would save a great deal of Expence and Trouble, was his Brother to marry at the same Time. Hereupon he propos'd the Thing again to *Cassandra's* Friends, and soon brings it to a Conclusion; when it was agreed by all Parties, that the same Day that *Pasimunda* brought Home *Ephigenia*, should *Hermisda* bring Home *Cassandra*. This was very grating to *Lisimachus*, who saw himself now deprived of the Hope which he had hitherto entertain'd of marrying her himself; but he was wise enough to conceal it, contriving a Way to prevent its taking Effect if possible; but no other appear'd, unless to take her away by Force. This seem'd easy enough, on Account of his Office; but he thought it not so reputable as if he had bore no Office at all at that Time: In short, after a long Debate with himself, Honour gave Way to Love, and he resolv'd, happen what would, to bear away *Cassandra*. Think-  
ing

ing then what Companions he should make Choice of for this Enterprize, as well as the Means that were to be taken, he soon call'd Cimon to Mind, whom he had in Custody, as also his Companions; and, thinking he could have no Body better to assist him, nor one more trusty and faithful on that Occasion than Cimon, the next Night he had him privately into his Chamber, when he spoke to him in this Manner: Cimon, as the Gods are the best and most liberal Givers of all Things to Mankind, so are they also the ablest Judges of our several Virtues and Merits: Such then as they find to be firm and constant in every Respect, them do they make worthy of the greatest Things. Now concerning your Worth and Valour, they are willing to have a more certain Trial of both, than it was possible for you to shew within the scanty Limits of your Father's House, whom I know to be a Person of the greatest Distinction; for first then, by the pungent Force of Love, as I am inform'd, have they from a meer insensible Creature, made a Man of you; and afterwards, by adverse Fortune, and now by a miserable Imprisonment, are they willing to see if your Soul be chang'd from what it was, when you appeared flushed so lately with the Prize you had won. If that continues the same, I can propose nothing so agreeable to you, as what I am now going to offer; which, that you may resume your former Might and Valour, I shall straightway disclose. Pasimunda overjoyed with your Disappointment, and a zealous Promoter, as far as in him lay, of your being put to Death, is now about to celebrate his Mar-

riage with your Ephigenia, that he may enjoy that Blessing, which Fortune, when she was favourable, first put into your Power, and afterwards snatched away from you; but how this must afflict you, I can easily suppose by myself, who am like to undergo the same Injury, and at the same Time, with Regard to my Mistress Cassandra, who is to be married then to his Brother Hermilda. Now I see no Remedy for either of us, but what consists in our own Resolution, and the Strength of our Arms. It will be necessary therefore to make our Way with our Swords, for each of us to gain his Lady: If then you value (I will not say your Liberty, because that without her would be of little Weight with you; but, I say, if you value) your Mistress, you need only follow me, and Fortune hath put her into your Hands.

These Words spoke Comfort to the drooping Soul of Cimon, who immediately replied, Lisimachus, you could never have a more stout, nor a more trusty Friend for such an Enterprize than myself, if it be as you seem to promise: Tell me then what you would have me do, and you shall see me put it nobly in Execution. Lisimachus made Answer, Three Days hence the Ladies are to be brought Home to their espoused Husbands; when you, with your Friends, and myself, with some People whom I can confide in, will go armed in the Evening, and enter their House, whilst they are in the Midst of their Mirth; where we will seize on the two Brides, and carry them away to a Ship which I have secretly provided, killing all that shall presume to oppose us. This Scheme was entirely to Cimon's

good Liking, and he waited quietly till the Time appointed.

The Wedding-Day being now come, and every Part of their House full of Mirth and Feasting; *Lisimachus*, after giving the necessary Orders at the Time fixed, divides *Cimon* and his Companions, with his own Friends, into three Parties; and putting Arms under their several Cloaks, and animating them boldly to pursue what they had undertaken, he sent one Party to the Haven to secure their Escape, and with the other two they went to *Pasimunda's* House. One they stationed at the Gate to prevent any Person's shutting them up in the House; whilst he, along with *Cimon*, went up Stairs with the remaining Part. Coming then into the Dining-Room, where the two Brides, with many other Ladies were set down orderly to Supper, they advanced up to them, and throwing down all the Tables, each seized his Lady, and giving them into the Arms of their Followers, order'd them to carry them away to their Ship. The Brides, as well as the other Ladies and the Servants, cried out so much,

that immediately there was a great Tumult. In the mean time, *Cimon* and *Lisimachus*, with their Followers, all drew their Swords, and came down Stairs again without any Opposition. Leaving the House then, they joined Parties, and went directly on to their Ship with their Booty, without the least Hinderance whatever; when putting the Ladies on Board, and they with all their Friends following them, the Shore was soon fill'd with Crowds of People who came to rescue them; whereupon they plied their Oars, and sail'd joyfully away for *Crete*. There they were cheerfully receiv'd by all their Friends and Relations, when they espoused their Ladies, and were well pleased with their several Prizes. This occasioned great Quarrels afterwards between the two Islands of *Cyprus* and *Rhodes*. At length, by the Interposition of Friends, every Thing was amicably adjusted, when *Cimon* returned along with *Epbigenia* to *Cyprus*; and *Lisimachus*, in like Manner, carried *Cassandra* back to *Rhodes*, and they were extremely happy together all their Lives after.



### The SURPRIZE: Or, The PIOUS SON.

A Gentleman, who was in the Road of *Algiers* some Years ago, was an Eye and Ear Witness of the following Story. One Day as some *Christian* Captives, who had been ransom'd, were going to be discharg'd, the Town - Cruizers brought in a *Swedish* Vessel; one of them hearing it was of that Nation, and being from thence himself, was very desirous to see the

Crew, when, to his great Surprise, he saw his own Father (who was Master of the Ship) in the Company; the Son knew the Father, but the Father (who had lost him when a Youth many Years) knew not the Son, having given him up as dead long before, not hearing any Thing of him. The Son soon made himself known to the Father, who embrac'd him with great Tenderness; but

but their Unhappiness to meet in that Place was grievous to them both. The young Man address'd himself to his Father in this Manner: *The Slavery you are going into will be insupportable to you, and soon put an End to your Life, the Thoughts of which is Death to me. I have been here a great many Tears, and know the Country, the People, and their Work; if they*

*will accept of me in your room, I will go back into Slavery, and you shall go Home again: I know, if it should please God to enable you, or raise Friends, I shall be redeem'd; if not, God's Will be done.* The Moors readily accepted the Exchange; so the Father return'd Home, and the Son back in his Stead into Slavery. How rare are such Sons!

A. Z.



To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

*The following is a Copy of a Letter sent from a Person near Leeds, in Yorkshire, to his Correspondent in London. By inserting this in your Magazine, will oblige*

Your humble Servant,

J. W.

*Robeck near Leeds Sept. 1765*

Sir

**T**His cums to let ye naw, that hive, had a sad, misforton happend me, and wanted to ax yer advise about it, az i wor, a 'cumming, downt loyne, just beet brig end, Ide fast hould colt with won hand, and a poke a Cowks on his back, ana bran span new kit it tother hand that Ide just geen, eleimpence fort, aut louns two a *johns lunds*, Clumsy seeted kye, from a mengt wins and had likt to run full but hovver me. i givd

colt a kik, wime foet to mak him go tother side, and he wor so kikerish that heed like to flung me inter dyke, to save me self i Lade hoder poke mouth, and sett kit ont grund and tother Kow, hambled ont, and smaft it all to Shatters. now i want to naw wetther i cant mak *johns lunds* mak me fattisfaxon for the kyes briecking me kit, and for fretting me so for me hare stud streit on me heead and i thout i never shud a coverd me sen again.

[*The above Letter is printed exactly from the Copy.*]

T.

To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

*As you propose to publish such Pieces as are scarce, provided they are void of Offence, I have here enclos'd a humorous Letter, which by meer Accident came to my Hands. I hope it will contribute to the Entertainment of your Readers, and remain your Well-wisher,*

COMICUS.

*A Letter from a Clergyman to a Quaker, who was a Watch-maker.*

*From Berwick in Elmot, the Residence of my fleshy Tabernacle, the ninth Day of the sixth Month, in the Year 1706, according to our Computation, where thou mayest be welcome to such Creatures as I have.*

Friend,

I Have sent an erroneous Watch, to receive thy friendly Correction and Reproof. She hath been long guilty of Lying, and would seldom speak the Truth; so that by her Leasing I have often been deceiv'd, and led into Mistakes. She hath been twice at thy School for Amendment; but, as yet, hath profited nothing under thy Hands. Thou tellest me, in thy Note, thou hast rectify'd the Centre-Wheel, yet the whole Machine goes wrong; that thou hast clean'd her, yet her filthy Tricks remain; that thou hast taken out her Bruises, yet the old Sores continue; that thou hast turn'd the Top of her Teeth, and yet she re-

mains unconverted from her Faults: So that in a Sense literal I may say to thee, O Watchman, thou hast watched in vain, and hast busied thyself to no Purpose!

I tell the Friend, mark me, I confide much in thy outward Skill and Ability, and hope thy Integrity is equal to them. If these Imperfections proceed from any Defects in the inner Man (I mean the Spring) or from any other Cause, I desire thou wouldst rectify them; cast the Spirit of Untruth out of her, make her go in the Ways of Truth and Verity, and instruct her to point at that which is right.

I own, thou art worthy of Remembrance, when thy Labour profits me. I have once more sent her to thee; pray enter into a friendly Conference with her, in respect of her Evils. I will board her with thee for some Time, and pay thee for her Table, if thou dost request it of me. Thus committing her to thy friendly Care and Correction,

*I remain thy Friend,*

GEORGE PLAXTON.

*A Col.*

*A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks, Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.*

SOLUTIONS to the CONUNDRUMS

In Number II.

11. **B**ECAUSE he deals in Forgery.
12. Because they are often taken with Maggots.
13. Because 'tis craggy.
14. Because he is often looked over.
15. Because he is often wound up.
16. Because he's generally transported.
17. Because it is Anger-ill.
18. Because it goes to Pot.
19. Because he's candid.
20. Because he's in Bed before his Master.

SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES

In Number II.

3. A Corkscrew.

4. Iron.

SOLUTIONS to the REBUSES

In Number II.

3. Miss Hooper.

4. Mr. Addison.

CONUNDRUMS.

21. **W**HY is a Fiddle like a Man, who gives Money, to make up a Quarrel?
22. Why is a drawn Tooth like a Thing forgot?
23. Why is a Peruke-Maker like a Bird-Catcher?
24. What Tradesman should a Landlord choose for his House, who does not like to change often his Tenants?
25. Why is a Candle like a Tobacco-nist?

26. Why is an Officer in *Flowers* more diligent than he is in *London*?
  27. Why are Park-Keepers like Free-Masons?
  28. Why is an Alchouse the best Comfort for a disappointed Man?
  29. Why is an Apple like a good Song?
  30. Why is a rich Farmer like a Man with bad Teeth?
- [\* \* The Solutions in our next.]

RIDDLES.

5. **T**Win-born into the World I come,  
 Tho' not apparent from the Womb.  
 I sometimes am produc'd in Pairs,  
 Which Male, as well as Female, bears.  
 If single, without Fault in Nature,  
 My Name denominates a Creature:  
 I first of all defend my Parents,  
 From noisy Mob and their Adherents:  
 But when I boldly fight and wound,  
 I'm destitute of Voice and Sound.  
 Oft, as my Parents I survive,  
 I wondrous Use from them derive:  
 I then am plainly heard from far,  
 Loud as an Instrument of War.  
 Oft I am plac'd in publick Station,  
 Of general Negotiation:  
 With me all Matters circulate,  
 In City, Country, Church, and State;  
 I in my Travels bear great Sway,  
 Scarce any dare obstruct my Way.  
 To my Persuasions Numbers yield,  
 And at the Summons take the Field:  
 When, cheer'd by me, they best sustain  
 The Toil and Danger of the Plain.  
 This done, I silent Service give;  
 And Troops fatigu'd thro' me revive:  
 When I Refreshment kind impart,  
 And with long Draughts regale the Heart.  
 When sinking *Phœbus* yields To night,  
 And Stars diffuse but feeble Light;  
 Then



Then I transmit a borrow'd Ray,  
And kindle Darkness into Day.  
Sometimes I cover the Foundation  
Of all the Learning in the Nation.  
All I shall say is, Ladies, ye  
Contribute to the making me.

6. **L**ET *Mandevill* and *Gulliver* no  
more  
Impole on Mankind, as they've done  
before,

With *Pigmies* and a *Lilliputian Race*,  
Where neither Truth nor Moral I  
can trace.

I here describe a stranger Race than  
they,

Which Beings have produc'd the  
nobler Way.

At Parents Will their Off-spring's  
great or small,

Some near two Feet, some scarce two  
Inches tall:

An Embrio or a Fetus some remain,  
Others when dead do rise to Life  
again:

Some longer live than old *Methuselah*,  
Others like *F--s* just squeeze and die  
away.

Their final Exit something strange  
may seem,

Men die of Passions, they of Discreetom.  
But those of greater Worth do least  
decline,

As Years advance they with more  
Splendour shine.

Some are in Arts and Sciences pro-  
found,

Others in Languages do most a-  
bound,

And Multitudes nothing but empty  
Sound.

Some prove their old Descent from  
*Greece* and *Rome*,

Some tell of Things past, present, and  
to come.

They seldom fight, but oft make Use  
of Words,

And hot Disputes are ended without  
Swords.

The major Part in Skins of Beasts are  
dress'd,

Some plain, some colour'd, others  
richly lac'd;

And some like Seamen in blue Shirts  
appear;

Others like *Indians* party Colours  
wear.

Their Politicians oft stark naked are,  
And with the Strolers have a common  
Fare;

And in their Cities, mostly are con-  
fin'd,

To some by Place, like Subjects of  
Mankind.

As our Divines, so Lawyers have  
their Dress,

And all their Skill without a Fee  
confess.

Their Custom is, when dress'd like  
Belle and Beau,

With airy Pride their gaudy Parts to  
shew.

Stop here rude Pen, diffuse no more  
the Ink,

Thou hast not left the Fair Ones  
room to think.

[\* \* \* *The Solutions in our next.*]

## REBUSES.

5. **O**F the gay Season, when the  
human Mind,

To Reason deaf, to every Danger  
blind,

In Pleasure's Paths ungovernably  
strays,

And to no God but *Cupid* Homage  
pays,

By just Division take Three-fifths;  
annex

Th' Initial of the wretched of their  
Sex

Who, pent in gloomy Cloysters, daily  
take

These Vows they hourly wish in vain  
to break:

Let then a Third-part of a Name ap-  
pear

Which every loyal *Briton* must re-  
vere;

The terminating Letter lastly join'd  
Of what coy Maidens rest not 'till

they find;

A Virgin's Appellation these declare,  
Lovely as *Venus*, virtuous as she's  
fair.

Here

Hear my Petition, all ye Gods above,  
Grant me, I ask no more, that Angel's  
Love.

T. G.

6. **W**HAT in *Greenland*, or *Russia*,  
is found all the Year;  
But in *England*, does only in Winter  
appear;  
With a Title that *Spanish* Grandees  
may assume,  
Will name a sweet Girl that like *Hebe*  
will bloom.

[\* \* \* *The Solutions in our next.*]

*A Receipt to make the Marriage-State  
easy.*

**M**Y Friend, if you'd live with  
your Wife without Pain,  
say nothing to vex her, yet let her  
complain;  
Submit to your Fate, and disturb  
not her Reign.  
Be mop'd, when she's sad—and be  
pleas'd, when she's gay;  
Believe her, and trust her—and  
give her her Way:  
For want of this Rule there's the  
Devil to pay.

To C E L I A, *angry.*

**I**F *Celia* frowns, or if she smiles,  
My am'rous Heart she still beguiles;  
In vain, alas! we shut the Fire,  
When every Look inflames Desire:  
Her Smiles the pleasing Pain improve;  
Her Frowns command, but still to  
love;

A.

*On Time and an old Watch-Maker.*

**Q**UOTH old Time to old *Technes*,  
thou'lt pore thyself blind,  
Thus to gaze on my Face\*, to keep  
Time out of Mind.  
Replies *Technes*, you've mention'd no  
more than is true;  
For by plodding o'er Time I find no  
Time for you.

A.

\* *The Dial-Plate.*

*The Lovers Quarrel: Or, Kifs, and  
be Friends,*

*A humorous Dialogue between a Gen-  
tleman and a Lady.*

**M.** **G**ET along, Sir—I hate you:  
That's flat—  
Let me go, then—Lord bless me!  
be quiet—  
If you won't keep your Hands off—  
take that:  
D'ye think I came here to a Riot?

**N.** Why, Madam—how now!—Do  
you scratch?  
In short, Miss, I won't bear this  
Usage—  
You're a little, unthinking Cross-  
patch—  
And yet, Miss, I full well know  
your Age.

**M.** Of this, or of that Miss's Age;  
What Business have Fellows with  
me, Sir?  
Put yourself into ne'er such a Rage,  
I care not three Skips of a Flea, Sir.

**N.** Lord, Madam, I hope no Offence—  
My Words seldom bear any Mean-  
ing:  
Besides, you're a Lady of Sense,  
And Anger would scorn to be seen  
in.

**M.** Such Rudeness would ruffle a Saint;  
I wish you could learn to be civil—

**N.** One Kiss, and I will, I'll main-  
tain't—

**M.** Well! sure you're an impudent  
Devil.

There!—now you are satisfied?—  
**N.** No;

**M.** What, again!—how can Folks  
be so teasing?

**N.** While your Lips so much Sweet-  
ness bestow,  
Your Nails can do nothing dis-  
pleasing.

## AN ACROSTICK.

**W**hen deepest Cares invade my  
anxious Breast,  
**H**ad I my dearest Friend, how I were  
best !  
**A**bſence, that dreadful Word, how  
harſh the Sound !  
**T**is Poiſon to my Hopes, and gives  
a deadly Wound.

**W**hen ſhe is preſent, how my Spirits  
flow !  
**O**pen's my Heart, and not one Thought  
of Woe :  
**U**nder her Influence, I felt no De-  
ſpair ;  
**L**arge was my Pleaſure, little was  
my Care ;  
**D**angers I knew not, ſo had none to  
dread ;

**Y**ielding to all Things that ſhe did,  
or ſaid :  
**O**n her alone I ſafely could depend :  
**U**nto whoſe Reaſons, wondering, I  
attend.

**B**right are her Morals, with a Judg-  
ment clear ;  
**E**aſy her Maxims, and in nought ſe-  
vere ;

**A**Breſt that's open, with a Mind  
that's great ;  
**T**ruly ſincere, and of a Temper  
ſweet.

**M**any a Time I wiſh to ſee  
**A**gain, my deareſt Friend ;  
**R**eturn, and bleſs my Sight with thee,  
**T**hou'lt find my Sorrows end.

**K**now that thy Abſence gives me  
Woe,  
**N**or can I happy be :  
**J**oy, without thee, I cannot know ;  
**G**rant me thy Company :  
**H**aſte then, and come to me, my  
Dear,  
**T**o caſe my Pain, and baniſh all my  
Care.

A.

## The GENERAL LOVER.

**L**ET my Fair One only be  
Female Sex, and ſhe's for me :  
I can love her, fair or brown :  
Of the Country or the Town :  
I can love her rich or poor ;  
Or her Wealth or Face adore :  
Be ſhe dull or be ſhe gay,  
Haunting Church or haunting Play,  
I her Piety admire,  
Or her briſk coquetting Fire :  
I an equal Flame can find  
For the coy or coming Kind :  
If kind, it would ungen'rous be  
Not to love her that ſo loves me.  
If coy, it wou'd Injuſtice prove  
So much Virtue not to love.  
Be ſhe ſickly, ſo am I ;  
Each will have their Liberty :  
Shou'd ſhe be a conſtant Dame,  
It will ſhew how true her Flame,  
Be ſhe tall, I like her Mien,  
Stalking nobly like a Queen :  
If a little tiny Thing,  
Like Fairy friſking in a Ring,  
Wiſdom it has been confeſt,  
*Of all Ills to chuſe the leaſt :*  
Let the Fair One only be  
Female Sex, and ſhe's for me:

She who cannot Credit give,  
Such a Lover e'er can live,  
Tell it to the wond'ring Fair,  
I this Moment ſigh for her :  
Sigh for her—whoe'er ſhe be—  
If Woman—that's enough for me.

CUPID *miſtaken.*

**W**HERE *Cblos* in the ſhady Grove  
was laid,  
Thither by Chance the wanton *Cupid*  
ſtray'd.  
Awhile he view'd the Nymph, then  
cries in Paſſion,  
“ Mamma, Mamma, you'll miſs your  
“ Affignation ;  
“ For *Mars* is waiting.”—*Cblos* rais'd  
her Head,  
“ My pretty Boy, ſure you've miſ-  
“ took” ſhe ſaid.  
“ How like,” cries he, “ may one be  
“ to another !  
“ For, as I live, I thought you was  
“ my Mother.”

The

The Disappointed MILKMAID.

*In medio tutissimam hinc.*

**H**OW poorly your Projectors  
fare,  
That build their *Castles in the Air*!  
Still tow'ring on from Scheme to  
Scheme,  
They top *Olympus* in a Dream:  
But waking, find (Nineteen i'th' Score)  
Themselves far lower than before.  
Of these the Instances are many,  
And this will serve as well as any.

It happen'd on a Summer's Day,  
A Country Lass, as fresh as *May*,  
Deck'd in a wholesome Ruffet Gown,  
Was going to next Market Town.  
So blith her Looks, so simply clean,  
You'd take her for a *May-Day* Queen;  
Save, 'stead of Garland (says my Tale)  
Her Head bore *Brindy's* loaded Pail.  
As on her Way she pass'd along,  
She hum'd the Fragments of a Song.  
She did not hum for Want of Thought,  
Quite pleas'd with what to Sale she  
brought;

And reckon'd by her own Account,  
When all was sold, the whole Amount.  
Thus she—"In Time, this little Ware  
" May turn to great Account, with  
" Care.

" My Milk being sold for—so and so,  
" I'll buy some Eggs as Markets go,  
" And set them—At the Time I fix  
" These Eggs will bring as many  
" Chicks:

" I'll spare no Pains to feed 'em well,  
" They'll bring vast Profit when they  
" sell:

" With this, I'll buy a little Pig,  
" And when 'tis grown up fat and big,  
" I'll sell it, whether Boar or Sow,  
" And with the Money buy a Cow,  
" This Cow will surely have a Calf,  
" And there the Profit's Half in Half:  
" Besides there's Butter, Milk and  
" Cheese,

" To keep the Market when I please;  
" All which I'll sell, and buy a Farm,  
" Then shall of Sweethearts have a  
" Swarm.

" O! then for Ribbands, Gloves and  
" Rings,  
" Ay! more than twenty pretty  
" Things:  
" One brings me this, another that,  
" And I shall have—the Lord knows  
" what!"

Fir'd with the Thoughts, the fran-  
tic Lass,  
Of what was thus to come to pass,  
Her Heart beat strong, she gave a  
Bound,  
And down came Milkpail on the  
Ground.  
Eggs, Fowls, Pig, Hog (ah! well  
o' Day!)  
Cow, Calf, and Farm—all swam away

On an OLD MAID.

**A**NCIENT *Phyllis* has young  
Graces;  
'Tis a strange Thing but a true one!  
Shall I tell you how?  
She herself makes her own Faces,  
And each Morning wears a new one;  
Where's the Wonder now?

On a PIPE of TOBACCO.

**P**RETTY Tube of mighty Power,  
Charmer of an idle Hour;  
Object of my hot Desire,  
Lip of Wax, and Eye of Fire:  
And thy snowy taper Waistle,  
With my Finger gently brac'd:  
And thy lovely swelling Crest,  
With my bended Stopper prest:  
And the sweetest Bliss of Blisses,  
Breathing from thy balmy Kisses.  
Happy thrice and thrice again,  
Happiest he of happy Men!  
Who, when again the Night returns,  
When again the Taper burns;  
When again the Crickets cry,  
(Little Crickets full of Play)  
Can afford his Tube to feed,  
With the fragrant *Indian* Weed;  
Pleasure for a Nose divine,  
Incense of the God of Wine!  
Happy thrice and thrice again,  
Happiest he of happy Men!

*On a Man, who killed himself with  
eating Curds.*

*Written by his Wife.*

**H**ERE lies a Man who lost his  
Breath,  
By eating Curds!—Oh! cruel Death!  
Had he been rul'd by Betty his Wife,  
He might have liv'd all the Days of his  
Life.

*On a pretty Chambermaid.*

**W**HEN Patty's Hands the Soap-  
suds grace,  
And suds, and lather in the  
Smoke,  
How neat her Fingers change the Lace,  
How lovely White the Holland  
Smock!

I long to see, and charm my Eyes,  
(As you the floating Cambricks rub)  
Your Image in each Bubble rise,  
A Thousand Pattys in the Tub!

But Soap, nor Starch's curious Art  
Engrois your mighty Power alone;  
What Glois to China you impart!  
And Plate your bright'ning Touch  
must own.

But when your Lady's Tail you dress,  
The Pins you use with such Com-  
mand,

The willing Folds your Skill confess,  
And fall obedient to your Hand.

O mighty Mistress of your Art!  
My Breast with strange Desires you  
move;

I long to join thy panting Heart,  
And clasp thy Waist in Folds of  
Love.

*On an aff-Red Old Woman.*

**W**ITH Curls and Powder Betty's  
Hair is dress'd:  
Affecting Youth she bares her aged  
Breast;

In vain by you these little Arts are  
try'd,

Your hoary Hair not Powder's self  
can hide—

These Trifles ill become thy sixtieth  
Year,

Which, at sixteen, might justly Cen-  
sure fear—

Fill your own Station—Youth will  
not return—

Be patient, Betty—since 'tis vain to  
mourn.

*On the much-lamented Death of a  
Pawnbroker.*

**G**OOD People all with one Ac-  
cord,

Lament for Madam B——,  
Who never wanted a good Word—  
From those who spoke her Praise.

The Needy seldom pass'd her Door,  
And always found her Kind;  
She freely Lent to all the Poor—  
Who left a Pledge behind.

She strove the Neighbourhood to  
please,

With Manners wondrous winning,  
And never follow'd wicked Ways—  
Unless when she was Sinning.

At Church, in Silks and Satins new,  
With Hoop of monstrous Size,  
She never slumber'd in her Pew,—  
But when she shut her Eyes.

Her Love was sought, I do aver,  
By Twenty Beaus, and more;  
The K—— himself has follow'd her—  
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her Wealth and Finery fled,  
Her Mangers-on cut short all,  
The Doctors found when she was  
dead,—

Her last Disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in Sorrow sore,  
For K——s-Street well may say,  
That had she liv'd a Twelvemonth  
more,—  
She had not dy'd To-day;

Sm-

*Simple Simon: Or, Who was to blame?*

QUOTH *Simon* to *Thomas* (and  
shew'd him his Wife)  
See, *Thomas*! see here, the Delight  
of my Life.

Look at her again!—Did you ever  
behold

Such Sweetness enshrined in so charm-  
ing a Mold?

For conjugal Virtue she never had  
Peer:

To me, all engaging;—to others,  
severe.

But then to enjoy her!—Good Gods!  
such a Feast

Were fit for a Monarch,—or even  
a Priest.

Would she but consent, you should  
taste of the Bliss.—

This Man's my Acquaintance; *Sue*,  
grant him a Kiss,

*Sue* yielded; and *Thomas* accepted  
the Grace;

The Husband sat by, and beheld the  
Embrace;

O'erjoy'd that his Wife would so far  
condescend

As to honour her Spouse, by obliging  
his Friend.

How suddenly *Cupid* can Poison im-  
part!

It pass'd thro' the Lips, and it tickled  
the Heart.

They ey'd one another with mutual  
Good-will,

And *Simon* commended his Moiety  
still.

Friend *Thomas*, you'll visit your  
Neighbour again!

Your Treatment shall always be hearty  
and plain.

From Eleven to Two I am daily  
at *Change*:

At any Time else, Sir,—pray do  
not make strange.

*Tom* promis'd: The Bottle went  
once more about:

And then they, most courtously,  
lighted him out.

*Sue* added her Compliment too at the  
Door:

My Husband has mention'd the Time,  
Sir, before:

From Eleven 'till Two, Sir, he's never  
at Home.

I hope, Sir, you'll do us the Honour to  
come.

*Tom's* Word was repeated: The  
Sense of the Promise

Appear'd in the Eyes of both *Susan* and  
*Thomas*.

But *Simon* was blinded with Love of  
the Dame.

If *Susan* was visited, Who was to  
blame?

### The FEAST of FANCY.

Address'd to the GENTLEMEN:

TOO long, my good Sirs, you  
have madly deny'd,

A rational Use to your Eyes,

And look'd on these Actions with  
Envy and Pride,

Which Reflection must hate and  
despise.

For once then to Sense and Good-  
humour descend,

Nor if touch'd, wax ill-natur'dly  
warm;

But bear with the cordial Advice of a  
Friend,

Who ardently wishes your Sex to  
reform.

In Praise of the fatal Excesses of Wine,  
Disdain to be seen with a Pen;

Nor talk of being rais'd into some-  
thing divine,

When debas'd greatly lower than  
Men.

Where Murder for Honour is shame-  
fully dress'd,

O never attempt to defend,

Nor plant the fell Sword for a casual  
Jest,

In the Heart of your worthiest  
Friend.

To

To a Laugh never martyr an innocent  
Name,

'Tis Malice most cruelly cool ;  
Nor plunge the white Virgin in Anguish and Shame,

For the loudest Applause of a Fool.

When fatally fond the sweet Victim  
is grown,

In Pity, in Justice, forbear ;  
And think that a Sister, or Child of  
your own,

May be drawn to Disgrace and  
Despair.

Let Merit, where'er it may chance to  
engage,

Oblige you to praise and protect ;  
And the silver white Ringlets of rever-  
end Age,

Still meet with a decent Respect.

Remember, in short, that each Plea-  
sure must fall

From the practise of Virtue alone ;  
And then you will strive for the Wel-  
fare of all,

Thro' a prudent Regard of your  
own.

L. P.

To a LADY who has ten Daughters.

**C**ircassia, fam'd for beautiful Dames,  
The Storehouse of the East,  
Presents the Sultan every Year  
With Two or Three at least.

Britain, distinguish'd Isle ! may boast  
A Sum would tire the Pen :  
How vast the Account, when ev'ry  
Charm

Is multiply'd by Ten !

ANACREON, Ode V.

**H**ASTE, from the rosy Bow'rs of  
Bliss

Ye blooming sylvan Train,  
Here lead the sprightly Dance, for  
this

Is Pleasure's golden Reign.

Hither the spicy Goblet bear,  
With rosy Garlands crown'd ;  
Let braided Roses bind our Hair,  
And shed their Odours round.

No Flower that decks the vernal  
Plains,

Such Sweetness can disclose,  
Nor ev'n immortal *Jove*, disdains  
The fragrant blushing Rose.

With Roses crown'd, the God of  
Love,

The festive Dances leads,  
All as the beautiful Graces rove  
O'er the enamell'd Meads.

Let me then ev'ry Pleasure share,  
That kindles soft Desire,

Let me the rosy Chaplet wear,  
And wake the trembling Lyre !

Let me, where'er the sportive Band,  
Does o'er the Plain advance,  
Claim my lov'd *Celia's* snowy Hand,  
And lead the sprightly Dance !

AN EPIGRAM on MATRIMONY.

Translated from the French of *Monf.*  
Maucroy.

**S**IR, you are prudent, good, and  
wife :

I own I thank you from my Heart,  
And much approve what you advise ;  
But let me think—before I start.

For Folks well able to discern,  
Who know what 'tis to have a Wife,  
Say, 'tis a Case of such Concern,  
A Man should think on't—all his  
Life.

AN EPI TAPH.

**H**ERE lies a fat Female, whom  
no Man could save,  
Whose monstrous Bulk did require a  
wide Grave :

So, Mortals, beware how you tram-  
ple thereon,  
For, should the same open, by *Jove*  
you're all gone.

To

To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

Gentlemen, December 9, 1765.

*The following Poem is an Original. It was wrote by a young Lady, who, having had several Proffers of Marriage but approving of none, was ask'd by a young Gentleman of her Acquaintance if she ever intended to marry, seeing she approv'd of none that had yet been propos'd? She answer'd, That when the right Man came, she should no longer resist. The Gentleman then desir'd to know, What Kind of a Man she thought the Right? She answer'd, She would give him her Choice in Writing, and immediately wrote as follows; which, by inserting in your Jester's Magazine, you will greatly oblige*

Your very humble Servant

And future Correspondent,

CONSTANTIA ARTLESS.

*The CHOICE.*

KIND Heaven! propitious to my  
Wishes prove,  
And grant that when that direful  
Passion, Love,  
Within my Breast a kindling Flame  
inspires,  
The Object may prove worthy my  
Desires.  
Let him, ye omnipotent Pow'rs  
above!  
Be blest with Truth, with Constancy,  
and Love:  
Let manly Virtues in his Bosom rise;  
Let him, like me, the Libertine  
despise:  
Let not Ambition enter in his Breast;  
Let peaceful Virtues set his Heart at  
Rest;  
Humane and generous let him ever  
be;  
Pious, good humour'd, easy, gay, and  
free.

I'd chuse that both our Ages should  
agree,  
And a true Love within his Heart for  
me.

Find me a Youth, like this, and I will  
yield

My Hand and Heart, nor longer keep  
the Field:

At his Command my Arms I down  
will lay,

Nor wish to keep them up another  
Day,

Then grant, ye gracious Pow'rs! that  
I may make

A prudent Wife, for my Belov'd's  
sake:

Let his Example steal into my Breast,  
And strive which most should please,  
and most should bless.

Bless'd in each others Love, our Days  
we'd spend,

And wish old Time would never have  
an End.

But if a Youth, like this, cannot be  
found

On either Foreign or on *English*  
Ground;

Then grant to me, ye gracious  
Pow'rs divine!

That with no one in Marriage I may  
join.

AN EPITAPH.

UNDER this Stone lies scolding  
*Joan*,  
Who dearly loved Money,  
Of Ducks and Geese pick'd many a  
Bone:  
Such Souls there were not many.  
Oft' teaz'd her Husband's Spirits were;  
For have her Will she must;  
But now she lies in Quiet here,  
And moulders into Dust.

G. H:

AN EPIGRAM.

YOUNG *Courtly* takes me for a  
Dunce;  
For all Night long I spoke but once.  
On better Grounds I think him such:  
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

A Col-



## A Collection of Favourite New Songs.

## SONG XXII.

*Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.*

**L**ET the Nymph still avoid, and  
 be deaf to the Swain,  
 Who in Transports of Passion affects  
 to complain;  
 For his Rage, not his Love, in his  
 Frenzy is shown;  
 And the blast that blows loudest is  
 soon over-blown.

But the Shepherd, whom *Cupid* has  
 pierc'd to the Heart,  
 Will submissive adore, and rejoice in  
 the Smart;  
 Or, in plaintive soft Murmurs, his  
 bosom-felt Woe,  
 Like the smooth-gliding Current of  
 Rivers, will flow.

Tho' silent his Tongue, he will plead  
 with his Eyes,  
 And his Heart own your Sway in a  
 Tribute of Sighs;  
 But when he accosts you, in Meadow  
 or Grove,  
 His Tale is so tender—he coos like  
 the Dove.

## SONG XXIII.

*Sung by Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh.*

**N**OT on Beauty's transient Plea-  
 sure,  
 Which no real Joys impart,  
 Nor on Heaps of sordid Treasure,  
 Did I fix my youthful Heart,

'Twas not *Chloe's* perfect Feature,  
 Did the fickle Wand'rer bind;  
 Nor her Form, the Boast of Nature;  
 'Twas alone her spotless Mind.

Not on Beauty's transient Pleasure,  
 Which no real Joys impart,  
 Nor on Heaps of sordid Treasure,  
 Did I fix my youthful Heart.

Take, ye Swains, the real Blessing,  
 That will Joys for Life ensure;  
 The virtuous Mind alone possessing,  
 Will your lasting Bliss secure.

Not on Beauty's transient Pleasure,  
 Which no real Joys impart,  
 Nor on Heaps of sordid Treasure,  
 Did I fix my youthful Heart.

## SONG XXIV.

The BRIDAL DAY. *A Cantata.**Sung by Miss Smith, at Marybone-Gardens.*

## RECITATIVE.

**Y**E Swains, who reap the ripen'd  
 Corn,  
 And with soft Music hail the Morn,  
 Your Sickles lay aside:  
 Hence, Labour's pressive Hand, away;  
 In rural Pastime spend the Day,  
 To charm the new-made Bride.

## A I R.

With Roses deck the Jess'mine  
 Bow'rs;  
 Bestrew the verdant Mead with Flow'rs,  
 That *Phæbe* pass along;  
 Hark! hark! the feather'd Race, on  
 Wing,  
 To Love's soft Impulse warbling sing  
 Their soft melodious Song.

## RECITATIVE.

Then fill, ye Swains, the rural Reed;  
 Let Art with Nature vie;  
 Nor let the shrill-ton'd Lark impede  
 Your partial Harmony.

## A I R.

Whilst blithe as *May* Morning,  
 When Nature looks charming,  
 The Damsels shall dance on the Green,  
 'Tis with Beauty replete,  
 The fair *Phæbe* we greet,  
 And hail her our pastoral Queen.

SONG

SONG XXV.

The CASUIST.

Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

WHICH is best, ye Casuists, say  
To be grave, or to be gay?  
Still to weep, and never smile;  
(In the Penitents' Stile)  
So fit moping like a Nun;  
Or to frisk it in the Sun,  
Where the Scenes of Mirth are play'd  
And the glad Appointment's made?

A. I. R.

If the Maid avoid Excess,  
Better sing, and dance, and dress;  
And indulge the Calls of Youth,  
While she forfeits not her Truth:  
Rigour and severe Demerit  
Are not decent at Sixteen;  
And the Character is lost,  
Study'd at God-nature's Cost.

She that meditates the most,  
Is not always Virtue's Boast;  
Nor the Silent and Demure,  
Always peaceable and pure;  
While the Lively, Brisk, and Smart,  
Have more Innocence at Heart,  
With a Smile less to dread  
From the Mischief in their Head.

SONG XXVI.

Sung by Miss Plenius, at Marybone-  
Gardens.

I Met young *Damon* t'other Day;  
And, near me, as he drew,  
No Swain, methought, e'er look'd so  
Upon my Word 'tis true,  
With ardent Bliss my Lips he press'd  
Pray what could *Phyllis* do?  
I frown'd - alas! only frown'd in Jest;  
Upon my Word 'tis true.

The Shepherd sigh'd, and talk'd of  
Love,

A Theme to me quite new;  
Of Angels, Heav'n, and Pow'rs above;  
And vow'd that all was true.

My Bosom throbb'd, I knew not why,  
As still more fond he grew:  
I listen'd to his Tale with Joy;  
Upon my Word 'tis true.

"Let *Damon* now be bless'd," he cry'd,  
And fondly to me flew:  
I strove, but vainly strove to chide;  
Upon my Word 'tis true.

With Blossoms spread, I look'd Con-  
sent,

Felt Joys but known to few:  
For then I found what *Damon* meant,  
And all he said was true.

SONG XXVII.

A CURE for the VAPOURS.

Sung at Ranelagh.

WHY wilt *Delia* thus retire,  
And languish all her Life  
away?

While the fighting Crowd adores thee,  
'Tis too soon for Hartshorn Tea,  
'Tis too soon for Hartshorn Tea:  
All those dismal Looks and Greeting  
Cannot *Damon's* Life restore;  
Long ago the Worms have eat him;  
You can never see him more,  
You can never see him more.  
Long ago the Worms have eat him;  
You can never see him more.

Once again visit your Toilette,  
In the Glass your Face review;  
So much Weeping soon will spoil it,  
And no Spring your Charms renew,  
And no, &c.  
I, like you, was born a Woman,  
Well I know what Vapours mean:  
The Disease, alas! is common;  
Single, we have all the Spleen;  
Single, &c.

All the Morals that they tell us,  
Never cur'd the Sorrow yet:  
Chuse, among the pretty Fellows,  
One of Humour, Youth and Wit,  
One of, &c.

Prithee hear him ev'ry Morning,  
At the least an Hour or two;  
Once again at Night returning—  
I believe the Dose will do;  
I believe the Dose will do.  
Once again at Night returning—  
I believe the Dose will do.

## SONG XXVIII.

*Sung at Ranelagh.*

ONE *Midsummer* Morning, when  
Nature look'd gay,  
The Birds full of Song, and the Flocks  
full of Play;  
When Earth seem'd to answer the  
Smiles from above,  
And all Things proclaim'd it the  
Season of Love:  
My Mother cried, *Nancy*, come haste  
to the Mill;  
If the Corn be not ground, you may  
scold if you will.

The Freedom to use my Tongue  
pleas'd me, no doubt;  
A Woman, alas! would be nothing  
without:  
I went tow'nds the Mill without any  
Delay,  
And comm'd o'er the Words I de-  
termin'd to say:  
But when I came near it, I found it  
rock still;  
Bless my Stars now! cry'd I, huff  
them rarely I will.

The Miller to Market that Instant  
was gone;  
The Work it was left to the Care of  
his Son:  
Now, though I can scold well as any  
one can,  
I thought 'twould be wrong to scold  
the young Man:

I said, I'm surpriz'd you can use me  
so ill;  
I must have my Corn ground, I must  
and I will.

Sweet Maid, cry'd the ~~Miller~~, the  
Fault is not mine;  
No Corn in the Town I'd grind sooner  
than thine:  
There's no one more ready in pleasing  
the Fair;  
The Mill shall go merrily round, I  
declare.  
But hark! how the Birds sing, and  
see how they bill!  
I must have a Kiss first, I must, and I  
will.

My Corn being done, I tow'nds Home  
bent my Way;  
He whisper'd he'd Something of Mo-  
ment to say;  
Insisted to hand me along the green  
Mead,  
And there swore he lov'd me, indeed,  
and indeed!  
And that he'd be constant, and true to  
me still;  
And since that Time I've lik'd him,  
and like him I will.

I often say, Mother, the Miller I'll  
huff;  
She laughs, and cries, go Girl, ay,  
plague him enough;  
And scarce a Day passes but, by her  
Desire,  
I get a fly Kiss from the Youth I ad-  
mire.  
If Wedlock he wishes, his Wish I'll  
fulfil,  
And I'll answer, O, Yes! with a  
Scarry Good-will.

## SONG XXIX.

*Sung by Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall.*

BReathe soft, ye Winds; be calm,  
ye Skies;  
Arise, ye flow'ry Race, arise:  
Ye silv'ry Dew, ye vernal Show'rs,  
Call forth a bloomy Waste of Flow'rs.  
The

The fragrant Rose, a beauteous Guest,  
Shall flourish on my Fair One's  
Breast;  
Shall grace her Hand, or deck her  
Hair,  
The Flow'r most sweet, the Nymph  
most fair.

SONG. XXX.

*Sung at Ranelagh.*

**I** Told my Nymph, I told her true,  
My Fields were small, my Flocks  
were few;  
While fault'ring Accents spoke my  
Fear,  
That *Flavia* might not prove sincere.

Of Crops destroy'd by vernal Cold,  
And vagrant Sheep that left my Fold:  
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;  
And was not *Flavia* then sincere?

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle Wind,  
The Friends I lov'd became unkind:  
She heard, and shed a gen'rous Tear;  
And is not *Flavia* then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my Love to bless,  
My *Flavia* must not hope for Drefs:  
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;  
And *Flavia* sure must be sincere.

Go shear your Flocks, ye jovial  
Swains;  
Go reap the Plenty of your Plains:  
Despoil'd of all which you revere,  
I know my *Flavia's* Love's sincere.

SONG XXXI.

A HUNTING SONG.

*Sung by Mr. Squibb, at Marybone-  
Gardens.*

**H**ARK, hark ye, how echoes the  
Horn in the Vale,  
Whose Notes do so sportingly dance  
on the Gale,

To charm us to batter, for ignoble  
Rest,  
The Joys which true Pleasure can  
raise in the Breast:  
The Morning is fair, and in Labour  
with Day,  
And the Cry of the Huntsman is,  
Hark, hark, away:  
Then wherefore defer we, one Mo-  
ment, our Joys?  
Haste, haste, let's away; so to Horse,  
my brave Boys.

What Pleasure can equal the Joys of  
the Chace,  
Where meaner Delights to more no-  
ble give Place?  
While onward we press, and each  
Sorrow defy,  
From Valley to Valley re-echoes the  
Cry:  
Our Joys are all Sterling, no Sorrow  
we fear,  
We bound o'er the Lawn, and look  
back on old Cares;  
Forgetful of Labour we leap o'er the  
Mounds,  
Led on by the Horn, and the Cry of  
the Hounds.

SONG XXXII.

The ACCIDENT.

*Sung at Sadler's - Wells.*

**A**S t'other Day milking I sat in  
the Vale,  
Young *Dammy* came up, to address his  
soft Tale,  
So sudden, I started, and gave him a  
Frown;  
For he frighted my Cow, and my  
Milk was kick'd down.

Lord bless me! says I, what a Deuce  
can you mean,  
To come thus upon me, unthought of,  
unseen!  
I ne'er will approve of the Love you  
pretend;  
For, as Mischief began, perhaps Mis-  
chief may end.

-I little

I little thought now, he'd his Paſſion  
advance ;  
But pretty Excuses made up the Miſ-  
chance :  
He begg'd a kind Kiſs, which I gave  
him, I vow ;  
And I laid, my own ſelf, all the Fault  
on my Cow.

How many Ways Love can the Boſom  
invade !  
His Hair prov'd too ſtrong, alas ! for  
a Maid :  
He hinted that Wedlock was what  
he'd be at ;  
But I thought it was beſt to ſay no-  
thing of that.

I ſtutter all over whene'er he comes  
nigh ;  
For, if he ſhould preſs, I ſhou'd  
ſurely comply,  
And ne'er ſhall be angry, my Heart  
itſelf tells,  
Tho' he ſlings down my Milk, or  
does any Thing elſe.

SONG XXXIII.

THE FAIR MONITOR.

*Sung by Miſs Brown, at Sadler's Wells.*

YOU'VE ſure forgot, dear Mo-  
ther mine,  
When you was once as blithe as  
me ;  
When Vows were offer'd at your  
Shrine,  
And Lovers dropt on bended Knee ;  
When you cou'd ſing, and dance, and  
play ;  
Alas ! *December* treads on *May*.

Behold Dame *Nature's* fav'rite *Blow*,  
The rich *Joaquil*, the bloſſing *Rose*,  
How ſhort a *Date* their Beauties know,  
Surrounded by a thouſand *Foes* ;  
Till Time decrees their full Decay,  
And haſh *December* treads on *May*.

The whole Creation owns this Truth ;  
Then why ſhou'd wrinkled Brows  
eraſt  
The Mode, ſevere on blooming Youth,  
By which themſelves cou'd never  
aſt ?  
The Blood that's warm will have its  
Way,  
Too ſoon *December* treads on *May*.

Then, Swains, with Tabor, Pipe, and  
Glee,  
Let's, whiſt we're here, grim  
Care deride ;  
Come ſport and frolic free with me,  
In ſpire of Age and prudish Pride ;  
The Laws of Love—all ſhou'd obey,  
Before *December* treads on *May*.

SONG XXXIV.

*Sung by Mrs. Lampe, at Marybone-  
Gardens.*

COME then, come, ye sportive  
Swains ;  
Hither, jocund Nymphs, adieu ;  
O'er the ſmooth enamell'd Plains,  
Lead along the ruſtic Dance ;  
Come, your grateful Tributes pay,  
Hail the roſy Morn of *May*.

Now again the riſing Year  
Calls us forth to Mirth and Joy ;  
Pining Grief, nor ſordid Care,  
Shall our ſeſtive Rites annoy.  
Swell then, ſwell the cheerful Lay,  
Hail the roſy Morn of *May*.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Gentlemen or Ladies, who are poſſeſſ'd of any Pieces which may  
contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them in-  
ſerted, by ſending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal  
Exchange, for the Authors of The Jeſter's Magazine.

The Fourth Number will be published the Firſt of FEBRUARY.

# THE JESTER'S MAGAZINE: OR, THE MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER. For *January* 1766.

*Being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the Kind or Price.*

Containing (*among many other curious Particulars*)

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|--|---|
| <p>I. A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &amp;c.</p> <p>II. The Gentleman and the Basket-Maker. A <i>Peruvian</i> Story.</p> <p>III. The delightful State of Matrimony: Or, A Scheme for the Ladies to govern their Husbands.</p> <p>IV. Love and Duty.</p> <p>V. A Series of Letters from a Gentleman in <i>Syria</i> to his Sister in <i>London</i>.</p> <p>VI. An <i>Irish</i> Letter.</p> <p>VII. The Wonderful Liquor.</p> <p>VIII. A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebus's, Poems, Tales, &amp;c.</p> <p>IX. Prologue and Epilogue to the new Comedy call'd, <i>The Double Mistake</i>.</p> | <p>X. In Praise of Writing.</p> <p>XI. Prologue spoke to <i>Much Ado about Nothing</i>.</p> <p>XII. An Ode. Inscrib'd to Mr. Garrick, in the Character of <i>Benedick</i>.</p> <p>XIII. Favourite New Songs; viz. Thro' the Wood Laffie: Or, <i>Sawney's Return</i>. The judicious Choice: Sung by Mr. Farwell, at <i>Richmond</i>. The Kever Reclaim'd: Sung by Mr. Vernon, at <i>Vauxhall</i>. A favourite Song: Sung by Mr. Tenucci, at <i>Ranelagh-Gardens</i>. <i>Damon and Phyllis</i>, a Pastoral Dialogue: Sung by Mr. Lorr and Miss Davis, at <i>Marybone-Gardens</i>. The Sky-Lark, &amp;c. &amp;c. &amp;c.</p> |
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*Ride se Sapis.*

Laugh, if you are Wise.

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Numb. IV. To be continu'd Monthly.

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L O N D O N :

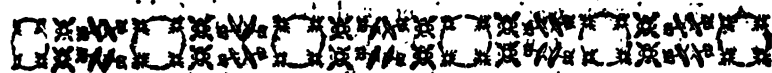
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# C O N T E N T S.

<p><b>A</b> Collection of Jests, Novels, Stories, Tales, Bulls, Repartees, Bon Mots, &amp;c. &amp;c. from Page 99 to — 102</p> <p>The Gentleman and the Basket-Maker. A <i>Peruvian</i> Story 103</p> <p>The delightful State of Matrimony: Or, A Scheme for the Ladies to govern their Husbands 106</p> <p>Love and Duty 107</p> <p>A Series of Letters from a Gentleman in <i>Syria</i> to his Sister in <i>London</i> 110</p> <p>An <i>Irish</i> Letter <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>The Wonderful Liquor 111</p> <p>Conundrums 112</p> <p>Poetry. Riddles <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>Rebuses 113</p> <p><i>Cupid</i> and <i>Anacreon</i> <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>Prologue to the new Comedy, call'd, <i>The Double Mistake</i> 114</p> <p>Epilogue to the new Comedy, call'd, <i>The Double Mistake</i> <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>In Praise of Writing 115</p> <p>Farewel to Hope. An Ode 116</p> <p>An Acrostick <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>Prologue spoke to <i>Much Ado about Nothing</i> 117</p> <p>On Winter <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>To an Ill-bred Man 118</p> <p>On Calumny <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>The Farmer's Blunder 119</p> <p>To Virtue 120</p> <p>The Choice of a Wife 121</p> <p>The Looking-Glass <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>A Receipt for Courtship <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>The Batchelor's Deliberation, Imitated from the Soliloquy of <i>Hamlet</i> <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>Answer to the Batchelor's Soliloquy 122</p>	<p>An Ode. Inscríb'd to Mr. <i>Garrick</i>, in the Character of <i>Benedicke</i> 122</p> <p>A Descriptive Ode 123</p> <p>The Inturbsions <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>A Declaration of Love <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>The Swain in Extacy <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>Songs. Thro' the Wood Laffie: Or, <i>Sawney's</i> Return 124</p> <p>The Judicious Choice: Sung by Mr. <i>Fawcett</i>, at <i>Richmond</i> <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>The Rover Reclaim'd: Sung by Mr. <i>Vernon</i>, at <i>Vauxhall</i> <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>A favourite Song: Sung by Mr. <i>Tenducci</i>, at <i>Ranelagh-Gardens</i> 125</p> <p><i>Damon</i> and <i>Phyllis</i>, a Pastoral Dialogue: Sung by Mr. <i>Low</i> and Miss <i>Davis</i>, at <i>Marybone-Gardens</i> <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>The Sky-Lark 126</p> <p>O Naughty, naughty Garden: Sung by Mrs. <i>Mastocks</i>, in <i>The Summer's Tale</i> <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>A favourite Song: Sung by Miss <i>Pope</i>, in <i>The Musical Lady</i> <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>A favourite Song: Sung by Mr. <i>Gibson</i>, at <i>Vauxhall</i> <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>The Happy Pair 127</p> <p>A new Truce with <i>Bacchus</i> and <i>Venus</i>: Sung by Mr. <i>Low</i>, at <i>Marybone-Gardens</i> <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>A favourite Song: Sung by Mr. <i>Tenducci</i>, at <i>Ranelagh-Gardens</i> 128</p> <p>A favourite Canzonet: Sung by Miss <i>Brent</i>, at <i>Vauxhall</i> <i>ibid.</i></p> <p>A favourite Song: Sung by Mr. <i>Tenducci</i>, at <i>Ranelagh-Gardens</i> <i>ibid.</i></p>
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\* \* The Letters sign'd A\*\*\*\*\* will be printed in our next Number, and the Gentleman's future Correspondence be esteem'd a Favour. All the other Letters, that may contribute to the Entertainment of our Readers, will likewise be inserted in it, being desirous of obliging all our Correspondents:—but some are not fit for Publication.



T H E  
JESTER'S MAGAZINE,  
For January 1766.



*A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

*A* Servant, who liv'd with a Lady, when she had done her Work, was very apt to fall asleep. One Night, when the Family were gone to Bed, she sat down, in Order to take a little Nap. When she wak'd, she found her Back very cold; so she blow'd up the Fire, turn'd the Back of her Chair to it, and put the Bellows in another Chair by her. She then sat herself down in her Chair, with her Back to the Fire, that she might warm it, before she went to Bed. Sleep, however, over-power'd her, and she did not wake till the Fire was quite out. Finding herself again very cold, in feeling about, as she sat, she felt the Bellows. She took them, and began to blow, forgetting that her Back was towards the Fire-Place. When she had blow'd for some Time, she said to herself, *Hey-day! how is this! the longer I blow, the less Fire there is! I believe (continu'd she) Old Nick has set his Foot on the Fire! However, I will blow it in, that I may see whether there is any*

*Fire or no.* In short, she continu'd blowing, till she fell asleep again. She did not wake till Day-light, when she discover'd that she had sat all Night with her Back to the Fire-Place, and consequently blow'd with the Nose of the Bellows from it: She laugh'd very heartily at the Oddness of her Situation; and went about her Work very contentedly.

An *Irish* Gentlewoman was very fond of her Cat. Sometime before she went to *Bath*, her Cat had Kittens; and she sent all, but one, as Presents to her particular Acquaintance. Just before she left *London*, she gave her Servant strict Charge to take great Care of them. She continu'd at *Bath* a considerable Time; and, at her Return, her Kitten was grown surprizingly. She had been but a very short Time in her House, before she enquir'd for her Cat and Kitten. The Maid brought them both into her Room; and her Mistress (seeing the Kitten so much grown) cry'd out, *Why, Sally, I am astonish'd! The Little Cat is Bigger than the Great One.*

*A Frenchman.*



A Frenchman walking about London to see what was curious, saw wrote on a Board, *All Sorts of Spirits sold Here*. Upon which he went into the Shop, and ask'd the Person he saw there, If he sold all Sorts of Spirits? *Yes, Sir, gently'd he.* *Why den, Sir, said the Frenchman, let a me have a Quartern of de Spirit of Contradiction.* Upon my Word, *Sir, said the Master of the Shop, you have ask'd me for a Spirit which I am not posses'd of; but, if you please, I'll call my Wife, and she can let you have a Gallon.*

One, was very gravely saying, there were two Sorts of Fish allowed to be carried upon a Sunday, and that was *Milk and Mackrel.*

A Countryman, that lived at London three Years, when he went Home, a Friend asked him, *If he saw Whitehall?* No, says he. *Nor the Tower?* says the other. No, says he. *Strange!* replied his Friend, *what could be the Reason of it?* *Why truly, says he, the Keeper of Newgate was so cross a Fellow, he would not let me out to see any Thing.*

A wealthy London Tradesman courted a rich Farmer's Daughter in Buckinghamshire. He us'd frequently to take a Ride to see her; and one Day, when she saw him come into the Yard, she went to meet him, and said, *I am sorry, my Dear, we are no better provided for your Coming; we have nothing for Dinner, but Bubble and Squeak.* *Bubble and Squeak!* reply'd the Tradesman, *pray what is that?* *Why that you will see presently, said she, for our Dinner is just ready.* The Family were collected together, and a large Dish of boil'd Salt Beef, cut imo Slices

and fry'd with Cabbage, was put upon the Table. The Londoner eat very hearty; and, after Dinner the Farmer said, *Well, Sir, do you like Bubble and Squeak?* *Why really, Farmer, reply'd he, like is very well.* And I assure you, had not Dinner been read soon, I should have Bubbled and Squeak'd too, for I had a very keen Appetite.

Benau Nath once complimenting a Lady, told her, among other Things that he should like to pass his Days with her. To which the Lady replied, *You are an agreeable Companion, Mr. Nath; and I might perhaps like to pass my Days with you; but for my Nights, I would rather beg to be excus'd.*

A very harmless Irishman, drinking some White Wine mixt with a little Claret: *Arrah, now, dear Honey,* said he, *if a little Claret gives such a delicious Taste, how would White Wine taste, if it was all Claret?*

Two Gentlemen being in the Middle of the Thames, in a Pair of Oars, one of them was affronted by the Waterman; *Sirrah,* says the other Gentleman, *bold your Praying, or else I'll knock your Head and the Wall together.*

A Citizen's Wife being in the Country, and seeing a Goose that had many Goslings; *How is it possible, said she, that one Goose should suckle so many Goslings?*

Ben Johnson met a young Gentleman of his Acquaintance, early one Morning, very much in Liquor; and, enquiring where he had been, the Gentleman replied, That he had been all Night at a Concert of Musick. *Very likely,* answered Ben, *for I perceive you have drank to some Tune.*

A Persian

A *Persian* was boasting before a *Greek* of the Riches and Power of his Country, and what a prodigious Army they should bring into the Field. *The Arrows*, says he, *that we shall shoot will darken the Sun.* So much the better, reply'd the *Greek*, smartly, *for then we shall fight in the Shade.*

A prodigal silly Fellow was boasting before a very worthy Person who was born in *North-Wales*, that he drew his first Breath in *England*, which he call'd the Garden of the World: *A Place*, says he, *which is famous for its Fertility, and the Politeness of its Inhabitants. But your Country is remarkable for Nothing but Heaps of barren Mountains, and the Simplicity of its People.* Then, reply'd the worthy Welchman, *I am an Honour to my Country, and you a Scandal to yours.*

A Poet, going over *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, one who pretended himself a maimed Soldier, begged an Alms of him: The Poet ask'd him by what Authority he went a begging? *Sir*, said the Soldier, *I have a Licence.* A Licence! said the Poet. *Like, I conceive, thou may'st have; but Sense thou hast none, to beg Money of a Poet.*

A Merchant, who resided some Time at *Bencolen*, bought a tame Elephant there, whom he suffered to go at Large. This Animal used to walk about the Streets, in as civil and familiar a Manner as any of the Inhabitants, and wonderfully delighted himself in visiting the Shops; particularly those, which sold Herbs and Fruit, where he was always well received, excepting only by a Couple of brutal Coblers, who dwelt in that Quarter. These Fellows, without any Reason, took

Offence at the generous Creature, and had once or twice attempted to wound his Proboscis with their Awls. The noble Animal, who knew it was beneath him to crusty them, did not disdain to chastise them. He fill'd his large muscular Trunk with a considerable Quantity of Water, not the cleanest, and advancing to them, as usual, cover'd them at once with a dirty Flood. The Pools were laugh'd at, and the Vengeance applauded.

Two Ladies, just return'd from Bath, were telling a Gentleman how well they lik'd the Place, and how it agreed with them. The first had been very ill, and receiv'd great Benefit from the Waters. *But pray, Madam, what did you go for*, said he to the second? *Mere Wantonness*, replied she. *And pray, Madam, did it cure you?*

A young Fellow, who had more Fortune than Wit, being at Dinner at the House of a Gentleman of Distinction, a young Lady that was there was taken with a fainting Fit; and while every Body hastened to her Assistance, some with Smelling-Bottles, and some with other Helps, proper on such Occasions, says the Spark, with a Sneer, *There is no great Danger, I suppose it is only a breeding Quail.* Sir, says a Gentleman that sat near him, with a severe Tone, *The Lady is a Sister of mine, and has been a Widow these two Years.* Pardon me, replied the Spark, who did not extremely like his Looks, and was willing to palliate the Offence; *she looks so young and so innocent, that I really took her for a Maid.*

*Ronquillo*, a Spanish Justice, used to say, *That it is good to hang a Thief of what Age soever he be; a young Thief, to the End*

*he may steal no more, and an old Thief for his former Crimes.*

A thin Slice of Cheese was set before a Scholar; who, as soon as he saw it, laid his Finger upon his Mouth. Being demanded why he did so; he answered, *Left my Breath should blow it away.*

There are a Crowd of *Arragonian, Andalusian* and *Castilian* Students, who come to *Rome* to obtain of the Pope some Benefice in their Church, and beg their Bread all the Way from *Madrid* to *Italy*. By the Help of a large Collar of Oil-Cloth garnish'd with Shells, and a long Staff, they find Charity wherever they come; for the *Nazareens* have as much Regard for the Pilgrims of *St. James* and *Loretto*, as the *Mahometans* have for those of *Medina* and *Mecca*. When these *Spaniards* come to *Rome*, they have no other Way of Living than what they meet withal at the Gates of these Convents. That done, they walk gravely the Rest of the Day in the *Spanish Square*, considering themselves not one Jot less than the first Princes of *Rome*. A *Castilian* newly arriv'd, who knew not the Hour when the Soup was given out, address'd himself to a poor *French Ecclesiastick*, who liv'd on the Conventual - Alms. His *Spanish* Vanity would not suffer him to enquire simply for the House where the Soup was distributed, such a Manner of Speaking seem'd to him ignoble and inconsistent with his Character; so that after considering in what oblique Manner to explain himself, he found no better Way than to ask the *Frenchman*, *If he had taken his Chocolate yet?* A stupid to-mado *su Chocolate?* *My Chocolate*, answer'd the *Parisian*. *How the*

*Devil must I pay for it? I live upon Alms, and wait 'till the Soup is ready at the Franciscan Convent. You have not had it then?* says the *Castilian*. No, reply'd the *Parisian*, but now is the Time, and I am going thither. Pray, shew me the Way? said the glorious *Spaniard*, and you will see what an Example of Humility *Don Antonio Perez de Valcabro de Redia Montalva, &c.* will give Posterity. And who are all these People you have named, ask'd the *Frenchman*? It is I alone, answer'd the *Castilian*. If it be so, reply'd the *Frenchman*, call it rather an Example of Necessity and good Appetite.

*What Complaints can my Husband make of me?* said a teachy Wife. I have a Mind to all that he has a Mind to. He has a Mind to be Master, and so have I.

*Nash*, though very moderate both in Eating and Drinking, was remarkably fond of hot Suppers, and generally went to Bed soon after he had done; which induced Dr. *Cheney* to tell him, jestingly, That he behaved like other Brutes, and laid down as soon as he had filled his Belly. *Very true*, replied *Nash*, and this Prescription I had from my Neighbour's Cow, who is a better Physician than you, and a superior Judge of Plants, notwithstanding you have written so learnedly on the vegetable Diet.

A good - humour'd Wife, abusing her Husband on his mercenary Disposition; told him, That if she was dead, he would marry *Old Neck's* eldest Daughter, if he could get any Thing by it. *That's true*, replied the Husband, but the worst of it is one can't marry two Sisters.

## The GENTLEMAN and the BASKET-MAKER.

## A PERUVIAN STORY.

IT was an admirable Answer, which the Old Philosopher bestow'd upon the Pertness of a very Gentleman, in Sir *Courtly Nice's* Sense of the Word, who would needs be told, what Difference there was between a Fool and a Man of Understanding? "Send them, naked, among Strangers," replied the Philosopher, "and they will shew it you by their Successes." For the Sake of, at least, 3000 pretty Fellows about Town, whose Eyes are too full of themselves, to discover the Force of this Saying, I will lend 'em the Light of a strange *Peruvian* Manuscript, without supposing it necessary to inform them, by what particular Accident it fell into my Possession.

In the Midst of that vast Ocean, commonly call'd the South-Sea, lie the *Islands of Solomon*. In the Center of these lies one, not only distant from the rest, which are immensely scatter'd round it, but also larger, beyond Proportion. An Ancestor of the Prince, who now reigns, absolutely, in this central Island, has, through a long Descent of Ages, entail'd the Name of *Solomon's Isles*, on the Whole; by Effect of that Wisdom, wherewith he polish'd the Manners of his People.

A Descendant of one of the great Men, of this happy Island, becoming a Gentleman, to so improv'd a Degree, as to despise the good Qualities which had originally ennobled his Family, thought of nothing but how to support and distinguish his

Dignity, by the Pride of an ignorant Mind, and a Disposition abandon'd to Pleasure. He had a House on the Sea-Side, where he spent great Part of his Time in Hunting and Fishing; but found himself at a Loss, in Pursuit of these important Diversions, by Means of a long Slip of Marsh Land, over-grown with high Reeds, that lay between his House and the Sea. Resolving, at length, that it became not a Man of his Quality to submit to Restraints in his Pleasures, for the Ease or Convenience of an obstinate Mechanic; and, having often endeavour'd, in vain, to buy out the Owner, who was an honest, poor Basket-Maker, and whose Livelihood depended on working up the Flags of those Reeds, in a Manner peculiar to himself, the Gentleman took Advantage of a very high Wind, and commanded his Servants to burn down the Barrier.

The Basket-Maker, who saw himself undone, complain'd of the Oppression, in Terms more suited to his Sense of the Injury, than the Respect due to the Rank of the Offender: And the Reward this Imprudence procur'd him, was the additional Injustice of Blows and Reproaches, and all Kinds of Insult and Indignity.

There was but one Way to a Remedy, and he took it: For, going to the Capital, with the Marks of his hard Usage upon him, he threw himself at the Feet of the King, and procur'd a Citation, for his Oppressor's Appearance; who,

confessing the Charge, proceeded to justify his Behaviour, by the poor Man's Unmindfulness of the Submission, due from the Vulgar, to Gentlemen of Rank and Distinction.

"But pray," replied the King, "what Distinction of Rank had the Grandfather of your Father, when, being a Cleaver of Wood, in the Palace of my Ancestors, he was rais'd, from among those Vulgar you speak of, with such Contempt, in Reward of an Instance he gave of his Courage and Loyalty, in Defence of his Master? Yet his Distinction was nobler than your's: It was the Distinction of Soul, not of Birth; the Superiority of Worth, not of Fortune. I am sorry, I have a Gentleman in my Kingdom, who is base enough to be ignorant, that Ease and Distinction of Fortune were bestow'd on him; but to this End, that, being at Rest from all Cares of providing for himself, he might apply his Heart, Head and Hands, for the publick Advantage of others."

Here, the King, discontinuing his Speech, fix'd an Eye of Indignation on a sullen Resentment of Mien, which he observ'd in the haughty Offender; who mutter'd out his Dislike of the Encouragement, this Way of Thinking must give to the Commonality, who (he said) were to be consider'd as Persons of no Consequence, in Comparison of Men, who were born to be honour'd. "Where Reflexion is wanting," replies the King, with a Smile of Disdain, "Men must find their Defects, in the Pain of their Sufferings. *Tanbomo*," added he, turning to a Captain of his Gallies, "Strip the Injur'd and the Injurer,

and, conveying them to one of the most barbarous and remotest of the Islands, set them ashore in the Night, and leave them both to their Fortune."

The Place, in which they were landed, was a Marsh, under Cover of whose Flags the Gentleman was in Hopes to conceal himself, and give the Slip to a Companion, whom he thought it a Disgrace to be found with: But the Lights in the Galley having given an Alarm to the Savages, a considerable Body of them came down; and discover'd, in the Morning, the two Strangers in their Hiding-Place. Setting up a dismal Yell, they surrounded them; and, advancing nearer and nearer, with a Kind of Clubs, seem'd determin'd to dispatch them, without Sense of Hospitality, or Mercy.

Here the Gentleman began to discover, that the Superiority of his Blood was imaginary: For, between a Consciousness of Shame and Cold, under the Nakedness he had never been us'd to; a Fear of the Event, from the Fierceness of the Savages Approach; and the Want of an Idea, whereby to soften or divert their Asperity, he fell behind the poor Sharer of his Calamity; and, with an unfix'd, apprehensive, unmanly Sookingness of Mien, gave up the Post of Honour; and made a Leader of the very Man, whom he had thought it a Disgrace to consider as a Companion.

The Basket-Maker, on the contrary, to whom the Poverty of his Condition had made Nakedness habitual; to whom, a Life of Pain and Mortification, represented Death as not dreadful; and whose Remembrance of his Skill in Arts, of which these Savages were ignorant, gave him Hopes of becoming

ing safe, from demonstrating, that he could be useful, mov'd with bolder and more open Freedom; and, having pluck'd an Handful of the Flags, sat down, without Emotion; and making Signs that he would shew them Something worthy their Attention, fell to work with Smiles and Noddings, while the Savages drew near, and gaz'd in Expectation of the Consequence.

It was not long before he had wreath'd a Kind of Coronet, of pretty Workmanship; and, rising, with Respect and Fearlessness, approach'd the Savage, who appear'd the Chief, and plac'd it gently on his Head; whose Figure, under this new Ornement, so charm'd and struck his Followers, that they threw down all their Clubs, and form'd a Dance of Welcome and Congratulation round the Author of so priz'd a Favour.

There was not one but shew'd the Marks of his Impatience, to be made as fine as his Captain; so the poor Basket-Maker had his Hands full of Employment: And the Savages observing one, quite idle, while the other was so busy, in their Service, took up Arms, in the Behalf of natural Justice, and began to lay on Arguments in Favour of their Purpose.

The Basket-Maker's Pity now effac'd the Remembrance of his Sufferings: So he rose, and rescued his Oppressor, by making Signs, that he was ignorant of the Art; but might, if they thought fit, be usefully employ'd in waiting on the Work and fetching Flags, for his Supply, as fast as he should want them.

This Proposition, luckily, fell in with the Desire the Savages express'd to keep themselves at Leisure, that they might crowd round, and mark the

Progress of a Work they took such Pleasure in. They left the Gentleman, therefore, to his Duty, in the Basket-Maker's Service; and consider'd him, from that Time forward, as one, who was, and ought to be treated as, inferior to their Benefactor.

Men, Wives, and Children, from all Corners of the Island came, in Drove, for Coronets; and, setting the instructed Gentleman to work, to gather Boughs and Poles, made a fine Hut to lodge the Basket-Maker; and brought down, daily, from the Country, such Provision as they liv'd upon themselves, taking Care to offer the imagin'd Servant nothing 'till his Master had done eating.

Three Months Reflection in this mortified Condition, gave a new and juster Turn to our Gentleman's improv'd Ideas; insomuch, that lying, weeping and awake, one Night, he thus confess'd his Sentiments, in Favour of the Basket-Maker: "I have been to blame, and wanted Judgment to distinguish between Accident and Excellence. When I should have measured Nature, I but look'd to Vanity. The Preference, which Fortune gives, is empty and imaginary; and I perceive, too late, that only Things of Use are, naturally, honourable. I am ashamed, when I compare my Malice, to remember your Humanity: But if the Gods should please to call me to a Repossession of my Rank and Happiness, I would divide all with you, in Atonement of my justly-punish'd Arrogance."

He promis'd, and perform'd his Promise; for the King, soon after, sent the Captain who had landed them, with Presents to the Savages, and

And order'd him to bring both back again; And it continues, to this Day, a Custom in that Island, to degrade all Gentlemen, who cannot give a better Reason for their Pride, than, that they were born to do Nothing. And, the Word for this due Punishment is,  
*" Send him to the Basket-Maker's."*

~~XX~~

To the Authors of *The Jeffer's Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

*As the following Scheme is intended for the Benefit of the Fair Sex, I hope you will have good Nature enough to insert it in your next Magazine. Please to observe, tho' I am desirous the Women should govern; yet I am for Appearances being in Favour of the Men, especially in Publick. This I am sure of, if you think proper to insert it, you will gain the Hearts of most Ladies in the Kingdom, and in particular of*

Your humble Servant,

P. BRIGHT, *Spinster.*

## *The delightful STATE of MATRIMONY:*

*Or, A Scheme for the LADIES to govern their HUSBANDS.*

THE utmost Care should be taken by the Ladies, to be well acquainted with the Persons whom they intend to marry, as all their future Happiness depends on the *first Choice*: And I would advise them, rather to take those who *love them*, than those whom *they love*; for they may always retain their Power over the Men who *love them*, but those *they love* will continually bear the Sway.

Nothing is more common than to see one *Woman*, before Marriage, govern a great many *Men*; and why should it be thought strange she should be able to govern *one* after it? For this Purpose, she should alternately have Pride and good Nature; as she found it most conducive to her own Happiness. She should sometimes indulge her Deary in a few of his Humours, and then she may reasonably expect to be indulg'd in *all*.

Notwithstanding all our Penetration, should any particular Foible be discover'd in a Man after Marriage (for before it there are few but wear the bright Side outwards) we should use our utmost Endeavours to turn it to our Advantage. For Instance, if he is covetous, he will make you rich; if formal, he will not be passionate; if passionate, he will make you patient; if superstitious, he will be neat; and, if a Rake, he'll love his Wife in her Turn: Therefore it is of the highest Importance you should at least think him still *agreeable*; and then you may with great Probability conclude, he will always think you *so*.

You

You must remember to preserve a Sweetness of Temper, if you would wish to govern; for, to please a *Husband*, you must appear the same as pleas'd the *Lover*. Be careful therefore of exposing the ill Qualities of the Mird, and observe a becoming Decency in Dress; for, by neglecting these, which are essentially necessary, you lose all the Power over your Husband's Heart.

If you intend constantly to govern your Husband, be sure don't let him know it; for many a Woman has lost all *her* Power, by hinting her Husband was a Fool, and she was capable of governing *him*. Women would always have more Power, were they not weak enough to shew they strove for it: And some, who endeavour to enjoy a Power, which they think they deserve, boast of their good Qualities, 'till they even lose those they had. Soon is lost the Sway they might easily have had over their Husbands, when they are continually boasting of their Beauty, Fortune, Wit, Family, and Virtue.

Think not, Ladies, to preserve

domestick Dominion by being Tyrants. I would wish you to rule; but I would wish you to be generous, and to rule with Moderation. How pleasing soever Sway may be to a Female, you will find it absolutely necessary, if you design to continue long in Power, not to be too despotic before Company; for it will sufficiently gratify your Pride, tho' you should only let the discerning Part of it see, the *Grey Mare is the better Horse*.

Policy, my fair Female, will you find it, to let your Husband retain the external Appearance of a Man: Therefore be not always over anxious to know where he has been, or what about, but let him indulge himself in a few innocent Pleasures; and, permit him sometimes to think himself happy, even tho' you have not been in his Company. Nay, let the good Man occasionally have the Liberty of making use of his Senses, and of believing this or that Female tolerably handsome and witty, provided he thinks his *Wife* their Superior.

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To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

You were kind enough to insert in your Magazine for November, The Faithful Slave, &c. taken from Justin. I have now sent you a very extraordinary Story on the Power of Love, taken from Diodorus Siculus; and, by giving it a Place in your entertaining Work, you will greatly oblige many of your Readers, and particularly

Your sincere Well-wisher,

HISTORICUS.

## LOVE and DUTY.

*In Love, the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly;  
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.*

**D**URING the Reign of Cyaxares, commanded by Stryangeus, his Son-in-Law, a handsome, brave and honest Prince, as was to be found in the East, who had married Rhetea, the  
The Army of Cyaxares was com- Emperor's



Emperor's Daughter, a Princess likewise blest'd with the Charms of Wit and Beauty, and of a most agreeable Disposition.

The Queen of the *Saci*, call'd *Zarina* (who was adorn'd with every Accomplishment of her Sex, to which were added the most heroic Virtues) put herself at the Head of her own Forces.

Two whole Years had elaps'd without any considerable Advantages gain'd on either Side, when a Cessation of Arms was agreed upon, in order to treat of Peace. In this Interval the two Commanders had frequent Interviews; and, the extraordinary Qualities they discover'd in each other, instantly produc'd Esteem, and afterwards Love. *Stryangus* first felt the Effects of it; and, for that Reason, chose to prolong the War, lest he should be oblig'd to part with *Zarina*; and Truces were often made, in which not Policy, but Love had the greater Influence.

At length *Cynacres* sent positive Orders for a decisive Battle, which was readily obey'd; and, in the Heat of the Action, the two Generals met, when *Stryangus* would have avoided *Zarina*, but she resolutely attack'd him, and oblig'd him to fight in his own Defence; saying, *Let us spare the Blood of our Subjects, to us alone it belongs to put an End to the War.*

Our young Hero, struggling between Love and Honour, was altogether as fearful of conquering, as of being conquer'd, and had often hazarded his own Life, by saving *Zarina's*; but at length contriv'd how to gain the Victory, without hurting his lovely Rival; for he kill'd the Queen's Horse, which fell with her, immediately flies to her

Assistance, and will reap no other Fruit of his Victory, than the Pleasure of saving the Person he loves. He offers her Terms of Peace very advantageous, secures her Kingdom to her, and solemnly swears at the Head of the two Armies, and in the Name of the Emperor, an eternal Alliance with her.

This done, *Stryangus* begs Leave to wait upon her to the Capitol; to which Request *Zarina* consented, but from a very different Motive. Her Thoughts were employed in expressing her Gratitude; his, in the discovering his Passion. However, he accompanied her to *Raxnacia*, in her own Chariot; where he was for many Days entertain'd with all the Demonstrations of Joy, and she imperceptibly grew into a Liking of him, suffering her tender Sentiments to be publickly seen, because she was hitherto ignorant of the Source from whence they arose; though at length she discover'd, that Love had too great a Share in them, then blush'd at her Weakness, and determin'd to get the better of it. Accordingly, she press'd his Departure: But, alas! all her Efforts of this Nature prov'd vain and fruitless. The young *Mede* was thoughtful and absent; he grew careless of Glory, forgot his Affection for *Rebecca*, complain'd, sigh'd, languish'd, and giving himself up to a blind Passion, tells his Love to *Zarina*, in the most moving Terms imaginable. She heard, and conscious of her own Inclinations, without any affected Evasions, freely answer'd; *I am indebted to you for my Life, and for my Crown. My Love is equal to my Gratitude, and my Heart is no less touch'd than yours; but I will sooner die than betray my Virtue, or suffer your Glory to receive*

receive the least Blemish. Consider, dear Prince, you are the Husband of another, whom I love. Honour and Friendship therefore oblige me to sacrifice a Passion which would prove my Shame, and her Misfortune. This said she left him. He immediately retir'd to his Apartment, shut himself in, and felt all the Tortures of a despairing Lover. In this Hurry of Passions he determines to kill himself, but first writes thus to *Zarina*.

*I Sav'd your Life, and you take away mine. I fall the Victim of my Love, and of your Virtue; being unable to conquer the one, or to imitate the other. Death alone can put an End to my Crime, and to my Torture. Farewell for ever.*

The Queen receives this Letter, and flies to *Stryangeus*, who already had plung'd his Sword into his Breast. She finds him weltring in Blood, falls in a Swoon, recovers, bathes his Face with her Tears, and brings his Soul back, that was ready to take Flight. He beholds her Sorrow, and consents to have his Wound dress'd, which was for some Time thought mortal.

*Rhetea*, receiving Advice of this tragical Adventure, hastens to *Roxanacia*, where *Zarina* tells her every Circumstance, without concealing her own Weakness or Resistance. Such noble Simplicity is not to be relish'd, but by great Souls! They had lov'd each other from their Infancy; and, though the late War had interrupted their Correspondence, it had not lessen'd their Friendship. For notwithstanding the Delicacy of their Stations, they knew each other too well to harbour the least Thoughts of Jealousy.

*Rhetea*, was exceeding fond of her Husband, and pity'd and griev'd for

his Weakness, because she knew 'twas involuntary. When his Wound was heal'd, *Zarina* again presses his Departure, which renew'd his former Sufferings. *Rhetea* observes it, and falls into a deep Melancholly. Compassion for a Husband she so dearly lov'd, Esteem for a Rival she could not hate, made Life a Burden to her. Sad Situation for a generous Heart! She at length fell into a dangerous Sickness; and one Day, when Nobody was near, but *Zarina* and *Stryangeus*, she said, *I am dying; but I die with Content, since my Death will make you happy.* *Zarina* cries: *Stryangeus* is pierc'd to the Heart, to see her pale and languishing, and ready to expire with Grief and Love. He reflects upon the cruel Condition to which he had reduc'd her; starts from his Lethargy, awakens all his Virtue; and kindles again his former Tenderness. He confesses his Error, throws himself at her Feet, embraces her, sighs, melts into Tears, and in broken Accents says; *Live, my dear Rhetea, live to give me the Pleasure of repairing my Fault. I'm now acquainted with all the Value of your Heart.* At these Words she revives, her Beauty and Strength gradually return. She goes with *Stryangeus* to *Ecbatana*; and, from this Time, nothing ever interrupted their Union.

This short Story sufficiently demonstrates the Power of Love; and as evidently shews us, to what great Dangers and Extremities this ungovernable Passion may bring the greatest Heroes. It is an Enemy not to be personally engag'd with; and, the surest Way to conquer, is to fight him flying, and to summon all our Courage and Resolution, if we sincerely desire to gain the Victory.

*A Series of LETTERS from a Gentleman in Syria  
to his Sister in London.*

## LETTER I.

*Shewing the Author's Design.**Dear Sister,*

**B**EFORE I left *England*, with Intention to reside in this Part of the World, I well remember you laid me under a strict Obligation to take Notice of every Thing remarkable in the *Turkish* Empire; and more particularly of those Places which were honour'd with the Presence of our Blessed Saviour, or any of his Apostles: Also of all Traditions, relating to him or them.

I was farther, my dear Sister, by you requir'd, to put such my Observations into Writing; not merely for your own Entertainment and Information, but that I also, by this Means, might obviate a Calumny too frequently thrown upon our *English* Nobility and Gentry, namely, "That they seldom bring any Thing Home from their Travels, except the Follies and Vices of Foreigners."

Now, therefore, having been several Years in the *East*, and thereby become well acquainted with the *Oriental* Languages, I shall endeavour to comply with your Request: But before I come particularly to treat of the *Turkish* Empire, it will be necessary, and I hope not unacceptable, to give you a succinct and general History of the ancient State of *Asia*, where has been the Seat of the greatest Monarchies that ever were known in the World, and of all the most material Occurrences since those Times. If by this Means I shall have the good Fortune to answer your Expectations, it will make me ample Amends for all the Care and Pains it will cost me.

*I am, with the utmost Sincerity,**Dear Charlotte,**Your most affectionate, &c.**(To be continu'd.)*

## AN IRISH LETTER.

*From over-against the Brick-Wall-Gate,  
near the Common-Sewer, Dublin.**My dear Child,*

**I** Thought it my Duty incumbent upon me to let you know, that your Sister, *Carney M'Frame*, has been violently ill of a Fit of Sickness, and is since dead; therefore

we have small, or no great Hopes of a Recovery. Your dear Mother did constantly pray for a long, and speedy Recovery: I am sorry to acquaint you, that your Godfather, *Patric O'Connor*, is dead. His Death was occasioned by eating a Sheep's-Head, stuffed with Horse-Beans

And yet, poor I, by missing such a  
 Lover,  
 May wait, 'till all my dancing Days  
 are over!

Next, shift the Scene—behold a  
 Virtuoso!  
 An old, illiterate, feeble *Amoroso*!  
 What Weakness can the human Heart  
 discover,  
 More shameful, than a climacteric  
 Lover!  
 Men, who have torn'd the Period of  
 Threescore,  
 Become mere Virtuoso—in Amour.

Nor does Aunt *Bridget* merit better  
 Quarter,  
 Who, scorning to abide by Female-  
 Charter,  
 Invades a Province, to our Sex de-  
 ny'd,  
 Aiming at Knowledge, with a Pe-  
 dant's Pride;  
 When, after all our Boast, we find,  
 at length,  
 To know our Weakness is our surest  
 Strength:  
 One Path of Science only, wise Men  
 say,  
 Is left for Female Learning—to  
 obey. [Curt'ying.]

If Characters, like these, your  
 Mirth excite,  
 And furnish some Amusement for the  
 Night;  
 If nought offend the Maxims of the  
 Stage,  
 Or shock the nicer Morals of the  
 Age:  
 If only venial Errors here you find,  
 Critics be dumb—ye Men of Can-  
 dour, kind.

In Praise of WRITING.

TEACH me, ye *Muses*! yet some  
 unknown Way,  
 Some Art, the Power and Virtue to  
 display

Of the dear Pen, that taught us first  
 to write,  
 And made a stupid Block a Genius  
 bright!  
 Sure Heav'n inspir'd the Man that first  
 did find,  
 This tender Method to disclose the  
 Mind!  
 Off' at a Distance from a Friend we're  
 plac'd;  
 What then? we can disclose our  
 Minds in Haste;  
 Breathe upon Paper what we dare  
 not name,  
 Left, by the Mention, we might hurt  
 our Fame.  
 Sometimes we write how we in Love  
 are blest'd;  
 Sometimes the Pen alleviates Distress;  
 Sometimes, when Fate lets sharpest  
 Arrows fly,  
 We can on Paper breathe a tender  
 Sigh;  
 Send to a Friend that does at Dis-  
 tance dwell,  
 And all our anxious Troubles we can  
 tell.  
 Off' when our Lover does neglect to  
 pay  
 His usual Visit, on the usual Day,  
 Fear haunts our Breast; we dread—  
 we hope—despair;  
 'Till, in the Evening, comes a Letter  
 fair,  
 Breathing the tenderest Vows of last-  
 ing Love;  
 Vowing he'll be as constant as the  
 Dove:  
 We sigh, and weep, and read it o'er  
 and o'er,  
 Dry up our Tears, and think we'll  
 weep no more.  
 Hail! wond'rous Pow'r! that can  
 such Blessings give,  
 Through every Stage of Life that we  
 must live:  
 The Young, the Old, in thee can  
 Pleasure find;  
 For thou for ev'ry Purpose art de-  
 sign'd.  
 Blest'd be the Man that first did teach  
 the Art,  
 Our choicest Bosom-Secrets to impart,  
 And

And send our Thoughts o'er Earth  
and Seas away,  
While we securely may from Dangers  
flay.

CONSTANTIA ARTLESS.

*Farewel to HOPE. An ODE.*

*By Mr. Langhorne.*

**H**OPE, sweetest Child of Fancy  
born,  
Tho' transient as the Dew of Morn,  
Thou who canst charm, with Sound  
and Light,  
The deafen'd Ear, and darken'd Sight,  
And in dry Deserts glad the Swains  
With bubbling Springs, and cultur'd  
Plains;  
No more invent thy airy Schemes,  
Nor mock me with fantastic Dreams;  
No more thy flattering Stories tell,  
Deceitful Prater, Hope, farewell!

Adieu the pleasing Prospect, plann'd  
By Fancy's fair delusive Hand!  
No more that momentary Ray,  
Which gilds by Fits a showery Day,  
Shall show me, in a distant Grove,  
Health, Friendship, Peace, Content  
and Love;  
While many a Nymph, and many a  
Youth,  
By Hymen join'd, and crown'd by Truth,  
On verdant Hills danc'd and play'd,  
Or warbled in the Hawthorn Shade.

No more, with sweet endearing  
Talk,  
Shalt thou beguile my vernal Walk;  
No more, as thro' the wintry Vale,  
We journey on, with many a Tale  
Of fancied Pleasure, cheer the Day,  
And flow with Flowers the rugged  
Way,  
Still pointing to that rural Cell  
Where Innocence and *Stella* dwell;  
Charm'd with the bubbling of a Rill,  
That gushes from the neighbouring  
Hill.

O let me now in Silence rove  
Thro' yon sequester'd Cypress Grove;  
Where, crown'd with Leaves of bal-  
ciful Yew,

And circled by a *Stygian* Crew;  
(When, from the ivy-mantled Tower,  
The Cock proclaims the Midnight  
Hour)

Pale Melancholly takes her Round,  
And o'er the mouldering, hallow'd  
Ground

Where Lovers lie, desponding stands,  
And, dumb with Pity, wrings her  
Hands.

While thus, with gloomy Thought  
oppress'd,  
Heart-piercing Sorrow heav'd my  
Breast;

A heavenly Form swift gliding by,  
With healing Comfort in her Eye;  
A Look of winning Softness cast,  
And thus address'd me as she pass'd:  
"Mortal, be wise! and, ev'n in  
"Death,

"Let Hope receive thy parting Breath!  
"Securely trust my Guardian-Care,  
"And, led by Reason, shun Despair."

#### *An ACROSTICK.*

**M**aria, fairest of thy Sex and  
best;  
Ador'd by all; of ev'ry Grace pos-  
sess'd;  
Known'd for all that's good: To  
make thee shine,  
Youth, Beauty, Wit, and Innocence  
combine.

Here Nature's Master-piece at once  
we view,

And all her choicest Gifts pour'd out  
on you.

Watch her, ye *Sylphs*, that hourly  
guard the Fair,

Keep from approaching Ills your  
darling Care:

Each Nymph with me shall join to  
sing thy Praise;

Repose and Peace crown all thy fu-  
ture Days.

PROLOGUE *spoke to* Much Ado  
about Nothing (*acted by Command of*  
*His Majesty*) by Mr. Garrick.

WITH Doubt—Joy—Apprehen-  
sion almost dumb,  
To face this awful Court, once more  
I come ;  
Left *Benedick* should suffer by my Fear,  
Before he enters, I myself am here.  
I'm told (what Flattery to my  
Heart) that you \*  
Have wish'd to see me, say have  
press'd it too.  
Alas ! 'twill prove another *Much ado*.  
I, like a Boy who long has Truant  
play'd,

No Lessons got, no Exercises made,  
On bloody *Munday* takes his fearful  
Stand,

And *open eyes* the birchen-scepter'd  
Hand.

'Tis twice twelve Years since first the  
Stage I trod,  
Enjoy'd your Smiles, and felt the  
Critics Rod ;

A very *Nine-pins* I, my *Stage-life*  
through,

Knock'd down by Wits, set up again  
by you.

In four-and-twenty Years, the Spirits  
cool,

Is it not long enough to play the Fool ?  
To prove it is, permit me to repeat  
What late I heard in passing through  
the Street :

A Youth of Parts, with Ladies by  
his Side,

Thus cock'd his Glass, and through  
it shot my Pride :

'Tis he, by Jove ! *grown quite a clumsy*  
*Fellow ;*

*He's fit for nothing—but a Punchinello !*  
" O yes, for comic Scenes, Sir John—

" no further ;  
" He's much too fat—for Battles,

" Rapes, and Murthers !"  
Worn in the Service, you my Faults

will spare,  
And make Allowance for the Wear  
and Tear.

\* *The Audience.*

The *Chelsea* Pensioner, who rich  
in Scars,  
Fights o'er in Prattle all his former  
Wars ;

Tho' past the Service, may the young  
Ones teach,

To march—present—to fire—and  
mount the Breach.

Should the Drum beat to Arms, at  
first he'll grieve

For Wooden Leg, lost Eye—and  
armless Sleeve ;

Then cocks his Hat, looks fierce, and  
swells his Chest :

'Tis for my King, and, *Zounds*, I'll do my  
Best !

# ON WINTER.

WHAT Pictures now shall wan-  
ton Fancy bring ?

Or how the Muse to *Artemisia* sing ?  
Now shiv'ring Nature mourns her  
ravisht Charms,

And sinks supine in Winter's frozen  
Arms.

No gaudy Banks delight the ravisht  
Eye,

But Northern Breezes whistle thro'  
the Sky.

No joyful Choirs halt the rising Day,  
But the froze Chrysal wraps the leaf-  
less Spray :

Brown looks the Meadows, that were  
late so fine,

And cap'd with Ice the distant Moun-  
tains shine ;

The silent Linnet views the gloomy  
Sky,

Sculks to his Hawthorn, nor attempts  
to fly :

Then heavy Clouds send down the  
feather'd Snow ;

Through naked Trees the hollow  
Tempests blow ;

The Shepherd sighs, but not his Sighs  
prevail ;

To the lost Snow succeeds the rush-  
ing Hail ;

And these white Prospects soon re-  
sign their Room

To melting Showers or unpleasing  
Gloom ;

The Nymphs and Swains their aking  
Fingers blow,  
Shun the cold Rains, and bless the  
kinder Snow;

While the faint Travellers around  
them see,

Here Seas of Mud, and there a leaf-  
less Tree:

No budding Leaves nor Honeyfuckles  
ray,

No yellow Crow-foots paint the dirty  
Way;

The Lark his mournful as afraid to  
rise,

And the sad Finch his softer Song  
denies.

Poor draggled *Ursula* stalks from  
Cow to Cow,

Who to her Sighs return a mournful  
Low;

While their full Udders her broad  
Hands assail,

And her sharp Nose hangs dropping  
o'er the Pail.

With Garments trickling like a shal-  
low Spring,

And his wet Locks all twisted in a  
String,

Afflicted *Gimon* waddles through the  
Mire,

And rails at *Winfred* creeping o'er  
the Fire.

Say, gentle *Muses*, say, is this a  
Time,

To sport with Poesy, and laugh in  
Rhyme;

While the chill'd Blood, that hath  
forgot to glide,

Steals through its Channels in a lazy  
Tide;

And how can *Pharbus*, who the *Muse*  
refines,

Smooth the dull Numbers, when he  
seldom shines.

To an Ill-bred M A N.

**I** Often bow; your Hat you never  
sit:

So, once for all, your humble Ser-  
vant—Sir.

ON CALUMNY, composed and spoken  
by one of the Gentlemen of Mr. Rule's  
Academy in Islington, at their public  
Examination at Christmas, 1765.

**A** Man of Merit would you find,  
'Tis sure the Man that's good  
and great;  
The Man of an exalted Mind,  
Superior to the Shocks of Fate.

The Lustre of true Merit still  
Offends the vulgar Eye;  
Hence impious Calumny would kill  
The Worth that soars too high.

The Slanderer, Assassin like,  
Conceal'd in Ambush lies;  
Prepar'd with poison'd Darts to strike,  
And murder by Surprise.

The Thief that robs me of my  
Gold,  
Takes what I well can spare;  
That Wretch's Guilt is twice ten  
fold,  
Who wounds my Credit fair.

Who casts a Blemish on my Fame,  
Touches my tend'rest Part;  
Who e'er impeaches my good Name,  
Would stab me to the Heart.

I'd labour his Esteem to gain,  
Were he endu'd with Sense;  
But he provokes my just Disdain,  
By unprovok'd Offence.

The Slanderer's beneath my Scorn,  
His Malice I despise;  
The Wretch had better ne'er been  
born,  
Who takes Delight in Lies.

Let but one honest Man commend,  
All Sland'ers I defy;  
In vain their hostile Bows they bend,  
Their Darts innocuous fly.

The FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A T A L E.

A Farmer once to London went,  
To pay the worthy 'Squire his  
Rent:

He comes—he knocks—soon Entrance  
gains;

None at the Door such Guest de-  
tains.

Forth comes the 'Squire, exceeding  
smart;

"Farmer, you're welcome to my  
Heart:

"You've brought my Rent—right,  
to a Hair;

"The best of Tenants I declare."  
The Steward call'd—Account made

even,  
The Money paid, Receipt was given.

"Well," quoth the 'Squire, "now  
you shall stay

"And Dine with me, old Friend,  
To-day:

"I have here some Ladies wond'rous  
pretty,

"And pleasant Sparks, I'll war'nt  
will fit thee."

He scratch'd his Ears, and held his  
Hat,

And said, "No, Zur, two Words to  
that;

"For look, d'ye see, when Ize do  
Dine,

"With Gentlefolks so cruel vine,  
I always make (and 'tis no Wonder)

"Upon my Word, some plaguety  
Blunder;

"Zo, if your Honour will permit,  
Ize with your Zervants pick a

"Bit."  
"Pho," says the 'Squire, "it shan't  
be done,"

And to the Parlour push'd him on.  
To all around he nods and scrapes;

Nor Waiting-maid or Butler 'scapes;  
With often bidding, takes his Seat,

But at a Distance mighty great.  
Tho' often ask'd to draw his Chair,

He nods, nor comes an Inch more  
near.

By Madam serv'd, with Body bended,  
Knife, Fork, and Arms alike ex-  
tended,

He reach'd as far as he was able,  
To Plate that over-hung the Table,

With little Morfels cheats his Chop;  
And in the Passage some he drops;

To shew where most his Heart in-  
clin'd,

He talk'd and drank to *John* behind.  
When drank to in the modish Way,

"Your Love's sufficient, Zur," he'd  
say;

And to be thought a Man of Manners,  
Still rose to make his awkward Ho-  
nours.

"Pish," says the 'Squire, "pray keep  
your Sitting;"

"No, no," he cries, "Zur, 'tis not  
fitting;

"Tho' I'm no Scholard vers'd in  
Letters,

"I know my Duty to my Betters."  
Much Mirth the Farmer's Ways

afford,  
And hearty Laughs go round the  
Board.

Thus the first Course was ended—  
well!

But at the next—ah! what befel!  
The Dishes now were timely plac'd,

And Table with fresh Lux'ry grac'd.  
When drank to by a neighb'ring

Charmer,  
Up, as was usual, gets the Farmer,

A Wag, to carry on the Joke,  
Thus, to his Servant, softly spoke;

"Come hither, Dick; step gently  
there,

"And pull away the Farmer's Chair."  
'Tis done; his Congee made, the

Clown  
Drew back, and stoops to sit him  
down,

But by Posteriors over weigh'd,  
And of his trusty Seat betray'd,

As Men at Twigs, in River sprawl-  
ing,

He catch'd the Cloth to save his  
falling,

In vain—sad Fortune! down he wal-  
low'd,

And rattling all the Dishes follow'd.



The Feelings lost their little Wits;  
The Ladies squall'd, some went in  
Firs.

Here tumbled Turkies, Tarts, and  
Widgeons;

And there Minc'd-Pies, and Geese  
and Pigeons.

A Fear-Pye on his Belly drops,  
A Custard-Podding meets his Chops.  
Lord! what ado with Belles and  
Beaux!

Some curse, some cry, and rub their  
Cloaths.

This Lady raves, and that looks  
down,

And weeps and wails her spatter'd  
Gown.

One Spark bemoans his greasy Waist-  
coat;

That "Rot him," cries, "he's spoil'd  
"my lac'd Coat."

Amidst the Rour, the Farmer long  
The Podding sucks and holds his  
Tongue,

At length he gets him on his  
Breech,

And scrambles up to make his Speech;  
First scrapes Eyes, Mouth, and Nos-  
tril twangs,

Then smacks his Fingers and har-  
rangues:

"Pize on't—Ize told ye how 'twou'd  
"be,

"Look here's a Pickle, Zurs, d'ye  
"zeo;

"And zome Ize war'nt that makes  
"this Clutter,

"Have Cloaths bedaub'd with Grease  
"and Butter,

"That coft"—He had gone on—but  
here

Was stopp'd at once in his Career.  
"—Peace, Brute! begone,"—the  
Ladies cry.

The Beaux exclaim, "Fly, Rascal,  
"fly."

"I'll rear his Eyes out," squeaks Miss  
Dolly;

"I'll pink his Soul out," roars a  
Bully.

At this the Farmer shrinks for Fear,  
And thought 'twas but ill tarrying  
there,

Sneak's off, and cries, "Ah! kill me  
"then,

"Whene'er you catch me here a-  
"gain."

So Home he jogg't, and leaves the  
"Squire

To cool the Sparks and Ladies Ire.  
Here ends the Tale; and now I'll try,  
Like others, something to apply.

This may teach Rulers of a Nation,  
Not to place Men above their Sta-  
tion:

And this may show the wanton Wit,  
Thawhilst he bites, he may be bit.  
PILK.

### TO VIRTUE.

TEACH me, O Virtue, steadily  
to steer  
My Course thro' Life, and seldom let  
me err!

Teach me to elude the fascinating  
Wiles,

Of Syren-Vice, who, with delusive  
Smiles,

The poor unthinking Voyager be-  
guiles;

And, if my Vessel should serenely  
glide,

Adown, of smooth Prosperity, the  
Tide;

If gentle Gales ambrosial Odours  
bring,

And Pleasure's silken Sons around me  
sing,

Let not my Heart (with present Bliss  
elate)

Forget thy Precepts, and forget my  
Fate.

If dire Adversity should e'er assail,  
With Woes unnumber'd in a furious  
Gale,

And a whole Deluge of Disasters  
pour,

And all my Hopes and flatter'ing  
Schemes devour;

Grant me, bright Pow'r, true Fortitude  
of Soul,

To stem the Torrent, and its Rage  
controul,

B. F.

The

**The CHOICE of a WIFE**

**A** Nymph not homely, better if  
 she's fair;  
 Her Carriage easy, and genteel her  
 Air;  
 Of Fame unblemish'd, and of Honour  
 nice;  
 A Friend to Virtue, and a Foe to  
 Vice;  
 Skill'd in each Art that's proper for a  
 Wife,  
 And fit to appear in any Rank of Life;  
 A sweet Companion and a loving  
 Friend,  
 Of Temper such as Envy must com-  
 mend:  
 Not talkative nor mute I'd have her  
 be;  
 Not dull, yet grave; not stiff, yet not  
 too free.  
 Ye Gods, to me but such a Comfort  
 give,  
 And blest and happy shall *Philander*  
 live.

**The LOOKING - GLASS.**

**CLARISSA'S** Charms poor *Stephen*  
 struck;  
 He fain would have been billing;  
 But yet the Fair the Lad forsook,  
 To shew her Power of killing.

Forth from her Eyes such Beauties  
 start,

They mortal Man confounded:  
 The Youths were whipp'd quite thro'  
 the Heart,  
 Ere they knew they were wounded.

But when old *Time*, with Scythe so  
 sharp,

Had cross the Forehead struck her,  
 And ev'ry Charm began to warp;  
 The Striplings all forsook her.

Oh! then the Hag began to curse,  
 Her Time she pass'd no better;  
 Yet still, before that bad grew worse,  
 She hop'd some Youth would get  
 her.

But Hopes are vain when Beauty's  
 gone;

No Lovers now assail her;  
 We never into Prison run,  
 But when we like the Jailor.

Then, cruel Fair Ones, think how  
 soon,

You'll this sad Case remember:  
 The Bedfellow you hate in *June*,  
 Would warm you in *December*.

*A Receipt for Courtship.*

**T**WO or three Dears, and two  
 or three Sweets;  
 Two or three Balls, and two or three  
 Treats;  
 Two or three Serenades giv'n as a  
 Lure;  
 Two or three Oaths how much they  
 endure;  
 Two or three Messages sent in one  
 Day;  
 Two or three Times led out from a  
 Play;  
 Two or three soft Speeches made  
 by the Way;  
 Two or three Tickets for two or three  
 Times;  
 Two or three Love-Letters writ all  
 in Rhimes;  
 Two or three Months keeping strict  
 to these Rules  
 Can never fail making a Couple of  
 Fools.

*The Batchelor's Deliberation.*

*Imitated from the Soliloquy of Hamlet,*

*To be, &c.*

**M**Y anxious Mind is torn with  
 doubtful Strife,  
 While Hopes and Fears alternate vex  
 my Life.  
 Whether 'twere best to act the Stoic's  
 Parr,  
 And bar fond Love all Entrance to  
 the Heart:

Or with some Fair, in Wedlock's sacred Bands,  
Our Hearts united, join our willing Hands:

Happy a-while, the pleasing Scene may seem,  
But will not Time evince 'tis but a Dream?

The Dread of what succeeds, suspends our Fate,  
Lest venturing rashly, we repent too late.

Who wou'd a State of Celibacy chuse?

And the sweet Joys of Intercourse refuse?

Sustain th' unnumber'd Jeers and Taunts of Wit,

Or to a sad unsocial Life submit?

When he himself might calm each throbbing Pain,

And charm all Ills, with *Hymen's* golden Chain;

Who would in single Sheets groan out the Night,

Stranger alike to Rest and soft Delight?

But that the Mind some future Ills deplore,

And makes us fear to tread th' adventurous Shore,

Where solemn Death alone can give Release,

From Troubles free us, and restore our Peace.

This rather makes us bear the Plagues we know,

Than rashly venture on new Scenes of Woe.

Reflection thus, makes Cowards of us all,

And dread of Cares unseen, our Minds appall.

Changes and Discord, Jealousy and Strife,

Ills which will center in the Name of Wife:

These to avoid, a single Life we chuse,

By Prudence urg'd to shun the Marriage-Noose.

ALEXIS:

*Answer to the Batchelor's Soliloquy*

*By a young Lady.*

YOU tell us with a serious Air,  
That we without a Sigh can hear;

You say your Sex no longer deign,  
To pay their Vows at *Hymen's* Pane  
E'en let them take their final Leave,  
For little Cause have we to grieve;  
What does our Sex by Marriage gain?

A plentious Share of Care and Pain;  
Soon as we give our Hand away.

And utter that dread Word *obey*,  
Fair Freedom instant takes its flight

We bid adieu to each Delight:  
For, tho' we chance to wed a Fool,

As Husband, he'll expect to rule;  
Will think he's Sense enough to guide;

For all Men have their Share of Pride.——

Good Nature and good Sense are seen,  
But seldom to unite in Men;

The Nymph then who Love's Lottery tries,

Stands a poor Chance——to gain a Prize;

The Best, when got, alas, how small!  
Though for that Prize we hazard all.

*An ODE.*

*Inscrib'd to Mr. GARRICK.*

*In the Character of BENEDICK.*

COU'D I, in Ode, your Art express,  
Vary the Phrase, as you the Dress,  
And Nature paint as well;  
No Poet of superior Skill,  
No boasted Master of the Quill,  
The *Portrait* shou'd excel.

Your happy *Diction* I wou'd chuse,  
To regulate the daring Muse,  
And raise the Fancy high;  
But yet, the Words in Order all,  
Shou'd seem, as if unsought, to fall,  
Neither to creep, or fly.

Yos

Your *Judgment* too, I wou'd partake,  
That I might think before I speak,  
And place the Accents true ;  
Working the Passions up and down,  
To charm, and to instruct the Town,  
As you, Sir, really do.

I cannot tell the Cause without a  
Smile ;—  
The Rogue had been in *Newgate* all  
the while.

*A Declaration of LOVE.*

Thus arm'd ! no Censure I wou'd  
dread,  
Nor start at *Envy's* snakey Head,  
In Word and Honour strict ;  
With fair *Beatrice* I wou'd joke,  
Till Wit and Beauty Love provoke,  
Then copy *Benedick*.

YOU I love, nor think I joke,  
More than Ivy does the Oak ;  
More than Fishes do the Flood ;  
More than Savage Beasts the Wood ;  
More than Merchants do their Gain ;  
More than Misers to complain ;  
More than Widows do their Weeds ;  
More than Friars do their Beads ;  
More than *Cymbia* to be prais'd ;  
More than Courriers to be rais'd ;  
More than Brides the Wedding  
Night ;  
More than Soldiers do a Fight ;  
More than Lawyers do the Bar ;  
More than 'Prentice Boys a Fair ;  
More than Topers t'other Bottle ;  
More than Women Tittle-tattle ;  
More than Rakes a willing Lady ;  
More than *Nancy* does her Baby ;  
More than Jaylors do a Fee ;  
More than all Things—I love thee !

Let others *mimic* *Airs* employ,  
Or in *Sheer-Wit* their Talents try,  
Our Laughter to excite ;  
*GARRICK*, for nobler Ends design'd,  
Stamps moral Virtues on the Mind,  
'To *profit* and delight.

He sure *Prometheus'* Art has stole,  
Who can recal the absent Soul,  
Whom Heroes dead obey ;  
With Life inspires the Marble Bust,  
Unite the Particles of Dust,  
Or animate the Clay.

P. P.

*A DESCRIPTIVE ODE.*

THE full Moon shines.—O'er  
Hills and Plains,  
An universal Silence reigns ;  
Save where the gentle Breezes pass  
Whispering thro' the matted Grass ;  
Save where its vocal Rocks among,  
The distant River rowls along ;  
And on that Beech, by yon bright  
Spring,  
The Ring-dove flaps his azure Wing ;  
Be still, poor Bird, nor fear in me,  
A Foe who'd steal thy Mate from  
thee ;  
Too much in Absence do I prove  
To rob aught living of its Love.

*The INCURIOUS.*

THREE Years in *London Bobadil*  
had been,  
Yet not the Lions, nor the Tombs  
had seen ;

*The SWAIN in EXTACY.*

BRIGHTEST *Sylvia* ! lovely  
Creature !  
Young with Innocency blest ;  
Nature shines in ev'ry Feature,  
Fair by ev'ry Swain confest ;  
Sweetest Object of my Passion ;  
Only Pride, and chiefest Care ;  
*Strephon* sues in rural Fashion,  
Vows as faithful as thou'rt fair.  
Nature's Pride, by Art unaided !  
Blooming Fair, as blooming Spring !  
Sweet, as sweetest Flow'r unfaded ;  
Chaste, as Dew on *Zephyr's* Wing !  
*Strephon's* Triumph's to adore thee,  
Charms like thine his Soul has  
won :

Who can linger, when before thee,  
To adore so bright a Sun !

*A Co.*

A Collection of Favourite New Songs.

SONG XXXV.

THRO' THE WOOD, LASSIE:

Or, Sawney's Return.

O H! Nelly, no longer thy Sawney  
now mourn,  
Let Music and Pleasure,  
Abound without Measure:  
On Hillocks and Mountains, or low in  
the *Burn*,  
Or thro' the Wood, Lassie, sing Saw-  
ney's Return,  
Or thro' the Wood, &c.

Since I have been absent from thee,  
my dear Nell,  
No Content, no Delight,  
Have I known Day or Night;  
The murmuring Streams, and the  
Hills Echo tell,  
How thro' the Wood, Lassie, I breath'd  
my sad Knell,  
How thro' the Wood, &c.

But now to all Sorrow I bid a full  
'dieu,  
And with Joy like the Dove,  
I'm return'd to my Love:  
The Maxim of loving in Truth let's  
pursue,  
Then thro' the Wood, Lassie, we'll  
bonnily go,  
Then thro' the Wood, &c.

Come Lads, and come Lassies, be  
blithsome and gay,  
Let your Hearts merry be,  
And your Pipes full of Glee,  
The Highlands shall ring with the  
Joys of the Day,  
While thro' the Wood, happy, we  
dance, sing, and play,  
While thro' the Wood, &c.

SONG XXXVI.

The JUDICIOUS CHOICE

Sung by Mr. Fawcett, at Richmond.

A Beautiful Face, and a Form  
without Fault,  
Are not the Attractions by which I  
am caught,  
Are not the Attractions, &c.  
Good Nature, good Sense, and an ho-  
nest free Mind,  
Are Perfections in Woman to which  
I'm inclin'd,  
Are Perfections, &c.

For a Time Beauty charms, but so  
certain is Age,  
That who with a Beauty alone wou'd  
engage,  
Since Time surely dulls the brightest  
of Eyes,  
And a Face is a Flower that blossoms  
and dies.

Then *Venus* begone with your poor  
empty Joy,  
Which like Syrens do pierce, and  
like Syrens destroy;  
Come Friendship and Sense, and chuse  
me a Wife,  
And I'll love her, and bless her, each  
Day of my Life.

SONG XXXVII.

The ROVER RECLAIM'D.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

I Rambled about a Twelvemonth I  
vow,  
In Search of a Damsel for Life;  
For Roving perplext me, I could not  
tell how,  
So ventur'd at last on a Wife.  
For Roving perplext me, &c.

Th:

The Girls of the Town, each Rake  
must well know,  
Imbitter the Pleasures of Life;  
For Evils of Evils will constantly  
flow,  
And make us all wish for a  
Wife.

A Mistress, 'tis true, that's youthful  
and gay,  
May sweeten the Troubles of  
Life;  
And while she is constant, drive Sor-  
row away,  
But what is all this to a Wife?

In Wedlock alone true Pleasure we  
find,  
To gild the rough Passage thro'  
Life;  
Then chuse out a Lass with a delicate  
Mind,  
And make the dear Charmer your  
Wife.

And you, O ye Fair, be kind to the  
Man,  
Who offers to bless you for Life;  
Be constant and true, and as fond as  
you can,  
For these are the Charms of a  
Wife.

SONG XXXVII.

*Sung by Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh-  
Gardens.*

FAIR's my *Lucy* as the Day,  
Brighter than the blooming  
May;  
*Cupid* revels in her Eyes;  
On her Lip rich Nectar lies.

When she moves, 'tis *Juno* walks;  
When she speaks, *Minerva* talks;  
When she sings, th' angelic Strain  
Might alluage the fiercest Pain.

Clasp'd within her snowy Arms;  
Bless'd with all her World of Charms;  
Thus enthron'd let me expire,  
Gods! 'tis all that I desire.

SONG XXXIX.

DAMON and PHILLIS.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

*Sung by Mr. Lowe and Miss Davis, at  
Marybone-Gardens.*

*Damon.*

HOW fierce is the Sun?  
Haste, *Phillis*, let's run,  
To shelter awhile in the Grove;  
Young *Cupid* reigns there,  
And I'll please thee, my Fair,  
By telling thee Stories of Love.

*Phillis.*

I tell you, young Swain,  
You attack me in vain,  
Too fatal the Going may prove;  
For many a poor Maid,  
Has there been betray'd,  
By list'ning to Stories of Love.

*Damon.*

When Passion's sincere,  
There's no Danger to fear,  
The Spring-Tide of Beauty improve;  
Nor let it be said,  
*Phillis* dy'd an old Maid,  
Averse to the Raptures of Love.

*Phillis.*

To hear the soft Sigh,  
See the soul-speaking Eye,  
A Nymph can't perhaps disapprove:  
It may flatter her Pride,  
But if Reason's her Guide,  
She makes Honour Attendant on Love.

*Damon.*

'Tis with Honour I burn;  
Yet for mutual Return,  
With *Phillis* how vainly I've strove:  
See our Flecks, how they join.  
'Tis an Omen divine  
Portending Complience and Love.

U

*Phillis.*

Phillis.

O *Damon*, I find,  
My poor Heart seems inclin'd,  
The Test of your Passion to prove:

Damon.

Then be *Hymen* our Guide,  
Be the nuptial Knot tied,  
And let Wedlock give Sanction to  
Love.

When Love's gentle Fire,  
Enkindles Desire,  
Suppress the wild Maxim to rove:  
Let the Nymph and the Youth,  
Plight their Honour and Truth,  
And be happy in Virtue and Love.

## SONG XL.

The SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful Bird, that glads the  
Skies,  
To *Daphne's* Window speed thy  
Way,  
And there on quiv'ring Pinions rise,  
And there thy vocal Art display.

And if she deign thy Notes to hear,  
And if she praise thy *Matin* Song;  
Tell her the Sounds that sooth her  
Ear,  
To *Damon's* native Plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier Plumes array'd,  
The Bird from *Indian* Groves may  
shine;  
But ask the lovely, partial Maid,  
What are his Notes, compar'd to  
thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless Beau,  
And all his flaunting Race, with  
Scorn;  
And lend an Ear to *Damon's* Woe,  
Who sings her Praise, and sings  
forlorn.

## SONG XLI.

O'Naughty, Naughty. GARDEN.

A Favourite SONG:

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in The Summer's Tale.

O Naughtly, naughtly Garden;  
What ail'd me to come in it?  
I pray your Worship, pardon;  
I must away this Minute.

I must away;  
Farewel; good Day;  
*Sir Anthony*, pray excuse me;  
The more a Damsel views thee,  
The surer she'll refuse thee.

Nay, let me pass;  
Oh, fye! alas!  
You'd nearly caught a Ball, Sir;  
Good luck! if this be all, Sir;  
I'll be within your Call.

## SONG XLII.

Sung by Miss Pope, in The Musical Lady.

LOVE's a sweet and soft Musician,  
Who derives his Skill from  
thee;  
Plays on ev'ry Disposition,  
Strikes the Soul on ev'ry Key.

Deep Despair now thrums *Adagio*,  
Lively Hope now sounds *Coragio*;  
O! the ravishing Transition!  
Tweedle dum, and tweedle dee.

## SONG XLIII.

Sung by Mr. Gibson, at Vauxhall.

YE Virgins, attend,  
Believe me your Friend,  
And with Prudence adhere to my  
Plan;  
Ne'er let it be said,  
There goes an old Maid,  
But get married as fast as you can.

As soon as you find  
Your Hearts are inclin'd  
To beat quick at the Sight of a Man;  
Then choofe out a Youth  
Of Honour and Truth,  
And get married as fast as you can.

For Age, like a Cloud,  
Your Charms soon will shroud,  
And this whimsical Life's but a Span;  
Then, Maids, make your Hay  
While Sol darts his Ray.  
And get married as fast as you can.

The treacherous Rake  
Will artfully take  
Ev'ry Method poor Girls to trepan;  
But baffle their Snare,  
Make Virtue your Care,  
And get married as fast as you can.

And when *Hymen's* Bands  
Have join'd both your Hands,  
The bright Flame still continue to fan;  
Ne'er harbour the Stings  
That Jealousy brings;  
But be constant, and blest while you  
can.

SONG XLIV.

The HAPPY PAIR.

AT dewy Dawn, as o'er the Lawn,  
Young Roger early stray'd;  
He chanc'd to meet with *Jenny* sweet,  
That blooming Country Maid:  
Her Cheeks so red, with Blushes  
Spread,  
Shew'd like the Break of Day;  
Her modest Look, the Shepherd took;  
She stole his Heart away.

With tender Air he woo'd the Fair,  
And movingly address'd;  
For Love divine can Clowns refine,  
And warm the coldest Breast:  
Her Eyes he prais'd, and fondly gaz'd  
On her enchanting Face;  
Where Innocence and Health dispence  
Each winning roseate Grace.

Young *Jenny's* Breast *Love's* Power  
confess'd,

And felt an equal Fire;  
Nor had the Art to hide her Smart,  
Or check the fond Desire:  
*Hymen* unites in blissful Rites  
The fair, the matchless Two;  
And Wedlock ne'er could boast a Pair  
More loving or more true.

Ye Rich and Great, how seldom Fate  
Gives you so mild a Doom;  
Whose wand'ring Flames and teizing  
Dames

A mutual Plague become:  
While Coach and Six your Passion see,  
You buy your Fate too dear;  
Ah! Courtly-Folks, you're but the  
Jokes  
Of those who love sincere.

SONG XLV.

A new Truce with BACCHUS  
and VENUS.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-  
Gardens.

MYSELF between *Venus* and  
*Bacchus* I'll poise,  
And 'twixt their two Scales fix my  
Balance of Joys:  
'Tis true, they both have their  
Charms, when apart;  
But blended, they double the Heat of  
my Heart.

With Rage on his Brow, and Contempt  
in his Eye,  
*Bacchus* throws down his Cluster, and  
gives me Lye;  
No Female, says he, shall partake of  
my Throne,  
A Rival I hate, and I'll govern alone.

Dear *Venus*, in Turn, her Dominion  
maintains,  
Asserts her Controll o'er the Nymphs  
and the Swains;  
Upbraids me for kneeling at *Bac-  
chus's* Shrine,  
And strictly forbids me the Juice of  
the Vine.



One scolds me, because I am fond of  
the Bowl;  
The other, 'cause Woman shares Half  
of my Soul:  
I boldly declare, for all Projects I've  
try'd,  
No Moral his Pastime can better di-  
vide.

Why then let 'em wrangle, what is  
it to me?  
I warrant my Conduct shall make 'em  
agree:  
As one to prefer to the other I'm  
loth;  
I'll love, and I'll drink, and be plea-  
sing to both.

## SONG XLVI.

*Sung by Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh-  
Gardens.*

**G**O, deceitful Fair One, leave me,  
All thy treacherous Arts are  
vain;  
Soothing Smiles shall ne'er deceive  
me,  
Nor thy Frowns e'er give me Pain.  
Go, deceitful, &c.

Love's restless Power invading;  
Robb'd my generous Soul of Rest;  
Reason, Honour, Glory, siding,  
Drove the Traitor from my Breast.  
Go, deceitful, &c.

To some favour'd Rival fly,  
Fold him in thy wanton Arms:  
Sooth him—care's him—then betray;  
Till, like me, he curse thy Charms.  
Go, deceitful, &c.

## SONG XLVII.

*A favourite CANTATA.  
Sung by Miss Brent, at Vauxhall.*

## RECITATIVE.

**O**H! *Damon*, still you strive in  
vain,  
*Clarinda's* fix'd Resolve to move:  
My Heart, alas! may feel the Pain,  
But justly scorns the Guilt of Love.

## A I R.

Is this, ye Powers, this boasted Flame?  
O say, is this his only End?  
And can his Love destroy the Fame,  
His Truth and Honour should de-  
fend!

Oh! for a Thought so meanly base,  
Th' ungenerous Youth shall surely  
find,

The Heart that could admire his Face,  
Can still detest him for his Mind.

## SONG XLVIII.

*Sung by Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh-  
Gardens.*

**O**H! cruel Maid, thy Scorn for-  
bear,  
Nor thus my tender Bosom tear,  
With agonizing Smart:  
My soft Complaints hear;  
Behold the falling Tear!  
Ah! judge what Anguish rends the  
Heart.

Come, God of Love, assert thy Sway,  
And make the Fair thy Laws obey;  
Till soft relenting,  
And kind consenting,  
Ease the raging Pain,  
I feel from her Disdain.

Come, God of Love, assert thy Sway,  
And make the Fair thy Laws obey.  
Oh! cruel Maid, &c.

\*†† *Gentlemen or Ladies, who are possess'd of any Pieces which may  
contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them in-  
serted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal  
Exchange, for the Authors of The Jester's Magazine.*

☞ The Fifth Number will be published the First of MARCH.

# THE JESTER'S MAGAZINE: OR, THE MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER. For *February* 1766.

*Being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the Kind or Price.*

Containing (among many other curious Particulars)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>I. A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &amp;c.<br/>         II. The natural History of the Lion.<br/>         III. Of the <i>Assyrian</i> Monarchy.<br/>         IV. The Lover's Auction.<br/>         V. Remarkable Instance of Penetration and Advice. A <i>Chinese</i> Story.<br/>         VI. A compassionate Address.<br/>         VII. A true Story. Translated from the <i>Spanish</i> of <i>Mariana</i>.<br/>         VIII. <i>Martuccio</i> and <i>Constancia</i>. A Novel.<br/>         IX. A Method of obtaining Natural Flowers in Winter, fresh blown, any Day you please.<br/>         X. A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebuffs, Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &amp;c. &amp;c. &amp;c.</p> | <p>XI. Favourite New Songs, viz. Advice to the Ladies : Sung by Mr. <i>Vernon</i>, at <i>Vauxhall</i>. A favourite Song : Sung by Mr. <i>Tenducci</i>, at <i>Ranelagh-Gardens</i>. A favourite Song : Sung by Mr. <i>Squibb</i>, in <i>Artaxerxes</i>. The Advice : Sung by Miss <i>Wright</i>, at <i>Vauxhall</i>. A favourite Song : Sung by Mr. <i>Tenducci</i>, at <i>Ranelagh-Gardens</i>. The Thrush : Sung by Miss <i>Wright</i>, at <i>Vauxhall</i>. O! Eye for Shame : Sung by Mr. <i>Vernon</i>, at <i>Vauxhall</i>. Patty of the Mill : Sung by Mr. <i>Hudson</i>, at <i>Ranelagh-Gardens</i>. A favourite Air : Sung by Mrs. <i>Mattocks</i>, in <i>Midas</i>. Fair <i>Laura</i> : Sung by Mr. <i>Gilson</i>, at <i>Vauxhall</i>. The Contented Miller, &amp;c. &amp;c.</p> |
|---|---|

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*Ride β Sapis.*

Laugh, if you are Wife.

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Numb. V. *To be continu'd Monthly.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by S. Bladon, in *Pater-noster-Row* ; J. Williams, in *Fleet-Street* ; J. Kingman, near the *Royal-Exchange* ; by most Bookellers ; and by the Persons who sell News.

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\* \* In the great Number of Letters receiv'd, *J. C's.* was mislaid; but is now  
found, and will be inserted in our next. Several others are come to Hand,  
most of which will likewise be inserted; but some we are oblig'd to  
omit, being unfit for Publication.

THE  
JESTER'S MAGAZINE,  
For February 1766.

*A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

Lady, who had an Im-  
 posthume, sent for an  
 A eminent Physician, who  
 was a second *Ratchiffe*;  
 to whom having related her Case,  
 he was sensible Medicines would be  
 of no Service: Yet knew she must  
 die very soon, unless some Method  
 was found out to break it. He  
 walk'd, full of Thought, towards  
 the Window; and, after a short  
 Space, turning hastily round, said  
 to the Lady, with a smiling Coun-  
 tenance, *Madam, there is a certain*  
*Person just gone by, who is well*  
*known in London. The Moment*  
*you guess who he is, your Cure is*  
*lost certainly in my Hands.* The  
 Lady, who seem'd to revive a little  
 on this unexpected Prospect of Re-  
 lief, promis'd she would guess who  
 it was, if possible. *Was it Comus?*  
 said the Lady. — *No,* reply'd the  
 Doctor, very gravely. — *Was it*  
*the Conjuror?* — *No.* — *Was it*  
*the Giant?* — *No.* — *Was it*  
*Dr. R—k?* — *No.* — *The*  
*Postman?* — *No.* — *The Cry-*  
*er?* — *No.* — *The Executioner?*  
*—No.* — *Teddy-Doll?* — *No.* —

*The Fire-Eater?* — Still *No,* re-  
 ply'd the Doctor, very gravely. —  
 At length the Lady, being quite  
 tir'd out, said, in a feeble Tone, *I*  
*have then no Hopes of Ease, ex-*  
*cept it was* — Tom T—dman.  
*That's he! That's he!* cry'd the  
 Doctor eagerly: At which the Lady  
 burst into a strong Fit of Laughter,  
 which broke the Imposthume, and  
 sav'd her Life.

A Farmer's Daughter, who was  
 very deaf, was riding to Market,  
 with a Hamper of Eggs on each  
 Side her Horse. She was met on  
 the Way by a neighbouring Gen-  
 tleman, who said, *Good Morrow,*  
*fair Maid.* She, seeing his Lips  
 move, but not knowing what he  
 said, reply'd, *Eggs, Sir.* *Have*  
*ye?* said the Gentleman; *pray how*  
*do you sell them?* She reply'd, *I*  
*am Goodman Larhol's Daughter of*  
*Affon. Are ye so?* said the Gen-  
 tleman; *how does your Father and*  
*Mother do?* She answer'd, *I sell*  
*twelve a Great on one Side, and*  
*ten on the other.* On which the  
 Gentleman, not knowing her In-  
 firmity, rode off in a Pet.

*A Welsh*

A *Welsh* Woman was taken by her Relations to *Woolwich*, in order to shew her the Shipping. A First Rate Man of War happening to lie there at that Time, she was struck with Astonishment at its prodigious Magnitude, and the Multiplicity of its Rigging. After she had gaz'd at the Ship for some Time in silent Admiration, she ask'd those who accompany'd her, How Old that same Huge Thing was? They reply'd, That it had been built about three Years. *Plefs bur! put three Years! Marcy on bur! why how pig will bur pe when bur comes to pe Twenty!*

A certain Man had two Children; the one, a Daughter that was very plain in her Person; the other, a Boy that was a great Beauty. As they were at play together one Day, they saw their Faces in a Looking-Glass that stood in their Mother's Chair; upon which the Boy seeing his Beauty, was so charmed with it, that he extolled it mightily to his Sister, who took these Praises of his Beauty, as so many Reflections on her Disagreeableness. She went to her Father, acquainted him with the Affair, and made very great Complaints of her Brother's Rudeness to her. Upon this, the old prudent Gentleman, instead of being angry, took them upon his Knees, and embracing both with the greatest Tenderness, gave them this excellent Advice: *I would have you both look at yourselves in the Glass every Day; you, my Son, that you may be reminded never to dishonour the Beauty of your Face, by the Deformity of your Actions; and you, my Daughter, that you may take care to hide the Defect of Beauty in your Person, by the superior*

*Lustre of a virtuous and amiable Conduct.*

A Fidler, that was blind, came to speak with a Gentleman that was a great Benefactor to him. The Gentleman's Servant ran hastily to his Master, saying, *Sir, the old blind Fidler is come to see you.*

Some People were talking one Evening about Fear in Children. A young Woman said, when she was a Child, she was always extremely fearful of the Rod. *And, for my Part,* says a young Fellow, *when I was a Child, and before I could walk, seeing my Mother coming with a Rod in her Hand to correct me for something I had done, I was so terrify'd that I got out of my little Chair, and ran away from her.*

An *Englishman* and a *Welshman* fell into a Debate, which of the Countries afforded the most good Living. The *Welshman* said, That in *Wales*, they'll sometimes have a dozen Men-Cooks at a Wedding. *Very true,* says the *Englishman*, *for each Man toasts his own Cheese, which makes the Cooks to be so many.*

An arch Wag put a great many Horns in a Basket, and went up and down crying, *New Fruit! New Fruit! in the Winter-time!* At last a Gentleman bid him let him see his Winter-Fruit; and when he had seen them, he said, *Fool! who dost think will buy Horns?* Sir, says he, *tho' you are provided, yet I may meet with them that are not.*

An *Irishman*, being ask'd if he understood French? Reply'd, *Yes, Joy, I understand French perfectly well, provided it's spoken in Irish.*

The

The Noble *Venetians* are very grave, and excessively haughty. It happen'd as one of them was going through a narrow-Street in *Venice*, that a *Spaniard* walk'd before him with a long Sword, which hinder'd him from passing him; upon which he ask'd the *Spaniard*, with great Coolness, Whether he was to go *under* or *over* it?

A *Frenchman*, walking in *St. Mark's-Place*, in *Venice*, chanced to jostle against a Noble *Venetian*; who, holding him gravely by the Arm, desir'd him to acquaint him what Beast he thought was the heaviest and most stupid? The *Frenchman*, astonish'd at such a Question, remained some Time without answering: But the Noble, without losing his Gravity, demanded the same Thing over again. The *Frenchman* answer'd downright, that he thought the heaviest Beast was an Elephant. *Well*, said the *Venetian*, *learn then, Mr. Elephant, not to jostle a Noble Venetian*.

A Gentleman in a Coffee-House hearing a Coward speaking it stoutly in Favour of Courage, said, *It put him in Mind of what he had once seen at a Shew, a Hare bearing a Drum*.

A Lord, endeavouring to persuade one of his Dependants to marry his cast-off Mistress, said, Though she had been used a little, when she had got a good Husband, she might turn. *Aye, but my Lord*, replied the other, *she has been so much used, that I'm afraid she is not worth turning*.

*John a Nokes* was driving his Cart toward *Creydon*, and by the Way fell asleep therein: Mean time a Thief came by and stole his two Horses, and went quite away with

them. In the End he awaking, and missing them, said, *Either I am John a Nokes, or I am not John a Nokes. If I am John a Nokes, then have I lost two Horses; and if I be not John a Nokes, then have I found a Cart*.

One told another, who was not used to be cloathed often, that his new Coat was too short for him. *That's true*, said he, *but it will be long enough before I get another*.

One seeing an affected Coxcomb buying Books, told him, *His Book-seller was properly his Upholsterer; for he furnished his Room, rather than his Head*.

Sir *Thomas Moore's* Lady was very curious and neat in her Attire, and, going one Day to Church, she bid her Gentlewoman look whether her Gown-pleats stood even behind, and whether all were well and right about her. Sir *Thomas* himself then standing by, and noting her Curiosity, and withal her wry Nose, said, *Faith Wife, there is yet one Fault more than your Maid sees; neither do I well see how it can be alter'd*. She being then very earnest with her Gentlewoman to find it out, and Half out of Patience that she was so long a looking it, at last asked Sir *Thomas* what Fault it was? He merrily answered, *Your Nose*.

A Country Farmer was observed never to be in a good Humour when he was hungry, which caus'd his Wife to watch carefully the Time of his coming Home, and always to have Dinner ready on the Table. One Day he surprized her, and she had only Time to set a Mess of Broth ready for him. He, according to Custom, began to open his Pipes, and maunder over it, forgetting what he was about, and

burnt his Mouth to ſome Purpoſe. His Wife, ſeeing him in that Condition, comforts him in the following Manner: *See how it is now; had you kept your Breath to cool your Poſtage, you had not burnt your Mouth, John.*

A certain Lord had a termagant Wife, and at the ſame Time a Chaplain that was a tolerable Poet, whom his Lordſhip deſired to write a Copy of Verſes upon a Shrew. *I can't imagine,* ſaid the Chaplain, *why your Lordſhip ſhould want a Copy, who have ſo good an Original.*

A Frenchman, who ſpoke very broken Engliſh, having ſome Words with his Wife, endeavour'd to call her Bitch, but could not recollect the Name. At laſt he thought he had done it, by ſaying, *Begar, mine Dear, but you be one vile Dog's Wife. Aye, that's true enough,* answer'd the Woman, *she more is my Misfortune.*

There was a Show in a Village in Glouceſterſhire, and ſome Countrymen had got the Drummer belonging to it, to beat at an Alehouſe Door. A Woman, who was paſſing by, ſtopp'd and look'd very earneſtly at the Drummer, during his Performance. When he had done, *Pray, Gaffer, ſays ſhe, what Song was that you beat on your Drum?* The Man reply'd, He had beat a Point of War. *Ecod,* ſays the Woman, *it is rare Muſick! therefore here's a Penny for you, Gaffer; but then give us a Quart of it.*

There dwelt a grave Law-Doctor in Salamanca, and a Neighbour's Child of his came ſomewhat early in a Morning to crave a little Fire of him. *Take ſome, my Boy, he ſaid; but wherein wilt thou carry it?* Marry, Sir, he answer'd, thus:

And with that he laid a Quantity of Aſhes upon the Palm of his Hand, and the Coals thereupon, and ſo went his Way. The Doctor wonder'd hereat, and ſwore, that with all the Learning he had, he could not have deviſed ſo cunning a Conceit.

An Officer in the Cuſtoms at the Port of Liverpool, running careleſſly along the Ship's Gunnel, tipp'd overboard, and was drown'd. Being ſoon taken up, the Coroner's Jury was ſummoned to ſit upon the Body. One of the Jurymen returning Home, was call'd to by an Alderman of the Town, and ask'd what Verdict they brought in, and whether they found *Felo-de ſe?* *Aye, aye,* ſays the Jurymen, ſhaking his Noddle, *he fell into the Sea ſure enough.*

An old Phyſician, who had been a Proteſtant in King Edward's Days, a Papiſt in Queen Mary's, and a Proteſtant again in Queen Elizabeth's, ſeeing a Lady dance a Galliard, commended her dancing exceedingly. She answered, *That ſhe knew ſhe danced well, only ſhe was a bad Turner;* hinting at his turning from his Religion.

A Soldier being asked why he fled from his Colours? Reply'd, *My Heart is as good as any Man's in the Regiment; but I proteſt my cowardly Legs would run away with me, whatever I could do.*

One that had a fair Library, and ſeldom or ever betook himſelf to Study, another ſaid unto him, *It ſeems that you and your Books are at Truce.*

One came into an Inn, and ask'd the Hoſt how long he had lived there? *About three Days, Sir,* ſaid he. *Then pray,* ſaid the other, *how many Barrels do you draw in a Week?*

To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

*As there are several very extraordinary Particulars in the following Natural History, I imagine they will afford the Publick an agreeable Entertainment. Your giving it a Place in your next Number will oblige*

Your constant Reader,

A\*\*\*\*\*.

### *The Natural History of the LION.*

**T**HE Lion, usually denominated the King of the Beasts, from his Strength, Courage, Prowess, and Majesty, is found in divers Parts of *Africa*, the native Country of wild Animals; particularly *Barbary*, *Abyssinia*, *Congo*, and the Country of the *Hottentots*. Indeed there are but few Places in *Africa*, in which they do not inhabit.

This noble Creature, which rules with a tyrannical Empire over the Inhabitants of the Woods and Deserts, has a Head very large, and not at all proportioned to his Body. He has a thick flattish Nose, a very wide Mouth, red fiery Eyes, hollow, and looking somewhat awry. His Neck is adorned with very fine long shagged Hair, and likewise the Breast; and this is what is called the Mane of the Lion, and only differs from the Rest of the Body in Length, not being stiffer, like the Hair of the Manes of other Animals. His Breast is broad, in Proportion to the other Parts; his Legs are very thick and strong, and his Paws resemble those of a Cat. He has five distinct Claws on each of his Fore-Feet, and only four on the Hinder; all crooked, sharp, and

exceeding hard. He has a long Tail, with a great Bush of Hair at the End, and this he lays in a particular Form on his Back, very graceful to look at. His Eyes are very bright and clear, even after he is dead.

It is a common Observation, that the Lion sleeps with his Eyes open; but this, tho' often true with regard to the Eyelids, is not so with respect to the Eye itself: For the Creature has a very thick Membrane, lodged in the greater *Canthus* of the Eye, which it can extend at Pleasure over the whole Organ, like the *Membrana Nictitans* of Birds; and thus exclude the Light, without closing the Eyelids.

The Lion hath fourteen Teeth in each Jaw. His Tongue is very rough and rigid, being covered with a great Number of Prominences of a hard Matter. It is very remarkable, that the common Cat has all the Parts of a Lion, that are of a singular Structure; its Claws, Feet, Tongue, and Eyes, being of the same Kind.

The Heart of the Lion is much larger than that of any other Creature of the same Size; being six Inches long, and four in Diameter



in the largest Part, and terminating in a very sharp Point. The Brain, on the other Hand, is remarkably small; and from a Comparison of this, with the large Quantity of Brain in a Wolf, and pursuing the Observation through several other Creatures, with regard to the Proportion of Brain; it does not appear, that a small Quantity, is the Mark of Folly, but generally of great Subtlety, and of a cruel Disposition.

The Hair of some Lions is curled, of others lank and thin; and always of a dull Yellow, or dirty Straw-Colour. As to black, white, red, and blue Lions, they are to be found where blue Hogs are to be met with; namely, upon Sign-Posts: For such never existed in Nature, but have entirely owed their Colours to Painting and Heraldry, as well as brown and green Lions.

The Lioness resembles the Lion in every Thing, except that she has no Mane, nor yet much loose Hair on the Legs and Thighs, as the Lion has; so that she looks not near so grand and noble.

The Males of the Sea-Lions, that inhabit about *Juan-Fernandez* (which Animal, during the Winter, covers all the Sea-Coast) have furious Battles about their Mates; and he may be justly pronounced the best Warrior among them, who is surrounded with most Females.

Either the Sea-Lion, or Lioness, is a Creature extremely fond of its Mate. There was an Instance of this in one of the latter attacking a Sailor, who was carelessly skinning her Companion, whom he had killed; and the Beast, having contrived to get the poor Fellow's Head in her Mouth, scored it in several Places

with her Teeth; wounding him so desperately, that he died in two or three Days after.

The Roaring of the Lion is frightful; every Beast dreads his Approach, and trembles before him. It has been said, that the Lion himself trembles before the Cock and Elephant, and runs away: But this we vouch not to be strictly true, tho' it has been adopted by several Naturalists. Some have also reported, that he is afraid of Women; and that, upon his Approach towards the Flocks they were attending, he has been often frightened; and fled, upon their taking up a Stick, and making a Noise at him.

Something of this Kind (says *Dr. Shaw*) perhaps may have happened, when they have been well satisfied with Food; at which Time the *Arabs* pretend the Lions have so little Courage, that they can seize upon their Prey, and rescue it even out of their Jaws. But such Instances are very rare, and this Notion seems illy founded; since it is well known, that the Lion devours Women as well as Men, for want of other Creatures.

*Pliny* observes, that he never attacks any of the human Species, but when old Age prevents his overtaking other Prey: Then he draws near the Villages, and devours those he finds in the Fields; but otherwise, he contents himself with such Prey as he finds in the Forests and Plains; never concerning himself with Man, unless he is first attacked and wounded, when he rouses all his Strength; and, if the Assailant hath not the good Fortune to kill the Beast as he approaches, or escape by Flight, he pays for his Temerity with his Life.

(The Remainder in our next.)

A Series

*A Series of LETTERS from a Gentleman in Syria  
to his Sister in London.*

LETTER II.

*Of the Assyrian Monarchy.*

*Dear Sister,*

THE first Monarchy of the World was this of *Assyria*, called also the *Babylonian* and *Chaldean*. *Nimrod* \*, a Person of vast Size, enterprizing and ambitious, having brought many of his Neighbours under his Subjection, form'd them into Companies, and overpower'd the rest. From him, the Succession of this Monarchy is very obscure; but, according to the common Opinion, *Nimrod* was succeeded by his Grandson *Ninus* †, who united *Chaldea* and *Assyria* into one Empire, and fix'd upon *Nineveh* for his Place of Residence. He march'd with his Army as far as *Libya*, in *Africa*, and conquer'd all the Southern Nations; then returning, he made War on *Barshanes*, and *Zoroaster*, King of the *Bactrians*, and made himself Master of all *Asia*, in the Space of seven Years. To him succeeded Queen *Semiramis*; from whom, to the Reign of *Sardanapalus*, we have but an imperfect Account of the *Assyrian* Monarchs, with which I shall not trouble you. *Arbaces*, Commander of the Forces with which the *Medes* annually supply'd the King of *Assyria*, having a great Desire to see

*Sardanapalus*, who liv'd in a scandalous Manner, in order to gain the Sight of him, put on Womens Cloaths, got himself clean shav'd, and with Bribes corrupted the Officers, to introduce him. He found *Sardanapalus*, sitting in the same Dress, amidst his Mistresses. *Belesis*, General of the *Babylonians*, and the most famous Astrologer amongst the *Chaldeans*, being made privy to *Arbaces*'s Admission, either out of Friendship to him, or from the Prospect of future Advantage, strongly importun'd *Arbaces* to deliver the *Medes* from their Slavery; adding, that the Stars had destin'd him for Empire, and at length prevail'd with him to come in his Alliance. *Arbaces* told the whole Affair to the *Medes*, thereby causing an Insurrection; and, at the same Time, engag'd the *Persians* to join him; while *Belesis*, on his Part, procur'd the Assistance of the Governor of *Arabia*, who was very powerful. *Sardanapalus*, being inform'd of the Conspiracy, drew up an Army of forty Thousand Men to oppose the Rebels, had the Advantage over them in the first Engagement, and oblig'd them to retreat; but, on their rallying again, he order'd Proclamation to be made, that he would give a Reward of two Hundred

\* Gen. x. 9. *Nimrod* was a mighty Hunter before the Lord; meaning thereby, a cruel Tyrant and Oppressor.

† This Prince had a prodigious Army; which, if we give Credit to some Historians, consisted of one Million seven Hundred Thousand Foot, two Hundred Thousand Horse, and ten Thousand Chariots. *Diodorus Siculus*.

Hundred Talents of Gold \*, to any Person that should kill either of the two Generals; and double the Sum to him, who should bring him either of them alive.

This promised Reward only exasperated the Rebels, who fought and lost two more Battles. On this they consulted *Belshis*, concerning their Destiny; who assured them, that as far as he could judge from the Stars, they would speedily have fresh Succours, which would determine their Fate; accordingly, as they were going to oppose the March of the *Babirians*, who were coming to join *Sardanapalus*, they prevailed upon them to revolt, and to fight for their Liberty.

*Sardanapalus*, on the other Hand, flush'd with his late Success, and altogether ignorant of what the Rebels had done, did nothing but divert himself with his Army. *Arbaces*, having Information of his Inactivity, enter'd *Sardanapalus's* Camp with his Forces in the Night, and made a terrible Slaughter among his Officers and Soldiers, most of them being either drunk or asleep, but the King escap'd. However, *Arbaces* pursued the Victory, and laid siege to *Nineveh* †: But this gave *Sardanapalus* no Manner of Uneasiness, being very confident that the City was safe; and he also de-

pending upon an old Prophecy, namely, "That *Nineveh* should not be taken, 'till the River *Tygris* became its Enemy". But in the third Year of the Siege, seeing Part of the Wall broken down by the overflowing of the River, he concluded all Hopes of Safety were vain; and, that he might not fall into the Hands of the Enemy, he shut up himself, his Mistresses, and a vast Treasure in the Palace, and caused it to be burnt to Ashes. *Arbaces* enter'd the City at the Breach made by the River, and was proclaim'd King; and, as an Acknowledgment of his Friendship to *Belshis*, or as a Reward for his Fidelity, he made him King of *Babylon*; or, as some say, King of the *Assyrians*, reserving to himself the Empire of the *Medes* and *Persians*; so that he may be called the Founder of the *Median*, or second Monarchy in the World; of which I shall have Occasion to speak hereafter.

Here, Sister, you may observe that the *Assyrian* Monarchy was divided; but, seeing its Duration is altogether as uncertain as the Succession of its Kings, I will in my next give you a fuller Account of it.

*Yours affectionately, &c.*

(*To be continu'd.*)

\* A Talent of Gold is worth five Thousand four Hundred and Seventy-five Pounds, reckoning Gold at Four Pounds per Ounce; of Silver one Hundred and Ninety-three Pounds, reckoning Silver at Five Shillings per Ounce.

† This famous ancient City stood in the Province of *Assyria*, now called *Curdistan*; it was situated on the East Side of the River *Tygris*, and sixty Miles in Compass: Out of its Ruins was erected another City, now called *Mosul*, famous only for being the Seat of the Patriarch of the *Nestorians*, of which Sort are most of the Christians in these Parts. *Shuckford*.

To

To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

*I have long been in Love with a Lady, who I foolishly thought very agreeable; but, as my Eyes are now open, I have sent you the enclos'd. If you will be kind enough to insert it in your next Number, you will greatly oblige many of your Readers; and, in particular,*

Your hearty Well-wisher,

CLEAR SIGHT.

## THE LOVER'S AUCTION.

A Quarrel having lately happen'd, between a Gentleman and his Mistress; the Lady, in a Rage, has sent him all his Love-Letters and Presents. The Gentleman, being desirous of banishing the ungrateful Fair from his Memory, by parting with all those Tokens of his Folly, intends very speedily to have a Sale for that Purpose. All young Beginners in the Trade of making Love, are hereby acquainted, that they may take the Advantage of furnishing themselves, on very reasonable Terms, with proper Materials for the carrying on of that Business. The Day of Sale is fixed for the First of April, and the following is a Catalogue of the Particulars. The Lots may be viewed every Day, 'till the Time of Sale, from One to Four, at the Widow *Languish's*, the *Bleeding-Heart*, in *Love-Walk*, near *Cupid's Folly*.

1. Two Hundred and Fifty choice Love-Letters, folded up with great Elegancy, Art and Mystery. 2. The Lady's Answers, amounting only to Two Hundred and Ten. 3. The Lady's Picture, in a Snuff-Box, by an eminent Hand; which may serve as a Present from any

other Lover to his Mistress. 4. Forty Copies of original Love-Poems; all which may be address'd to any Lady in a very natural and unaffected Manner, *vis.* To a Lady, on her incomparable Good-nature, in condescending to blow me with her Fan—On her presenting me with a Pinch of Snuff—On seeing her in a Flower-Garden—On her sweetening my Tea—On the Patch on her Forehead—On her Wit—On the Lillies and Roses that adorn her Cheeks—On the Expressiveness of her Countenance—On her frowning, smiling, curtesying, &c. 5. *Ovid's* Epistles and Art of Love, elegantly bound in Turkey, and the Leaves gilt. 6. The New *Atalantis*, bound in Ditto. 7. Mrs. *Haywood's* Novels, bound in Ditto. 8. A Ring, with a Garnet in the Middle, in the Shape of a Heart, set round with Brillants. 9. Two Pair of Garters: One of Red Silk, to shew the Inflammation of the Gentleman's Heart; the other of White Silk, to denote the Purity of the Heart of his Mistress; with occasional Mot-tos. 10. A Pair of Garnet Ear-Rings, set in Gold. 11. Some of the Ladies Hair, design'd for a Locket. 12. A curious Cersilian Seal,

Seal, set in Gold; the Impression a wounded Heart, and a flying Cupid.

13. The Art of Sighing; a very curious Manuscript. 14. A Pair of Garnet Bracelets. 15. The Lady's Pocket, which fell from her Side one Evening on the Gentleman's Staircase; containing two broken Fans, an old Glove, Half a Yard of Flame-colour'd Ribbon, a Silver Egg-Box with Salts, a Row and Half of Pins, a Modesty-Piece, and a Pocket - Glass. 16. A Parcel of Gift Writing-Paper, Crow Quills, shining Sand, and perfum'd Sealing-Wax. 17. A Spying - Glass, the Gentleman resolving to be blind no longer; a Pound of perfum'd Powder; Half a Dozen Bottles of Orange-Flower-Water; five curious scented Wash-Balls; and a Bottle of choice

Citron-Water. 18. An *Indian* Fan, finely painted; and some *French* Toothpicks.—With several other Curiosities, which will be sold in a Lump together.

*Note,* There is one valuable Article not mention'd in the Catalogue, *viz.* A curious Gold-handled Penknife, in a Case; which the Lady refused with great Repentment: And the Gentleman makes it a Question, whether the very offering of this Knife to her, had not a fatal Influence on the Lady's whole Conduct afterwards. He therefore advises all passionate Votaries not to present Knives, Scissars, &c. or any Thing sharp to their Mistresses, *lest they should cut Love.*



### *Remarkable Instance of Penetration and Advice.*

#### A CHINESE STORY.

**T**HERE was a certain Intendant of a Province in that Empire, who, out of Regard to a particular Friend of his, made him Chief Justice of the City where he resided. It happen'd that this Intendant of a sudden became inaccessible; and, under Pretence of an Indisposition, would neither do Business, or be seen. The Chief Justice was extremely concerned at this Behaviour: He came often to his House, but was denied Admittance; at last, however, it was granted him, and when he entered, he found the Intendant in a very melancholy Posture. He therefore intreated his Friend not to conceal from him the true State of his Condition, and the

real Cause of his Melancholy; while the Intendant resisted the Intreaties of his kind Visitant, but at last he told him that he had lost the Imperial Seal out of his Cabinet, which yet remained locked, and had no Marks of Violence, and was thereby disabled from doing any Thing, and also cut off from all Hopes of receiving this necessary Instrument of his Office. The Chief Justice bid him keep up his Spirits; and, instead of despairing, apply the great Abilities, he was known to possess, to the contriving some Means to get the Seal again. The Intendant sighed, and said it was impossible. The Chief Justice ask'd him whether he had any po-

tent

best Enemy? "Yes," said the Intendant, "the Governor of this City bears a strong Antipathy to me, because a Friend of his missed the Employment I now hold." "Very well," said the Chief Justice, "then I have thought of a Method to set all this Matter right; do you cause the most valuable Part of your Effects to be brought into your inner Apartment, and, as soon as they are safe, let the outward Court of your Palace be secretly set on Fire; the Governor, as it is his Duty, will be forced to come to your Assistance. As soon as he appears, deliver him the Cabinet: If it was he who caused it to be stole, he will be glad to restore it; and, at all

Events, the Blame will lie at his Door, not your's." The Intendant instantly pursued his Friend's Scheme; the Fire drew the Governor thither, as they expected; the Cabinet was delivered to him in a seeming Fright, and the next Day, when the Danger was over, the Intendant sending for it again, found the Seal replaced; for the Governor finding himself over-reached, wisely compounded by this Return of the Seal for the Fraud he had committed in procuring it to be stolen. And thus the Calmness of the Chief Justice proved a Remedy, where a Man of superior Parts, but without Constancy of Mind, threw up all Hopes, and abandoned himself to a wild Despair.



To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

FEB. 7, 1766.

*I am a Friend to Mirth, where it is accompanied with Decency; therefore greatly approve your entertaining Work, because you seem to keep within its Bounds. It is necessary the Mind should be diverted, and, sometimes, it should be excited to commiserate the Wants and Distresses of the human Race. If you will be kind enough to give the following a Place in your next Number, you will thereby gain many Friends, oblige several of your Readers, and in particular one, who is.*

Your humble Servant,

And a FRIEND to the POOR.

THE Dearness of Provisions, and the Severity of the Season, are Calls upon every compassionate Heart to remember the Poor: And tho' the Keanness of Hunger, and the Intensity of Cold, Rain and Snow, cannot possibly be felt by the Great, who have never experienced their Acuteness in any extraordinary Degree; yet there are Instances of Distress and Poverty, which, when seen, excite the most Obdurate to Compassion.

How many Families are there, at this very Time, labouring under the Want of almost all the Necessaries

*Necessaries of Life?* In the Country especially, where the Wages of the Labourer are small and the Necessities very great, the Husband is often oblig'd to sustain his Labour with coarse Bread, and perhaps a little skim'd Milk or Butter-Milk, and the Wife and Children partake of the same hard Fare. When he comes wet from his Labour, he has only a few small Sticks to warm him; and the whole Family are almost destitute of Cloathing, to defend them from the Inclemency of the Weather. If Sickness happens in such a Family as this (and there are many such) great must be their Distress indeed!

It was, doubtless, Distress of this Sort, which mov'd the kind and compassionate Heart of Sir G——E S——E, Bart. (a Gentleman as remarkable for his good Sense as his Humanity) to relieve such great Numbers of poor labouring People, in *Yorkshire*. *When the Ear hears him, it shall bless him; and when the Eye sees him, it shall give Witness to him.*

All who have the Honour to know the above Gentleman, are sensible of his embracing every Opportunity to do Good: And I once saw an Instance of his Compassion to a poor miserable Wretch, which is very rarely to be found. May the Almighty incline the Hearts of the Affluent to follow his excellent Example, and may *the Blessing of them that were ready to perish* be their Reward.

O ye Sons of Debauchery and Extravagance, did ye but know the Heart-felt Felicity of relieving those in Distress, you would no longer squander away your Time and Wealth in Luxury and Folly: And you would find, by happy Experience, that to feed the Hungry, cloath the Naked, and administer Comfort to the Sick, would give you more real Satisfaction, than all the vicious Enjoyments your most favourite Frolics could ever afford: For there is a Pleasure in doing Good, which none but good Men know.



To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

Your giving a Place in your next Number for the under-written, will greatly oblige

Your Admirer whenever I read,

And I always read you whenever I can,

A\*\*\*\*\*.

### A True STORY.

*Translated from the Spanish of MARIANA.*

**M**AIRDONADA was a Subaltern Officer's Wife, and one of those who ventured their Fortunes with *Nuncio*, when he went

upon the Discovery of new Countries, along the great River *Plata*, in *America*. This Woman's Husband was ever foremost in Danger, and al-

ways

ways testified an Aversion to the Cruelties used by the *Spaniards* upon the unresisting *Indians*. His Courage, however, was not sufficient to atone for the Mildness of his Disposition with a Body of Men, with whom Murder was grown familiar. *Nunez* sent him out upon a Party, where he was sure the *Indians* would be victorious.

What this General suspected actually happen'd. The *Spanish* Party, consisting of twelve Men, were set upon by a Number of *Indians*, taken Prisoners and all slain, except the Husband of the unfortunate *Maldonada*; whom they brought away, to be sacrificed upon some more solemn Occasion.

In the mean time, *Maldonada* began to perceive both the General's evil Intentions to her Husband, and guess'd at his Fate: Women, when injured, more frequently give an imprudent Loose to their Passions than Men. She openly accused the General of Cruelty and Injustice; and he, to vindicate his Reputation, had the Woman summoned before a Court of Soldiers, compos'd of those who were chiefly devoted to his Interests.

It is easy to imagine that here she found no Pity. They brought her in Guilty of Mutiny; and *Nunez* himself condemn'd her to be expos'd to Wild Beasts, in a Forest at some Distance from the *Spanish* Garrison. His Sentence was immediately put in Execution. *Maldonada* was led to a spacious Plain, in the Midst of the Forest; and there bound

to a large Tree, which was the usual Place of binding Criminals for Execution.

She had not been here long, when an old Lion, from the woody Part of the Forest, came running at her with all the Pierceness of Famine. She now concluded herself lost; when the generous Savage, observing her bound to a Tree, repress'd his Impetuosity, and, instead of being her Destroyer, became her Defender. He therefore couched down by her, and kept off the Tyger, the Leopard, Hyena, and every other Beast of Prey that were attracted to the same Place.

In this Situation, the Historian affirms, she continu'd for three Days, encircled by a Herd of Wild Animals, and protected by the old Lion; when her Husband, who had fortunately escaped from the Enemy, happen'd to take this Way, in his Return to the Garrison. He perceiv'd a Wretch, unprepar'd for Defence; and, approaching, found it to be his Wife.

Upon his Approach the Animals, all but the Lion, fled; and, after mutual Tears, the unfortunate Woman inform'd him of all that had happen'd in his Absence. Upon this, they both fled to a Tribe of *Indians*, call'd the *Araucans*, where he was soon constituted General among them. He taught them the Art of War; and this Nation is the most formidable Enemy, both of the *Spaniards* and *Portuguese*, to this Day.



To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

*I have sent you one of Boccace's Novels, translated by a young Gentleman. The Translation is not exact, but the Story is pretty, and, I believe, will be acceptable to your Readers.*

Your's,

ALMERIA.

## MARTUCIO and CONSTANCIA.

### A NOVEL.

"Ob! never let the noble Mind despair,

"For constant Hearts are Love's peculiar Care."

IN *Liparia*, a small Island near Sicily, liv'd *Constancia*, a young Lady descended of a noble Family. She was justly admir'd, by all that knew her, for her good Sense, Virtue and Beauty. A worthy Youth, named *Martucio*, of noble Descent, but whose Family was reduc'd by Misfortunes, beheld *Constancia* with a Lover's Eye. He was learn'd, brave and generous, and possess'd all those excellent Qualifications which demand Esteem. By a Thousand kind and endearing Offices he won the Heart of *Constancia*, which she had Generosity enough to confess.

*Martucio*, possess'd of the Affections of his dear *Constancia*, apply'd to her Father, in order to obtain his Consent to make him the happiest of Men. But how great was his Surprise, at receiving an absolute Denial. Difference of Fortune was the only Obstacle, for, not being possess'd of immense Riches, all his excellent Qualifications were disregarded!

Finding *Constancia's* Father deaf to all his Entreaties, he determin'd to leave *Liparia*, in Search of

Wealth. He collected his slender Fortune, purchas'd a small Vessel, obtain'd a few brave Fellows to share his Adventures, and resolv'd to attack the Pirates on the Coast of *Barbary*, in Hopes of plundering from them Heaps of Gold; for he was convinc'd nothing but Gold could procure him his dear *Constancia*, as it was that only which would satisfy the Avarice of her Father.

He cruiz'd for some Time on the *Barbarian* Coast with great Success, and acquir'd a vast Treasure, with which he purchas'd a large Estate, and then went to Sea again in Search of more; intending, at his Return, to demand *Constancia* of her Father in Marriage, as he hop'd his Fortune would then be superior to his Daughter's.

Fir'd with these Hopes, he determin'd to attack all the *Barbarian* Vessels that came in his Way. This he did for some Time with Success; but at length meeting with a Ship greatly superior in Bulk and Men, a most dreadful Fight ensu'd. The Combat was long, vigorous and doubtful, and the

the Sea was dy'd with hostile Blood; but at length being borne away with unequal Numbers, he became a Captive to the *Barbarian*, who took all the Treasure he had on board, and loaded him with Chains.

The Victor carried the vanquish'd *Martucio* into *Tunis*, where he was receiv'd with loud Acclamations from the People, and his Captive convey'd to a loathsome Dungeon. Here he remain'd destitute of Assistance, oppress'd with Hunger, distress'd with a Variety of Afflictions, and without the least Hopes of ever seeing his dear *Constancia* any more.

The News of this Combat soon reached *Liparia*; where it was told, that the brave *Martucio* and his Companions, scorning to yield to the *Barbarians*, fought 'till their Ship sunk to the Bottom of the Sea. *Constancia*, who greatly lamented his hasty Departure from *Liparia*, now feels ten Thousand agonizing Pains, and scarce with

Life receives the melancholly Tidings. She meditates on various Ways to end her wretched Being. Sometimes she takes the glittering Poinard, in order to plunge it in her tender Breast; and then dissolv'd in Tears, she lays it down. Fear and despairing Rage reign alternately in her Bosom. She is determin'd to die, but remains some Time irresolute in what Manner.

As she imagin'd *Martucio* was sunk to the Bottom of the Sea, she at length resolv'd to find the same Grave. She flies to the Port, and embarks in the first Boat she sees; when, hoisting the Sail, she was soon driven to the wide Ocean, from whence she never desir'd to return alive. She threw the Helm and Oars overboard, and then wrapping her Head in her loose Robe, laid herself down in the Bottom of the Boat, fearing neither the raging Seas or tempestuous Skies (for a dreadful Storm seem'd to threaten) and wishing for nothing but Death.

(To be continu'd.)



### *A Method of obtaining Natural Flowers in Winter, fresh blown, any Day you please.*

**C**HOOOSE some of the most perfect Buds of the Flowers you would preserve, such as are latest in Bloom, and ready to open. Cut them off with a Pair of Scissars, leaving to each, if possible, a Piece of the Stem, about three Inches in Length. Cover the End of the Stem immediately with *Spanish Wax*; and, when the Buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a Piece of Paper, perfectly clean and dry; then lock them up in a dry Box, and they will keep from corrupting.

In the Winter, or any other Time when you would have the Flowers blow, take the Buds over Night, and cut off the End of the Stem sealed with *Spanish Wax*, and put the Buds into Water, wherein a little Nitre or Salt has been infused; and, the next Day, you will have the Pleasure of seeing the Buds open'd and expanded, and the Flowers display their most lively Colours, and breathe their agreeable Odours.

J. C—E

A C

*A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks,  
Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.*

**SOLUTIONS to the CONUNDRUMS**

*In Number IV.*

31. **B**ECAUSE it is often sounded.
32. **B**ECAUSE he sets Time.
33. Because its Feather-headed.
34. Because it has Sack-in.
35. Because its underfoot.
36. Because it holds the Stock-in.
37. Because it is gather'd.
38. Because it goes round the Waste.
39. Because it is sometimes baited.
40. Because its best when full.

**SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES**

*In Number IV.*

7. A Cock.
8. A Turnstile.

**SOLUTIONS to the REBUSSES**

*In Number IV.*

7. **W**HAT Fragrance there is  
in a sweet *Briar Leaf*?  
We often say, *Ab!* when touched  
with Grief.  
Your primitive Metal is nothing but  
*Tin*;  
And *Happiness* surely we forfeit by  
*Sin*.  
From their Initials, I plainly descry,  
That *Bath* was the City you had in  
your Eye.

*Thamesfer.*

*A. C.*

8. *London.*

*Answer to a Rebuss in Number III.*

*By T. R.*

**I**N *Greenland* I'm told the Snow's to  
be found,  
Upon the high Mountains the whole  
twelve Months round:  
In *England*, our Climate is not so se-  
vere;  
It only in Winter, with us, does ap-  
pear.

The Title by *Spanish* Grandees much  
in Use,  
Is Don, my kind Sir—if I'm wrong,  
you'll excuse.  
From these, Sir, without much Trou-  
ble you'll find,  
Miss *Snowdon's* the Beauty I've got in  
my Mind.

**CONUNDRUMS.**

41. **W**HY is a Pocket-Book like  
a 'Prentice to a Musician?
42. Why are Coals like poor la-  
bouring Men?
43. Why is *Orpheus* always in bad  
Company?
44. Why is a 'Prentice like a Coach?
45. Why is a Man in an Alchouse  
like the Prop to a House?
46. Why is *Harrow on the Hill* like  
a good Artist?
47. Why is a good Pun like a good  
Cat?
48. Why is Mr. *Garrick* like an old  
Maid?
49. Why is an honest, virtuous Man  
like a Watch?
50. Why is an Eye-lid like the Wad-  
ding to a Gun?

[\* \* *The Solutions in our next.*]

**RIDDLES.**

9. **I**'M strait and handsome—some-  
times very fine;  
In Silk and Silver often seen to  
shine:  
All down my Breast, I costly Jewels  
wear  
To make me pleasing to the curious  
Fair.  
When at their Toilets, they for me  
will call,  
Where I'm deny'd no Liberties at all.  
There the kind Fair, encircled in my  
Arms,  
All blushing Red, and melting into  
Charms,  
Thinks it no Crime, to take me to her  
Breast;  
To press, caress, and—but you'll  
guess the rest.

Thus,

Thus, in my Youth, the Fair admire  
 me so,  
 That none, without me, care Abroad  
 to go:  
 'Till worn with Age, I'm grown so  
 poor and thin,  
 My Bones seem ready to peep thro'  
 my Skin;  
 They then discard me, and ev'n to my  
 Face,  
 Produce another to supply my Place:  
 But, for my Comfort, I this Truth  
 am told,  
 All Things, like me, are slighted  
 when grown old.

A\*\*\*\*\*.

10. **M**Y Face resembles all Man-  
 kind,  
 I'm ever blind when with the Blind;  
 When I'm approach'd by Ladies fair,  
 I'm just as handsome, I declare;  
 And when an ugly Girl I view,  
 By *Jove*, I'm just as ugly too.  
 [\* \* *The Solutions in our next.*]

REBUSSES.

9. **T**HE Half of three Hundred,  
 if rightly applied,  
 To the Place where the Living all  
 once did reside,  
 Will shew you with Ease, if I do not  
 mistake her,  
 A beautiful Lass—for your Pains,  
 pray now take her.

A\*\*\*\*\*.

10. **T**AKE four Fifths of an In-  
 sect's Produce;  
 A Thousand, the shortest, set down;  
 And 'twill tell you what's greatly in  
 use  
 In each City, each Village, and  
 Town.

J. C.

[\* \* *The Solutions in our next.*]

*Dining-Room Motto.*

**W**HO of the Absent ill Reports  
 suggests,  
 Shall not be number'd with my wel-  
 come Guests:

Whoe'er delights the Absent to de-  
 fame,  
 No Place shall at my friendly Table  
 claim.  
 Let him who wounds an absent Per-  
 son's Fame,  
 Avoid my Board; his Friendship I  
 disclaim.  
 My Board is spread with hospitable  
 Cheer;  
 Cut free, my Friends—but only  
 cut—what's there.

A\*\*\*\*\*.

EPIGRAM.

*Imitated from Mr. De Cailly.*

**O**NE Monday I receiv'd from her  
 I love  
 A Billet-doux, expressing her De-  
 sire,  
 That on the *Wednesday* I would come  
 and prove,  
 Whether or not my Flame was real  
 Fire.  
 "O God of Love," cry'd I, "attend  
 my Prayer!  
 "If I thy Votary have always been,  
 "Shorten the Time that keeps me  
 "from the Fair,  
 "And blot our jealous *Tuesday* that's  
 "between!"

C. D.

*On the Death of the celebrated Mr.  
 J. QUIN.*

**R**EJOICE, *John Dory*!—he is  
 dead,  
 Who upon thee so stoutly fed:  
 Had he been buried in the Sea,  
 O what a Feast he'd made for thee!  
 Ye Pow'rs! when we forsake these  
 Forms,  
 If Epicures are chang'd to Worms!  
 O what a Banquet they will have,  
 Who lodge within his well-stor'd  
 Grave!

On what a luscious Dish they'll dine,  
*John Dory* dress'd in *Bordeaux* Wine!  
 O let me wish, if 'tis no Sin,  
 To be a Worm, and feast on *Quin*!  
 This Grace, before and after said,  
 "Fat Jack was good alive or dead."

On

On the Death of Mr. QUIN.

*Luxisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti :  
Tempus abire tibi.* Hon.

**A**LAS, poor *Quin!* thy Jests  
and Stories  
Are quite extinguisht; and what  
more is,  
There's no *Jack Falstaff*, no *John*  
*Dorcas.*

W. W.

*Answer to the Epigram on Mr.  
QUIN's Death.*

**S**AYS *Britannia* to Death, in good  
Faith, I don't see  
Why the Fall of old *Quin* is so griev-  
ous to me!  
The Loss of a Quibble, a Pun, or  
Bon-Mot,  
Don't appear to *Britannia* such Mat-  
ter of Woe.  
How happy this Land, were she  
never to feel  
More fatal Effects of your conquer-  
ing Steel.  
Much Merit he had; but we've  
Cause to deplore,  
And of late, the Destruction of those  
who had more.  
May his *Manes* in Peace and Tran-  
quillity sleep;  
But let Venders of Ven'fon, let Fish-  
women, weep.

J. C.

On the Death of Mrs. CIBBER.

**S**HE's gone! whose Terrors, Rage,  
or Tears,  
Fill'd every human Heart and Eye;  
Her Griefs we shar'd, we felt her  
Fears  
Whenever she but feign'd to die,  
Past are the Scenes in Fancy led,  
Where mimic Sorrow took the Lead;  
None ever made us Half so sad,  
As that where *Gibber* dy'd indeed.

G. C.

EPITAPH intended for an Officer, who  
died very young in the Army in Flanders.

Imitated from Monsieur Racan.

**H**ERE lieth one, who in his April  
Morn,  
Had so much Virtue, Fortitude,  
and Truth,  
That in the vicious Age when he was  
born,  
His Features only testify'd his  
Youth.  
Whilst all admiring gaz'd at Worth  
so rare,  
Death darted by Mistake the fatal  
Sting;  
For seeing Fruit so very ripe and fair,  
He took for Autumn what was but  
his Spring.

C. D.

ON VALENTINE'S MORNING.

**J**UST as I rose at Dawn of Day,  
The cheering Sun peep'd thro'  
the Grove,  
And darted forth a genial Ray,  
To me nought else it seem'd but  
Love.

Then through the Fields I bent my  
Way,  
The feather'd Choir around me  
sung;  
The Lark tun'd forth her vernal Lay,  
And far outv'y'd the vocal Throag.

As I my Footsteps still renew,  
Each Bird appear'd to chuse a Mate,  
And Side by Side away they flew,  
Nor far from thence they took  
their Seat.

What can this mean, ye Pow'rs  
above!

All seem in one Consent to join;  
All, all in Love, where'er I rove,  
Sure 'tis the Day of *Valentine*.

Then to my Love I swiftly sped,  
Whose Heart and Hand with mine  
I'll join,  
She'll be the Partner of my Bed,  
And she alone my *Valentine*.

Adapted

Advice to MARRIED LADIES.

*Vince Animam Irasque tuam, qua cetera vincis.*

ANNE and ALICIA, young and gay,  
Both married passing well,  
Came to their Parents' other Day,  
Their Grievances to tell.  
Anna, a silent, fullen, passive Lass;  
Alicia, hasty, but good-natur'd was.

Anna, the eldest, first began  
To tell her mournful Tale;  
And, whimpering said,—"With  
" my good Man,  
" No Temper cou'd avail;  
" When he's in a Passion not one  
" Word I say;  
" But sigh, or cry, and take myself  
" away.

" He following, calls me *dummy*  
" *Jade*,  
" To aggravate my Sorrow;  
" And swears, he'll call the *Sar-*  
" *geon's* Aid,  
" To find my Tongue To-morrow:  
" Nay—when I beg he'd please to  
" cease his Noise:  
" No, no, you're deaf, the *louder Brute*  
" replies.

" Thus, if I speak, he storms anew;  
" My Silence too offends;  
" And every Method I pursue,  
" To equal Discord tends.  
" In this sad State, Sir, your Advice  
" I crave,  
" E'er long Vexation brings me to  
" my Grave."

Alicia next her Story told,  
With Fury in her Eye:  
" When *Stephen* frowns, I rave  
" and scold,  
" 'Till he's oblig'd to fly.  
" Then cou'd I hang myself, and  
" grieve alone  
" With inward Pain, to think of what  
" is done."

The Father, pausing, sat awhile,  
Their different Tempers weigh'd;  
At length, their Troubles to be-  
guile,

This prudent Lecture read:  
" Nanny, be you more affable and free:  
" And you, *Alicia*, cease your Tyranny.

" Remember, in the Marriage-State  
" There can no Medium be;  
" The sure Event is Love, or Hate;  
" Comfort, or Misery.  
" Give and *forget*, no more come  
" whining hither,  
" Or ever put your *Fools-Caps* on  
" together.

" Be very careful not to lose  
" The Affections of your Spouses,  
" Lest hence from Friends they  
" turn to Foes,  
" And ruin both your Houses.  
" *Heav'n has no Curses like Love to Ha-*  
" *red turn'd,*  
" *Nor Hell a Fury like a Husband scorn'd.*"

Fully determin'd to pursue  
The good Advice receiv'd,  
The Daughters instantly withdrew,  
In Hopes to be reliev'd.  
The powerful Med'cine wrought a  
speedy Cure,  
And Peace, and Happiness, and Love  
endure,

*Probatur est.*

A True Tale of a COUNTRY  
SQUIRE.

A Man of Wisdom may disguise  
His Knowledge, and not seem  
too wise;  
But, take it for a constant Rule,  
There's no concealing of a Fool,  
Of this the Instances are plenty,  
But One may serve as well as Twenty;

A worthy Knight of good Estate  
Prov'd to be so unfortunate,  
That, with great Cost and fruitless  
Care,  
He rear'd a Blockhead to his Heir.  
But hoping it would mend the Breed,  
Shou'd he some prudent Damsel wed  
A a

He sent him out to court a Lady,  
Whose Father he'd engag'd already.  
But first, he charg'd him on his Blessing,  
To keep in Mind this easy Lesson.

*Humphry*, says he, what e'er you do,  
Take heed your Words be very few;  
For you'll be counted wise, so long  
As you have Wit to hold your Tongue:  
Then never feed so greedily  
On Custard, Pudding, or sweet Pye;  
Lest your ungovern'd Appetite  
Bring Shame and Sorrow in the Night:  
But *John* shall go and he'll advise ye,  
And, let me tell you, *John*'s no Nisefy.

—Here, *John*, d'you mind, give  
*Numps* a Touch,

Whene'er he talks or eats too much.  
Be sure take heed he don't neglect,  
To pay the old Gentry great Respect;  
And all thy Services express  
In handsome Terms, with good Address.  
Instructed thus, they both took Horse,  
And tow'rd the Lady bent their Course.  
Whilst *John* perform'd the Teacher's  
Part,

*Numps* got his Compliments by Heart,  
Which he deliver'd in such Guise,  
They thought him tolerably wise;  
He held his Tongue, this seem'd to  
be

A Token of his Modesty:  
All past on well, 'till Supper came;  
Oh hateful Meal! Oh hateful Name,  
Vile Author of poor *Humphry's*  
Shame!

From ev'ry Dish, most nicely dress'd,  
The old Lady still supply'd her Guest.  
All with Astonishment beheld  
His Plate oft empty, often fill'd.  
He eat; *John* pull'd, and pull'd again,  
Thy Pulls, O *John*, were all in vain;  
For when he had cram'd up to the  
Throat,

In came an Apple-Pye to boot.  
When Madam saw how fond an Eye,  
He cast upon the smocking Pye,  
She fill'd his Plate six Inches high.  
*John* gave his Elbow many a Twitch,  
Thought he, our *John* may kiss my  
B—

'Tis Apple-Pye, I'll eat my Fill,  
Let the Consequence be what it will.  
Fatal Resolve! I dread to to tell  
The Consequences which befall.

Let sordid Nightmen do the rest,  
Who relish the unsav'ry Jest.  
My dainty Muse would fain have done  
But Truth commands, she must go on  
'Tis for Repentance now too late;  
The Fish has gorg'd the Slippery Ba

In the best Bed the 'Squire must lie  
And *John* in Truckle-Bed hard by;  
Who sleep, 'till bitter Voice and  
Groan,

At Midnight cry'd; O help! dear  
*John*,

Or else for ever I'm undone.  
For Heaven's sake, find some Excuse,  
The devilish Apple-Pye's broke loose;  
And as I lain upon't, and roil'd it,  
The Bed's scarce big enough to hold it,  
*John* wak'd, and thus began to pray,  
The Devil take all Fools I say;  
Why, choak ye, eat it up again,  
And lick the Sheets and Bolster clean.  
—What can be done? here take my  
Shirt

And I'll come wallow in the Dirt.  
Do you get up as soon as Light,  
I'll lye, and try to set all right.  
So said, so done, up got the 'Squire,  
And *John* lay tumbling in the Mire.  
He lay 'till two brisk Lasses come,  
To make the Bed and clear the Room;  
Soon in the Damask Bed, Friend *John*  
Was spy'd Half bury'd in the Down.  
What's here? quoth *Nell*, as I'm alive,  
The Master rose soon after Five.  
Here is the Man, a lazy Loon,  
Intends to lie a-bed 'till Noon.  
Quoth *John*, I've had a tedious Night,  
That Truckle-Bed has lam'd me quite.  
I turn'd in here to take some Rest,  
This is a comfortable Nest:  
One Nap, dear Girls, is all I beg.  
—A Nap, *Sue*, give him some cold Pig;  
Come, come, says *John*, don't play  
the Fool;  
I'm laxative, you'll make me pull  
And straining hard, will force a  
Stool.

They pull'd; *John* squeez'd, and gave  
a Grunt,  
And out he leap'd——good faith!  
I've don't:

E'en thank your selves.—Away run *Nell*  
And *Sue*, Half poison'd with the Smell.

This

This Story slip't not, you may swear,  
But quickly reach'd the Master's Ear.  
His Worship tickled with the Whim,  
Cou'd not forbear at Dinner-time  
To banter *John*; nor did he fail,  
To enlarge upon the curious Tale.  
But, seeing *John* with Shame cast down,  
He franklyript him Half a Crown.  
*John* bow'd—Young Master sitting by,  
Seeing the Prize with envious Eye,  
Into *John's* Fob directly go,  
Cry'd out aloud, Why *John*, you know,  
The Half Crown is by Right my Due,  
Twas I be—t the Bed, not you.

Oh! Blunder! never to be mended;  
This one wise Speech, the Courtship  
ended.  
Home trotted *John* in doleful Dumps;  
And far behind sneak'd hopeful Numps:  
And Madam, thus diverted by her  
Squire,  
Found out a cleaner Lover to lie by  
her.

CÆLIA: Or, The Toast at Fifty.

OUR Hearts at Fifty, *Celia*, still  
alarms:  
Blooming 'till Thirty, she at Fifty  
charms:  
While of the famous Toasts a younger  
Train  
Have rose to Empire, and have set  
again.

The Oak thus thro' an Age in  
Pomp appears,  
And boasts its Glories at an Hundred  
Years:  
While the gay, gaudy Flowers of a  
Day,  
Quickly spring up, and quickly fade  
away.

On the ROSE: From ANACREON.

IN the garland-bearing Spring,  
To the Rose I strike the String,  
Join the Concert while I sing.

Scented first by heav'nly Breath,  
Sprung the Rose for Man beneath,

Fragrant Blossom! yielding Joy,  
Dear to *Venus* and her Boy;  
To the Graces dear, in Hours  
Full of Love, and full of Flow'rs;  
To the Muses it belongs,  
Subject of poetic Songs!  
Sweet to him, who haply strays,  
Doubtful, slow thro' thorny Ways:  
Sweet to her, who from the Stalk  
Plucks it in her Morning's Walk;  
That her Virgin Hand may move  
To her Breast the Flow'r of Love.

From the Rose what Pleasures  
rise

To the Gay, and to the Wife!  
This with gladsome Wreath invests  
Vernal and Autumnal Feasts;  
Grace and Ornament affords  
To our Altars, and our Boards.

Roses all that's Fair adorn,  
Rosy-finger'd is the Morn;  
Rosy-arm'd the Nymphs are seen,  
Rosy-skin'd is Beauty's Queen.

These the Sick and Languid please,  
Nay the Dead are deck'd with these;  
These can even conquer Time,  
Since, when faded from their Prime,  
Still they breathe Perfume, and hold  
Youthful Odour when they're old.

Say we whence the Rose's Bloom;  
Whence, from the neglected Foam,  
Hoary Ocean *Venus* gave,  
Dew-betprinkled from the Wave;  
When *Minerva*, fierce and fair,  
Queen of Tumult, and of War,  
Issu'd from the Head of *Jove*,  
Dreadful to the Realms above:  
Then the gen'ral Mother Earth  
Teem'd, and bore a flow'ry Birth;  
New-born Rose, producing thee,  
Various, beauteous Progeny!

See the Gods in Council meet!  
See the Soil with Nectar sweet,  
Soft they tinge! and quick the Rose,  
Sacred to *Lyæus* glows;  
Deathless Flow'r, divinely born!  
Glorious Offspring of the Thorn!



*On a little Miss playing with her Shadow.*

**N**ature, which purest Prospects gives,  
Ne'er could a Scene more lovely boast,

Simplicity with Beauty strives  
Which shall engage Spectators most.

See! how the pretty Trifler sports,  
With Nothing dancing in her Shape,  
And fond of such Delusion, courts  
A flying still, still present Appear!

See how the airy Spectre plays,  
And leads her a fantastic Chace,  
Now meets her in the mimic Maze,  
Then coyly baffles her Embrace.

Beware, lest you with like Disguise,  
Hereafter, Miss, this Sport discover,  
And while you seem to yield the Prize,  
Then disappoint the sanguine Lover.

Could this reflect her opening Charms,  
As it her Shape and Air expresses,  
Who would not then extend their Arms  
And vainly tempt it with Careresses?

'Tis well the Phantom can't assume,  
Of Beauty such expressive Power,  
In future Gardens else might bloom,  
A fairer Narcissus Flower.

With secret Joy the tuneful Muse  
Surveys you thus your Time employing,  
In hopes you'll her, your Play-mate  
chuse,

When you with this give over  
toying.

This pleasing Theatre display'd  
Had celebrated *Spencer* seen,  
He had suppos'd the beauteous Maid  
Attended by his Fairy Queen.

Or in immortal Numbers tell,  
O *Pope*, if blushing to appear,  
Yet fond to play, this sable Veil  
Some Sylph for her Concealment wear.

In *Daphne's* verdant Honours dress'd,  
To solve our dark uncertain GuesSES,  
Lo! sportive *Cowley* comes confess'd,  
And smiling thus to me addresses.

"What in Resemblance of a Shade,  
"Your feeble mortal Sense be-  
"guiles,

"Is *Cupid* hid in Masquerade,  
"To copy her celestial Smiles.

"And some Time hence, with wound-

"ed Hearts,

"Unnumber'd Heroes shall expire

"When at her Glances he his Dart

"Has pointed with resistless Fire."

*Moral Reflections on the foregoing.*

**L**ET no grave Censor with Disdain  
In Miss this trifling Pastime  
view;

We, who to riper Years attain,  
But visionary Game pursue.

False Shews our eager Hopes invite,  
And Fancy in the Chace is pleas'd,

Each specious Bubble yields Delight,  
Tho' nought substantial can be  
seiz'd.

We like *Tydid*, fondly spend  
On Phantoms our successful Dart,

Tho' sacred *Pallas* we pretend,  
The Hand assists, and guides the  
Heart.

To taste of Blessings yet complete,  
No Mortal is by Heav'n allow'd;

The sweetest Pleasure here's a Cheat,  
The brightest Beauty but a Cloud.

To a LADY, before Marriage.

**N**O Rose, that blossoms on the  
Tree,

Is Half so fair, so sweet as thee:  
Thy Breath all Spices far excel,

No Vio'let's equal to thy Smell.

A \*\*\*\*\*

*After Possession.*

**I**N vain the *Indies* could produce,  
A Thing so trifling of such Use;

When gain'd, we make you for our  
Life,

That useful Bauble, call'd a Wife.

A \*\*\*\*\*

ON BEAUTY.

**W**HEN Beauty's mixt with mo-  
dest Pride,

'Tis not to be censur'd:  
If Sweetness blest the Fair beside,  
She's worth her Weight in Gold.

J. B.

The

*The* LOVER'S LEGACY.

**E**RE my latest Breath I sigh,  
*Chloe*, ere for thee I die;  
 To thee and others I bequeath,  
 All a Lover has to leave:  
 My Eyes which blind (but just can see)  
 Blinder Love, I leave to thee:  
 All my self-tormenting Cares,  
 Anxious Thoughts, and needless Fears;  
 All my Watchings for thy Sake,  
 Let the wretched Miser take:  
 Partly to Fame I give my Tongue,  
 Partly the Female Sex among:  
 But my *Chloe*, fickle Fair,  
 Each false Vow, and falser Tear;  
 Which I sigh'd to doubting Maid,  
 Which I dropp'd to have betray'd;  
 Each inconstant roving Thought,  
 With ten Thousand Passions fraught;  
 All my Whimsies light and gay,  
 Which in Thinking die away:  
 All my Love for Faces new,  
 All my Hate to Old Ones due:  
 All my Wit that's misapply'd,  
 All my Scorn, and all my Pride;  
 All my Follies of the Town,  
 To thee I leave and thee alone.

Nor, *Chloe*, struck with Wonder be,  
 At this my last, just Legacy.  
 This Art of Giving *Cupid* show'd  
 When he my Heart on thee bestow'd,  
 Only your numerous Train to fill,  
 Who had ten Thousand at your Will;  
 And taught me thus to give a Store,  
 To those who had too much of each  
 before.

A LITTLE WISH.

**G**RANT me, Gods, a little Seat,  
 Modern-built, and furnish'd  
 neat:  
 Let it stand on rising Ground,  
 For a Prospect all around;  
 Name my Seat *Elysian-Hill*:  
 From the Mount a little Rill,  
 Let Meand'ring gently flow  
 Thro' the verdant Vale below;  
 Add a little Garden to't,  
 Planted, wall'd, and well laid out;

And a little Bow'r therein,  
 Little Bower ever green.  
 And a little shady Grove,  
 Or, for Study, or for Love;  
 And some little Trees that bear  
 Pippin, Cherry, Plumb, and Pear;  
 And the Apricot and Peach,  
 On the Wall within my Reach;  
 And each fragrant Flow'r that grows;  
 Fragrant Flower for the Nose.  
 And the Rose in all its Pride,  
 Blooming Rose, for blooming Bride;  
 Tulips too in richest Shew,  
 Tulips gay, as Birth-night Beau.

Let us now go in a Door,  
 And see what to ask for more:  
 Grant, ye Pow'rs, a little Wine,  
 For a Guest that comes to dine;  
 And a Stock of Mild and Stale,  
 Horser Neighbours to regale;  
 And *Otober*, strong and mellow,  
 Tubes and Weed for hearty Fel-  
 low.

Those in nicest Moulds compress;  
 This of *Hughes's* very Best:  
 Cordials too in Cupboard be,  
 Rum, Arrack, and Ratifia;  
 Now and then a little Cup,  
 Serves to keep the Spirits up.

As a Sportsman, give me Horses,  
 Some for Chace, and some for Courses;  
 And a Pack of little Hounds,  
 To drive Reynard o'er the Downs:  
 Grant for these a fit Estate,  
 Nor too little, nor too great.

But if ask again I shall,  
 I will ask what's all in all:  
 Give a little pretty Sponse,  
 For to grace my little House:  
 Let her have Complexion fair,  
 Sparkling Eyes, and auburn Hair;  
 Skin as White as Neck of Swan,  
 Smooth as Down that grows thereon;  
 Smiling Looks, and ruby Lips,  
 Waiste that tapers to her Hips;  
 And fine Arms that easy fall,  
 And soft Hands and Fingers small.  
 Skill'd to touch the warbling Strings,  
 When her Lays, or mine she sings:  
 Let her frank and pleasant be,  
 To my Friends, as well as me;

And

And with Wit and Beauty's Charms,  
Glad my Heart and bless my Arms:  
Be the Produce of our Joys,  
Little Girls, and little Boys.

O! the Sweets of such a Life,  
To be blest'd with such a Wife!  
Grant but these—may I be Poor,  
When I ask a little more.

*The Ninth Ode of the Third Book of  
HORACE, imitated.*

*Donec gratus, &c.*

HORACE and LYDIA.

*Horace.*

WHILST I perceiv'd thy tender  
Flame,  
My Joy unrival'd shew'd the same;  
No anxious Care my Soul possess'd,  
I more than *Persia's* Prince was blest'd.

*Lydia.*

While you my tender Vows return'd,  
Nor (slighting me) for *Chloe* burn'd,  
Extensive flourish'd *Lydia's* Name,  
Far more than *Roman Ilia's* Fame.

*Horace.*

But *Chloe's* Charms my Soul now fire;  
How sweet her Voice! and trembling  
Lyre!

Ye Gods! to save that Form from  
Death,  
Transported I'd resign my Breath.

*Lydia.*

With mutual Love now *Colais* burns,  
And *Lydia* ev'ry Sigh returns;  
His gen'rous youthful Life to save,  
Twice I'd descend the silent Grave.

*Horace.*

Suppose my former Flame returns,  
And ev'ry Nerve for *Lydia* burns?

If I forsake fair *Chloe's* Charms,  
And seek deserted *Lydia's* Arms?

*Lydia.*

More beauteous than the Stars was he,  
More sickle thou than Wind or Sea;  
My tender Suit shou'd reach the Sky,  
To live with thee, with thee to die.

H. BATE.

#### AN EPIGRAM.

SEVEN painful Years young *Jacob*  
serv'd,  
In Hopes to wed his lovely Cousin;  
Could I your tender Heart obtain,  
I'd make the seven Years a Dozen.

*Written extempore by a Young LADY,  
on one of the Windows in the Castle  
at Nottingham.*

YE Heavens! if Innocence de-  
serves your Care,  
Why have ye made it fatal to the Fair?  
Bane Man! the Ruin of our Sex was  
born,  
The Beauteous are his Prey, the Base  
his Scorn:  
Alike unfortunate our Fate is such,  
We please too little, or we please too  
much.

#### AN ACROSTICK.

By J. Cunningham.

P Ray tell me, says *Venus*, one }  
Day to the Graces,  
(O n a Visit they came, and had just }  
ta'en their Places.)  
L et me know why of late I can }  
ne'er see your Faces?  
L adies, nothing, I hope, happen'd }  
hence to affright you,  
T ou've had Compliment-Cards every }  
Day to invite you.

S ays *Cupid*, who guess'd their rebel-  
lious Proceeding,  
U nderhand, dear Mamma, here's some  
Mischief a breeding;  
T here's

Here's a Fair One, near D—m,  
 so finish'd a Beauty,  
 That your Loves and your Graces all  
 swerve from their Duty.  
 On my Life, says Dame *Venus*; I'll  
 not be thus put on;  
 Now I think on't, last Night, some  
 one call'd me Miss *Sutton*.

VERSES on a PEN, from a POEM  
*just publish'd.*

**L**IGHT Toy!—but in a skilful  
 Hand,  
 More potent than a Sorcerer's Wand!  
 Nor Talisman, nor Charm, nor Spell,  
 Nor all the witching Tricks of Hell,  
 Can with such Potency controul,  
 And in Enchantment hold the Soul!  
 In Touches can create, transform;  
 Rouse sleeping *Neptune* with a Storm;  
 Or bid the howling Tempest cease,  
 And rock old Ocean into Peace:  
 Can snatch from *Time* his Scythe at  
 Will,  
 And make his glowing Wheels stand  
 still;  
 Pluck from Decay its cank'ring Tooth,  
 And give to Nature constant Youth.

Drawn by old *Homer's* Hand, the  
 Rose

Still on the Cheek of *Helen* blows.  
 Her Beauty suffers no Decay,  
 Nor moulders for the Worm a Prey:  
*Time's* Chissel cuts no Wrinkles in  
 The Velvet Smoothness of her Skin;  
 Nor can the Thirst of old Age sip  
 The dewy Moisture of her Lip;  
 And now her Eyes as brilliant shew,  
 As *Paris* saw them long ago.  
 For tho' her beauteous Body must  
 Have crumbled into native Dust;  
 Yet still her Features live in Song,  
 Like *Hebe*, ever fair and young.

Fades the thick leafy Grove; the  
 Pen  
 Can bid its Verdure live again.  
 Can with Imagination's Dew  
 Cherish each Leaf to bloom anew,  
 And call forth greenest Wreath t' an-  
 dow  
 The Patriot's and the Poet's Brow.

In a fine Phrensy of the Soul,  
 When Poets glance from Pole to Pole;  
 Bearing on visionary Wings  
 The shadowy Forms of real Things,  
 When Eagle plum'd, they soar on  
 high  
 To bring down Virtue from the Sky;  
 Or cowering low upon the Wing,  
 Vice's grim Form from Hell they  
 bring,  
 The Pen! each Phantom which they  
 bear  
 Embodies, ere it melts to Air:  
 To each fugacious Image gives  
 A Fixedness, and while it lives  
 Arrests the fleeting Thought, before  
 It vanishes, and is no more.—

Useless were Study, vain the Toil  
 Of Sages o'er the midnight Oil;  
 Fruitless their Labours to Mankind,  
 The Harvest to themselves confin'd;  
 If *Cadmus' Art* did not transmit  
 Their Knowledge, and embalm their  
 Wit.

On an ENGLISH HELEN.

O *Matre pulchrâ, Filia pulchrâ.*  
 O fairer Mother of a fairer Girl!

**W**HEN the three Beauties upon  
*Ida* strove,  
 In am'rous Contest for a Soldier's  
 Love:  
*Venus*, the lovely, bore the Prize you  
 know,  
 From wise *Minerva*, and the gentle  
*Juno*:  
 When *Paris* whisper'd *Venus* in the  
 Ear,  
 "You'd lost it, Mam!—if *Helen* had  
 "been here!"

On Mrs. POOR, at P——th.

**T**HE Nymph that with Riches  
 abounds,  
 The Breast of each Shepherd alarms;  
 The Proverb says, "Ten Thousand  
 "Pounds  
 "Is sure to have ten Thousand  
 "Charms!"

When

When Beauty or Title e'en fails,  
 'Tis Gold can a Lover procure;  
 Yet, strange! not a Nymph that here  
 dwells,  
 But wishes herself to be Poor!

**AN EPIGRAM: From MAROT.**

**A** Gentle No, said with a Smile,  
 Is worth a hundred Yesses;  
 Not but I languish all the while,  
 To taste your balmy Kisses:

But when I seize the rapt'rous Joy,  
 Pray seemingly resist:  
 And whilst you willingly comply,  
 Cry out—I won't be kiss'd.

**THE WREN'S NEST.**

**M**ARK as you pass that humble  
 Shed!

"Why, what can strike one  
 "there?"  
 Ev'n this; it lifts its sheltering Head,  
 O'er a sweet warbling Pair.

What are they plucking? see *Tom*,  
 see,  
 "Tis Moss from off that Bough,"  
 For building sure!—but can it be?  
 It is, it is, I vow!

December they can turn to Spring;  
 That I could do the same!  
 Ev'n Birds, how'er we scorn the  
 Thing,  
 Shall cloathe Mankind with Shame.

Your pleasing Task, ye Wrens pursue,  
 And Winter-Scenes defy!  
 Was I as innocent as you,  
 Not Pain shou'd force a Sigh.

Mark how they ply the busy Bill!  
 How fast the Nest they form!  
 Sweet Birds! but put forth all your  
 Skill;  
 Your Nest had need be warm.

O live, ye moralizing Pair,  
 That Winter's Nest to rear!  
 Let Tabby touch it if she dare!  
 No wicked Boy come near!

I dread the most, some *Norway* Rat,  
 From yon old rotten Thatch;  
 My little Wrens, ne'er dream of that,  
 Dream only that you hatch.

And now the Female's on her Nest;  
 How snug she sits! how still!  
 And there's the Male, with Blessing  
 blest,  
 For mark his laden Bill.

Instinct how true, in ev'ry Kind!  
 How wise the Maker, God!  
 Let Man, who boasts a reasoning Mind,  
 Be true to Reason's Nod.

This let him be, or let the Wren  
 Still cloathe his Pride in Shame:  
 This let him be, or let us Men  
 Renounce th' imperial Name.

VERULAM.

#### A RECIPE.

**A**S much Mischief ensues from  
 the Prick of a Thorne,  
 With Itchings and Twichings, full  
 hard to be borne;  
 Be this simple Prescription apply'd to  
 the Wound,  
 And, *Grads experts*, you soon will be  
 sound:  
 Take the Gall of a Hog, newly kill'd,  
 and distil  
 Into Bards, or Phial, or what else  
 you will.  
 This sovereign Elixir has ne'er yet of  
 Aim miss'd,  
 And no Wonder, sincere Nature her-  
 self is the Chemist.

#### THE MISER and MOUSE.

**T**O a Mouse, says a Miser, "My  
 "dear Mr. Mouse,  
 "Pray what may you please for to  
 "want in my House?"  
 Says the Mouse, "Mr. Miser, pray  
 "keep yourself quiet;  
 "You are safe in your Person, your  
 "Purse, and your Dier:  
 "A Lodging I want, which ev'n you  
 "may afford;  
 "But none would come here to beg,  
 "borrow or board."

A \*\*\*\*\*.

A Col-

*A Collection of Favourite New Songs.*

SONG XLIX.

ADVICE to the LADIES.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**Y**E Nymphs and ye Shepherds  
that join in the Throng,  
Pray tarry a while, and attend to my  
Song,  
Pray tarry a while, &c.  
The Story, tho' simple, is true that I  
tell,  
I hope it will please you all wonder-  
ful well,  
Wonderful well, &c.

I went t'other Day, to a Wake on  
the Green,  
And met with a Lass, fair as Beauty's  
gay Queen;  
And met, &c.  
I ask'd for a Kiss, but the Damsel  
cry'd, "No,"  
And struggled and frown'd, and said,  
"Pray let me go,"  
"Pray let, &c.

I tenderly cry'd, "Phillis, don't be a  
"Prude;"  
But still she return'd, "I'll cry out if  
"you're rude;"  
But still, &c.  
The more that I press'd her, the more  
she cry'd, "No,"  
And struggled and frown'd, and said,  
"Pray let me go,"  
"Pray let, &c.

I found no Entreaties would make her  
comply,  
Whenever I touch'd her, 'twas  
"Fye, Collin, fye;"  
Whenever I, &c.  
So I sent for a Parson, and made her  
my Wife,  
And now I am welcome to kiss her  
for Life,  
Kiss her for Life, &c.

Ye Virgins that hear, learn Example  
from this,  
Take Care how too freely you part  
with a Kiss;  
Take Care, &c.  
Conceal for a Time all the Favours  
you can,  
For that's the best Way to make sure  
of your Man,  
Sure of your Man, &c.

SONG L.

*Sung by Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh-  
Gardens.*

**V**ENUS, Queen of tender Passions,  
Soft Disposer of the Heart;  
All thy amorous Inclinations,  
To my *Chloe's* Breast impart.  
*Venus, &c.*

Like the glit'ring Snake extended,  
On a fragrant Bank of Flow'rs,  
In my *Chloe's* Breast are blended  
Scorn and Beauty's fatal Pow'rs.  
*Venus, &c.*

Turn, ah! *Chloe*, turn and hear;  
Pity wretched *Damon's* Woe:  
Alas! what human Heart can bear  
The Force of Scorn and Beauty too!  
*Venus, &c.*

SONG LI.

*Sung by Mr. Squibb, in Artaxerxes.*

**I**N Infancy our Hopes and Fears  
Were to each other known;  
And Friendship in our riper Years,  
Has twin'd our Hearts in one:  
O! clear him then from this Of-  
fence;  
Thy Love, thy Duty, prove;  
Restore him with that Innocence  
Which first inspir'd my Love.

## SONG LII.

## The A D V I C E.

*Sung by Miss Wright, at Vauxhall.*

**T**HE Winter its desolate Train,  
Of Frost and of Tempest may  
bring;

Yet *Flora* steps forward again,  
And Nature revives in the Spring.  
Tho' the Sun in his Glory's decreas'd,  
Of his Beams in the Ev'ning is  
shorn;

Yet he rises with Joy in the East,  
And repairs them again in the  
Morn.

But what can Youth's Sunshine re-  
cal,  
Or the Blossoms of Beauty restore?  
When its Leaves are beginning to  
fall,

It dies and is heard of no more:  
The Spring-Time of Love then em-  
ploy,

'Tis a Lesson that's easy to learn;  
For *Cupid's* a Vagrant, a Boy,  
And his Season will never return.

## SONG LIII.

*Sung by Mr. Tenucci, at Ranelagh-Gardens.*

**I**Ndeed, my Dear, in vain you strive  
To keep a ling'ring Flame alive;  
And tho' you fret, and vex, and tease,  
No longer can your Beauties please.

Why do you sigh, and think it strange,  
That I should rove, that I should  
range?

Observe all Nature's Work, you'll  
see

They justify Inconstancy.

The Sun and Moon alternate rise,  
The Stars do wander in the Skies;  
The Earth doth all her Bounties bear,  
From Seasons varying thro' the Year.

Then since 'tis Nature's Law to  
change,

'Tis Constancy, alone, is strange;  
And why, my Dear, should I pre-  
tend

Great Nature's Statutes to amend?

## SONG LIV.

## The T H R U S H.

*Sung by Miss Wright, at Vauxhall.*

**S**WEET Thrush, that makes the  
vernal Year,  
Sweeter than *Flora* can appear:  
As *Philomel* attends thy Lay,  
She envies the Return of Day.  
The tuneful Lyre and swelling Flute,  
At thy rich Warbling shall be mute:  
Vocal Minstrel, thy soft Lay  
Treasures up and ends the *May*.

Hark! how the Blackbird weos his  
Love,

The skill'd Musician of the Grove;  
On Thorn, as perch'd, he nobly sings,  
A Cadence for the Ear of Kings:  
Sublime and soft, gay and serene,  
A Virginial to hail a Queen;  
Nature's Music thus improves,  
All the Graces and the Loves.

## SONG LV.

## O! F Y E for S H A M E.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**A**S thro' the Grove I chanc'd to  
stray,  
I met young *Phillis* on her Way;  
I flew like Lightning to her Arms,  
And gaz'd in Rapture on her Charms:  
Her Looks reveal'd a modest Flame,  
But still she cry'd, O! fye for Shame.  
Her Looks reveal'd a modest Flame,  
But still she cry'd, O! fye for Shame.

With eager Haste I stole a Kiss,  
Which blushing *Phillis* took amiss;  
She push'd me from her with a Frown,  
And call'd me bold presuming Clown:  
While

While I confess'd myself to blame,  
But still she cry'd, O! fye for Shame.

In tender Sighs I told my Love,  
And pledg'd my Faith on Things  
above ;

But she like all her Sex was shy,  
And tho' I swore, would not comply :  
Yet I perceiv'd she met my Flame,  
But still she cry'd, O! fye for Shame.

When this I saw, I quickly cry'd,  
Will lovely *Phillis* be a Bride ?  
But, hark ! I hear the tinkling Bell,  
To Church let's go, it pleas'd her  
well :

And soon a kind Compliance came,  
But still she cry'd, O! fye for Shame.

Now *Hymen's* Bands have made us one,  
The Joys we taste to few are known ;  
No jealous Fears our Bosoms move,  
For constant each, we truly love :  
She now declares I'm not to blame ;  
Nor longer cries, O! fye for Shame.

SONG LVI.

PATTY of the MILL

*Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh-  
Gardens.*

**F**AR sweeter than the Hawthorn  
Bloom,  
Whose Fragrance sheds a rich Per-  
fume,  
And all the Meadows fill ;  
Much fairer than the Lilly blows,  
More lovely than the blushing Rose,  
Is *Patty* of the Mill.

The neighb'ring Swains her Beauty  
fir'd,  
With Wonder struck, they all ad-  
mir'd,  
And prais'd her from the Hill :  
Each strove with all his rustic Art,  
To sooth and charm the honest Heart  
Of *Patty* of the Mill.

But vain were all Attempts to move,  
A fixed Heart, more true to Love,  
Than Turtles when they bill.  
A chearful Soul, a pleasing Grace,  
And sweet Content smiles in the Face  
Of *Patty* of the Mill.

The Good a Friend in Fortune find,  
Exalts the honest virtuous Mind,  
And guards it from all Ill :  
Ye Fair for ever constant prove,  
Be ever kind, be true to love,  
Like *Patty* of the Mill.

SONG LVII.

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Midas.*

**I**N these greasy old Tatters his  
Charms brighter shine ;  
Then his Guittar he clatters with  
Tinkling divine :  
But my Sister,  
Ah ! he kiss'd her,  
And me he pass'd by ;  
I'm jealous  
Of the Fellow's  
Bad Taste and blind Eye.  
But my Sister, &c.

SONG LVIII.

Fair LAURA :

*Sung by Mr. Gilson, at Vauxhall.*

**W**HEN lately I offer'd fair *Laura*  
to kiss,  
She steer'd and she flouted and took  
it amiss ;  
Begone, you great Booby, she cry'd,  
with a Frown,  
Do you think that I want to be kiss'd  
by a Clown.  
Be gone, you great Booby, &c.

Thus spoke the proud Charmer, and  
view'd me all round,  
With an Eye of Disdain, and thrice  
spit on the Ground ;  
Then mimick'd my Voice, with sa-  
tyrical Sneer,  
And sent me away with a Flea in my  
Ear.

The Girls of the Village, if they had  
their Wills,  
Would kiss me, and press me, to stay  
on the Hills ;  
They say that I'm fair, but this Minx  
of the Town,  
Refus'd my sweet Kisses, and call'd  
me a Clown.



Sure, sure she forgot, or perhaps did  
not know,  
That *Bacchus* fed Herds in the Valley  
below;  
That Beauty's fair Queen fell in Love  
with a Swain,  
And help'd him his Cattle to tend on  
the Plain.

Yet *Laura* disdains me, nor lists to  
my Vow;  
Say, is the more lovely, then *Venus*  
I'd know?  
May she never find Sweethearts in  
City or Plain,  
But lie always alone, yet still wishing  
in vain.

## SONG LIX.

## The CONTENTED MILLER.

*Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh-  
Gardens.*

**I**N a plain pleasant Cottage, con-  
veniently near,  
With a Mill and some Meadows—  
(a Freehold Estate)  
A well-meaning Miller, by Labour  
supplies  
Those Blessings that Nature to grand  
Ones denies;  
No Passions to plague him, no Cares  
to torment,  
His constant Companions are Health  
and Content:  
Their Lordships, in Lace, may take  
Note, if they will,  
For he's honest—tho' daub'd with the  
Dust of his Mill.

Ere the Lark's early Carol salutes the  
new Day,  
He springs from his Cottage, as jo-  
cund as *May*;

He chearfully whistles, regardless of  
Care,  
Or sings the last Ballad he bought at  
the Fair:  
While Courtiers are toil'd in the  
Cobwebs of State,  
Or bribing Elections, in Hopes to  
be Great;  
No Fraud nor Ambition his Bosom  
does fill,  
Contented he works, if there's Grist  
for his Mill.

On *Sunday*, bedeck'd in his home-spun  
Array,  
At Church he's the loudest to chant,  
or to pray;  
Sits down to a Dinner of plain *English*  
Food,  
And, tho' simple the Pudding, his  
Appetite's good:  
At Night, when the Priest and Ex-  
cise-man are gone,  
He quaffs at the Alehouse with *Roger*  
and *John*;  
Then returns to his Pillow, and  
dreams of no ill—  
No Monarch's more blest than the  
Man of the Mill.

## SONG LX.

*Sung by Miss Wright, in Daphne  
and Amyntor.*

**I**N vain, in Search of Quiet,  
From Place to Place I range;  
My restless Care augmenting,  
No Medicine find in Change.

Delights so lately charming,  
Have lost their Pow'r to please:  
Yet Something, could I find it,  
Methinks would give me Ease.

†† Gentlemen or Ladies, who are possess'd of any Pieces which may  
contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them in-  
serted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal-  
Exchange, for the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

☞ The Sixth Number will be published the First of APRIL.

# THE JESTER'S MAGAZINE: OR, THE MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER. For *March* 1766.

*Being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the Kind or Price.*

Containing (among many other curious Particulars)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>I. A Collection of Jest, Bulls, Stories, &amp;c.</p> <p>II. <i>Martucio and Constanca</i>. A Novel, continu'd.</p> <p>III. Farther Considerations about the Beginning and End of the <i>Aff- syrian</i> Monarchy, &amp;c.</p> <p>IV. The Remainder of the natural History of the Lion.</p> <p>V. History of <i>Miss-Led</i>.</p> <p>VI. A new Method of destroying Insects and Blights in Fruit-Trees, communicated to the Society for Arts and Manufactures.</p> <p>VII. Account of the Cure of Worms in Horses, by the Use of Sea-Salt, Sal-Prunellæ, or Salt-Petre.</p> <p>VIII. A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &amp;c.</p> | <p>IX. A Love-Letter to Miss <i>M****</i>.</p> <p>X. Journey of Life.</p> <p>XI. Prologue and Epilogue to the <i>Claudestine Marriage</i>.</p> <p>XII. To Miss <i>Wilford</i>.</p> <p>XIII. Favourite New Songs, viz:<br/>The Shepherd and Shepherdess.<br/>A Cantata: Sung by Mr. <i>Vernon</i> and Miss <i>Brent</i>, at <i>Vauxhall</i>. A favourite Song: Sung by Mrs. <i>Matrocks</i>, in <i>Love in a Village</i>. A favourite Song: Sung by Miss <i>Brent</i>, in <i>Artaxerxes</i>. <i>Sylvan</i> and <i>Cynthia</i>. A favourite Dialogue: Sung by Mr. <i>Adams</i> and Miss <i>Carley</i>, at <i>Finch's-Gardens</i>. A favourite Song: Sung by Mr. <i>Vernon</i>, in <i>Daphne</i> and <i>Amyntor</i>. A favourite Song: Sung by Miss <i>Brent</i>, in <i>Artaxerxes</i>, &amp;c. &amp;c.</p> |
|---|--|

*Ride sibi Sapientis.*

Laugh, if you are Wise.

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Numb. VI. *To be continu'd Monthly.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by *S. Bladen*, in *Pater-noster-Row*; *J. Williams*, in *Fleet-Street*; *J. Kingman*, near the *Royal-Exchange*; by most Book-sellers; and by the Persons who sell News.

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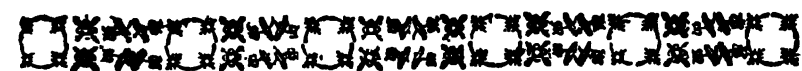
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✂ The Letter sign'd **LEGUANEA** merits an Answer. If the Person  
who wrote it will please to call where it was directed, he will be in-  
form'd where to apply.—All the other Letters receiv'd, which are fit  
for Publication, will be inserted in our next.



T H B

# JESTER'S MAGAZINE,

## For March 1766.



### *A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

✱✱✱ *AN Irishman*, on the Death  
✱ of a Relation, became  
✱ A possessor of a little Farm.  
✱✱✱ Soon after he had met  
with this good Fortune, he was deter-  
min'd to see *London*, and he and  
his Brother set out for the great  
City, one on a Black Horse, the  
other on a White One. Being in  
great Haite to get there, they rode  
the poor Creatures so hard the first  
Day, that next Morning, when they  
were order'd out of the Stable,  
they were hardly able to move.  
Upon this a Farrier was sent for, to  
know what was to be done for their  
Recovery. The Farrier (who was  
an arch Rogue) soon saw the Horses  
wanted only a little Rest; but, in  
order to make the worst of it, said,  
*These are poor Jades; one good  
Horse is worth them both. Can  
you, Jey, said the Irishman, make  
one good Horse of the two?* The  
Farrier (seeing him a weak Man)  
reply'd, If he would give him ten  
or twelve Days to do it in, he did  
not know but he might, provided  
he would give him something for  
his Trouble. The *Irishman* agreed

to give him Five Guineas, left his  
Horses with the Farrier to perform  
the Operation, and went with his  
Brother in a Post-Chaise to *London*.  
After he had been there about a  
Fortnight, he set out for the Inn at  
which he had deliver'd the Farrier  
his Horses; where being arriv'd,  
he sent to know if he had per-  
form'd his Promise? He said he  
had, and would bring the Horse  
to him presently. The Farrier, who  
had got a stout Pybald Horse of his  
own, brought him into the Inn-  
Yard; and told the *Irishman*, that  
he might see he was 'as good as  
his Word, for that his *two* poor  
Jades had produc'd *one* very good  
Horse. The *Irishman* swore he  
was the most ingenious Fellow in  
the World, paid the Five Guineas;  
and treated the Farrier into the  
Bargain. Next Morning his Brother  
and himself left the Inn, in order  
to return Home, and agreed to ride  
and tye; and to make two Days  
Journey from that Place, though  
they had ride from Home to it in  
one. In the Evening they happen'd  
to put up at an Inn, where (while  
they

they were at Supper) some People were talking of several wonderful Things which they had seen; upon which the *Irishman* told them, He could shew them something more astonishing than all they had ever seen before their Existence. And *gray*, says one of the Company, *what may this extraordinary Thing be?* *Why*, reply'd he, *I have a Horse in the Stable which is the greatest Curiosity in the Universe; and, if you will but step into the Yard, you shall all see him.* They went into the Yard immediately, and *Teague* order'd the Ostler to bring out his Horse. He did so, and the Company own'd it was oddly mark'd with Black and White; but said, They had seen Horses, whose Marks appear'd much more beautiful than his. *That may be*, reply'd the *Irishman*, *but you don't know how my Horse was made.* *Made!* said one of the Company; *why, pray, how was he made?* *Why*, said *Teague*, *you must know I had two Horses; one White, t'other Black. To be sure I rid them hard, and the Creatures were heartily tir'd; but I met with a devilish clever Fellow of a Farrier, about thirty Miles off, who in a Fortnight's Time, for only Five Guineas, made the two Horses into one, and you may see how artfully he has splic'd them together.* This Speech set the Company into a loud Laugh; upon which *Teague*, a little nettled at their Unbelief, said, *As sure as I brought my Mother into the World* (and in this he said true, though without his comprehending it) *this Black and White Horse he made out of a Black Horse and a White One; which I can tell very well, though you can't see where he has*

*join'd them together.—And I defy all the World to shew the Like.*

A Lady, being at a Wedding, and overstraining herself a little, let a great Fart; at which she blush'd so much, and was in such Confusion, that she was forced to quit the Chamber, nor could any one persuade her to come in again: But happening to leave her Gloves in a Chair, near a Gentleman that sat by her, she bid one of the Maids fetch them away, but the Maid excused herself, as did the other also. At last she goes in herself, without taking Notice of any Person, but the Gentleman, to whom she said, *Did you see, Sir?* and then stop'd. *Did I see what, Madam?* said the Gentleman. *Why*, continu'd she, forgetting her Gloves; *did ye see, Sir? did ye see my Fart?* At which the whole Company burst out in a Laughter, and with much a-do persuaded her to stay, and end their Mirth together.

A Queen ask'd a Country 'Squire, when his Wife would be brought to Bed? He reply'd, *Whenever it shall please your Majesty.*

A *Templer*, going at Christmas into *Yorkshire* to see his Father, took some other *Templers* along with him; and, in one of the Holidays, he would have 'em to an Alehouse hard by, where the Woman was deaf. Coming thither, *Oh!* my young Master, says she, *I han't seen you these seven Tears.* Then he thinking to abuse her, drank to her, saying, *Here's to thee, and to all the Rogues, Whores and Bawds in England.* She seeing his Lips go, but hearing him not, said, *Come, Sir, I'll pledge you; for I know you drink to your Father, and your Mother, and those good Gentlewomen your Sisters.*

An

An *Englishman* and an *Irishman* happen'd to have a very warm Dispute about their Honesty. After a great deal of Altercation, the *Englishman* said, He really believ'd he had seen the other before a Magistrate. The *Irishman* reply'd, *Arrab, by my Shoul, but that is not so worse as I can tell of you; for, I am certain, I have seen your Face in the News-Paper.*

These happen'd at *Paris* some Time ago a very pleasing Adventure. The Wife of *Monf. Fayer*, Auditor of Accompts, and *Monf. Marceaux*, the Treasurer of *France's* Lady, met in their Coaches in the Street *des Goquilles*, both with a Design to pass thro' it; but because the Street is narrow, and for that one Coach was enter'd at one End while the other was enter'd on the other, there was a Necessity for one Coach to put back to give the other Way; which when neither could be perswaded to do, they remained firm in the same Place from Six o'Clock in the Morning 'till Noon, at which Time they sent their Lackeys for Hay and Oats for their Horses, and order'd their Dinners to be brought into their Coaches. You may be sure such a Novelty drew a Number of Gazers about them, every one being curious to see what would be the Issue of such Punctilios: At length a Citizen of *Paris*, who liv'd in that Street, returning Home with a Cart laden with Wine, and finding he could not get to his House either one Way or other, about Four o'Clock in the Afternoon went to the Commissary of the Quarter, to desire him to remedy the Disorder. The Commissary perceiving the Ladies obstinately resolv'd neither of them to give Way, and not being willing to affront them, out of Re-

spect to their Husbands, found an Expedient to make both Coaches put back at the same Time, so that neither of them should drive into the same Street again. This Accommodation was accepted, and perform'd to the Extremity of Niceness. The Ladies being weary of the Trouble they had run themselves into by standing on their Punctilios; quietly retir'd, each with the Satisfaction that she had preserv'd her Honour.

*Gun Jones*, who had raised a handsome Fortune from a small Beginning, happening to have some Words with a Person who had known him for some Time, was asked how he could have the Impudence to give himself such Airs to one who had known him seven Years ago, when he had hardly a Rag to his A—e? *You lye, Sirrah*, reply'd *Jones*, *for seven Years ago, I had nothing but Rags to my A—e.*

A Gentleman riding near the Forest of *Which-wood*, in *Oxfordshire*, ask'd a Fellow, what that Wood was called? He said, *Which-wood, Sir. Why, that Wood*, said the Gentleman. *Which-wood, Sir. Why, that Wood, I tell thee.* He still said, *Which-wood. I think*, says the Gentleman, *thou art as senseless as the Wood that grows there. It may be so*, replied the other, *but you know not Which-wood.*

An old Lady meeting with a *Cambridge* Student, ask'd him, How her Nephew behav'd himself? *Truly, Madam*, says he, *he's a brave Fellow, and sticks close by Catherine - Hall* (the Name of a College there) *I vow*, said she, *I fear'd as much; he had always a Hankering after the Wenches, from a Boy.*

D d

A Gen-

A Gentleman being out a Hawk-ing, and seeing some Game suddenly spring up, order'd his Man to let the Hawk fly after it. The Man, being apt to commit Blunders, let the Hawk go without pulling off his Hood. The Gentleman was surpriz'd to see the Hawk fly directly from the Game, and bid his Man call him back. Arrab, Sir, reply'd the Man, *it will be to no Purpose if I do. Why so?* said his Master. *Because,* reply'd the Man, *he does not design to come back 'till Morning, for he has got his Night-Cap along with him.*

A worthy Irishman, being desir'd by his Friend to lend him Two Guineas; reply'd, *Arrab now, my dear Shoul, that I will do with a great deal of Pleasure: For if I had but One Guinea in the World, I would lend you Two at any Time.*

Three or four roguish young Scholars walking out one Day, espy'd a poor Fellow, near Abington, asleep in a Ditch, with an Ass by him, laden with Earthen- Ware, holding the Bridle in his Hand. Says one of the Scholars to the rest, *If you will assist me, I will help you to a little Money, for you know we are bare at present.* No doubt of it, they were not long consenting. *Why then,* said he, *we will go and sell this old Fellow's Ass at Abington, for you know the Fair is To-morrow, and we shall meet with Chapmen enough; therefore, do you take the Panniers off, and put them upon my Back, and that Bridle over my Head, and then lead the Ass to the Market, and let me alone with the old Man.* This being done accordingly, in a little Time after, the poor Man waking, was strangely surprized to see his Ass thus me-

tamorphos'd. *Oh! pray Gaffer,* said the Scholar, *take this Bridle out of my Mouth, and this Load from my Back. Zoons! how came you here?* replied the old Man. *Why,* said he, *my Father, who is a Necromancer, upon an idle Thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an Ass; but now his Heart has relented, and I am come to my own Shape again, I beg you let me go Home and thank him.* By all Means, said the Crockery Merchant, *I do not desire to have any Thing to do with Conjuratation; and so let the Scholar at Liberty, who went directly to his Comrades, that by this Time were making merry with the Money they had sold the Ass for.* But the old Fellow was forced to go the next Day to seek for a new One in the Fair; and, after having looked on several, his own was shewn him for a very good One. *Oh! ho!* said he, *what has he and his Father quarrelled again already? No, no, I will have nothing to say to him.*

A Physician, boasting of his great Knowledge in the Profession, said, *He never heard any Complaint from his Patients. Very likely.* Doctor, reply'd one who heard him, *for the Faults of Physicians are generally buried with their Patients.*

Tom Brown, being ask'd by a Lady, *Who was the most unhappy of all Men?* answered, *He who thinks himself so.*

An Irishman, at Chester, enquired of his Landlord, *How he should get to London?* Being told, he might go in the Waggon. He replied, *No, Honey, that will never do; I am always Sea-sick, when I ride in a Waggon: Besides, Joy, I can walk as fast as two Waggons.*

MARTUCIO and CONSTANCIA, *continu'd.*

THE Storm soon ceas'd, and she remain'd two Days without raising herself to see whether her Boat was on the Sea or Shore; and at length she was driven on a small Town, near *Susa*. There happen'd at that Time to be on the Shore an ancient Female-Servant, washing some Fishing-Tackle; who, with Surprise, saw the Boat come sailing in, without being able to discover any Person in it.

As soon as the Boat had reach'd the Shore, she stepp'd in it; and, to her Amazement, saw the beautiful *Constancia* asleep at the Bottom of it. Thrice she call'd the slumbering Virgin ere she awoke, whose Voice she heard with equal Astonishment.

The old Servant view'd attentively the rich Habit *Constancia* wore, and knew it was the Dress of the Ladies in *Liparia*, who, she was sensible, were Christians; she therefore ask'd her, in the *Latian* Language, what Accident had reduc'd her to that Distress? and what were become of those who attended her? The kind Accent in which she spoke, made *Constancia* imagine that the various Winds had drove her back again to *Liparia*, which added fresh Tortures to her anxious Mind. She started up, and view'd the Coast; but, being unable to discover where she was, the Prospect only increas'd her Amazement. "Where am I, Heavens!" she cried; "what unknown Country, is the wretched *Constancia* thrown upon!"

The good old Matron, touch'd by her Distress, inform'd her on what Country she was driven; and acquainted her with the Customs and

Manners of its Inhabitants. This Information struck her tender Breast with dreadful Apprehensions. Floods of Tears ran trickling down her Cheeks. "Why, gracious Heaven!" said she, "have I escap'd Death, which I pursu'd with such Eagerness, to be expos'd to the Insults of Barbarians, and to be depriv'd of my Honour, which is more precious to me than Life!"

The humane Servant pity'd her distressful Situation, sooth'd her, and conducted her to her homely Tent. Here, amidst a Deluge of Tears, she told her lamentable Story. The compassionate poor Creature us'd every Means in her Power to afford her Comfort and to cheer her Spirits, by Assurances of her kind Offices. She brought her some of the choicest Provisions she had; and at length, by much Entreaty, prevail'd on her to eat. Reviv'd by the Refreshment she had receiv'd, and the tender Care of this poor Woman, she desir'd to know her Name, and whether she was born in that Country?

It was with Pleasure this kind Creature saw the lovely *Constancia* grew more compos'd: And, in Hopes it would give her some Comfort, told her, that her Name was *Carapresa*; that she was born at *Trepanum*; and that she belong'd to some poor Fishermen, who were Christians, tho' they dwelt among *Mahometans*. These glad Tidings reviv'd the drooping Spirits of *Constancia*, and dissipat'd much of the Horror that distress'd her Mind, on being cast on such an inhospitable Shore. She intreated *Carapresa* to favour her with her k



Assistance, in order to escape those Dangers that surounded her, and to defend her Honour and her Life from those *Barbarians*.

*Carapresa* immediately withdrew; and, having put on her best Apparel, return'd to *Constancia*. She said to her, with a smiling Countenance, "Be not dejected, beautiful Lady; but come with me, and I'll have you to a secure Retreat." She conducted *Constancia* to a large ancient Fabrick, where she was kindly receiv'd by a pious and noble Matron, who was justly renown'd for the Practice of every Virtue.

*Carapresa* related to this worthy Lady the Misfortunes which had befallen *Constancia*, and the dreadful Apprehensions she was under of becoming a Prey to the Inhabitants of the Country. The melancholly Story drew Tears from her Eyes; and, with maternal Fondness, she embrac'd the beautiful *Constancia*, and gave her the most affectionate Assurances of Favour and Protection.

*Constancia*, cheer'd by the extreme Tenderness of this excellent Lady, render'd her all the Acknowledgements a grateful Heart could give. The Grief, which was mark'd in strong Characters on her Countenance, vanish'd: And, as there were some Ladies in the same Mansion about her own Age, she soon became easy; lov'd them, and by them was greatly belov'd.

*Constancia* spent her Time agreeably with the young Ladies. She busy'd herself in learning various *Oriental* Arts, unknown to her; and, in acquiring the Language, which she soon obtain'd. Every one endeavour'd to soothe her, and

to make her happy. In short, she was so well satisfy'd with her Situation, that Love seem'd banish'd from her Breast.

Whilst *Constancia* and her Companions were agreeably busying and diverting themselves by various Employments and Amusements in *Susa*, a Lord in *Granada* pretended an undoubted Right to the Sovereignty of *Tunis*; and, in order to obtain it, rais'd a prodigious Army.

The News soon reach'd *Tunis*, and threw the State into great Disorder. Forces were rais'd with the utmost Dispatch, and every one seem'd to dread the impending Storm. *Martucio* having, by a long Confinement, learn'd the Language, quickly heard of the numerous Forces that were raising, and the terrible Apprehensions of the King and People: Upon which he told the Keeper of the Prison, that he had form'd a Project, which would obtain a certain Victory over the Enemy, provided he might be permitted to discover it to the King.

These glad Tidings being made known to the King, Messengers were immediately sent to bring *Martucio* before him. Having paid due Homage to His Majesty, he was commanded to inform him by what Means he might overcome the powerful Forces of his Foe, and save his Country from impending Ruin. He inform'd the King of his Scheme, which met with universal Approbation from His Majesty and the whole Court, as it gave almost an Assurance of Success. The Countenances of the King and his Courtiers appear'd cheerful; and the People, being inform'd that some very extraordinary Discoveries had been made in their Favour, gave the utmost Demonstrations of their Joy.

(*The Remainder in our next.*)

*A Series*

*A Series of* LETTERS *from a Gentleman in Syria*  
to his Sister in London.

LETTER III.

*Further Considerations about the Beginning and End of the Assyrian Monarchy, with References to the Old Testament.*

Dear Sister,

I N Order to trace this vast Empire to its Original, and to set the Matter in the best Light we can, from the obscure Traditions we have of it, let me lay before you the following Circumstances: First then, I find *Homer*, who liv'd near the Time of *Moses*, and brought fighting Men from all Parts of the World to *Troy*, has never so much as mention'd the *Medes* or *Assyrians*: Nay, the *Israelites*, who were reduced to the lowest Extremity by the King of *Mesopotamia*, by the *Philistines*, the *Midianites*, *Ammonites*, and *Phœnicians*; nor the *Philistines*, in the Time of the Judges; nor *Saul*, *David*, or *Solomon*, fighting against the Kings of *Zoba* and *Damascus*, and carrying their Conquest as far as the *Euphrates*, have ever said any Thing, in all this Time, of these People: From whence I am inclin'd to believe, that the Foundation of the *Assyrian* Monarchy was laid on the Decline, or at the Dissolution of the Jewish State, by *Pbul Assur*. For we have an Account that \* *Pbul Assur*, or *Tiglatb Peleser*, made War on *Pekab*, King of *Jerusalem*, and *Rezzaim*, King of *Syria*; and, having besieged *Jerusalem*, but not being able to take it, was so enraged

at the Disappointment, that he put one Hundred and twenty Thousand Men of *Judea* to the Sword. At this Time *Acbaz* † made Application to *Pbul Assur*, King of *Babylon*, to deliver him from their Cruelty: On which *Tiglatb Peleser*, to whom *Acbaz* had sent great Presents, march'd his Army from *Nineveh* into *Syria*, besieg'd *Damascus*, kill'd *Rezzaim*, and transplanted the Inhabitants of *Damascus* into *Cyrene*; then fought against *Pekab*, and when he had subdued *Galilee*, with the Countries of the Tribe of *Naphtali* and *Gilead*, he made the greatest Part of the *Israelites* Prisoners, and carried them to *Nineveh*. *Tiglatb Peleser* was succeeded by *Salmannasser*, who imprison'd *Hosea*, King of *Israel*, and took *Samaria*, after a Siege of three Years; then order'd the ten Tribes to be carried into *Assyria* for Slaves, who never return'd more. After him *Senacharib* ascended the Throne of the *Assyrian* Monarchy, and made War against the Kings of *Egypt* and *Ethiopia*. On this *Hezekiah* sent vast Sums to him, not to come against *Jerusalem*. He accepted the Money, but falsified his Promise; and, as he was coming to lay Siege to that City, the destroying Angel cut off one Hundred and eighty-five Thousand of his Forces, and

\* 2d Kings xviii. 11. 1st Chron. v. 26.

† 2d Kings xvi. 7.

and oblig'd him to withdraw \*. *Assar Haddon* succeeded his Father *Senacharib*; to whom *Merodach* succeeded, and chose *Babylon* for his Residence. About that Time this vast City became the Seat of the *Assyrian* Emperors; for, after him, I do not find the Kings of *Babylon* often mention'd in Scripture. The Son of *Merodach* broke the League which his Father made with the Jews, and laid *Manasses* in Chains. The next Monarch was *Nebuchadnezzar*, who defeated the King of *Media*, and kill'd him. He made War also against *Pharaoh-Neco*, who had brought the Country of the *Philistines* under his Subjection, kill'd *Josiah*, King of *Judab*, made three of his Sons Prisoners, and set *Ehiachim* on the Throne, who took the Name of *Jeoiahim*, and became Tributary to him; but the King of *Judab*, depending upon the Strength and Friendship of the King of *Egypt*, revolted. Hereupon *Nebuchad-*

*nezzar* came against *Jerusalem* with a numerous Army, enter'd the City, seiz'd the King, and set his Uncle on the Throne, who is call'd his Son in Scripture. This King, after he had taken an Oath of Fidelity to *Nebuchadnezzar*, was endeavouring to make an Alliance with *Psamnus*, King of *Egypt*; of which, as soon as *Nebuchadnezzar* was inform'd, he march'd against *Psamnus*, beat him, and drove his Army back into *Syria*; then returning to *Jerusalem*, he plunder'd and burnt the City, commanded all *Zedekiah's* Children and Friends to be put to Death before him, and the Father's Eyes to be put out, as a Punishment for his Revolt; and, with him, the Kingdom of *Judab* ended. After this *Nebuchadnezzar* conquer'd *Egypt*, the *Ammonites* and *Moabites*; at length, tir'd out with the Fatigue of War, he determin'd to stay in *Babylon*, and to make it the finest City in the World †. You have an Account of the wretched Condition he

\* 2d Kings xix. 34, 35. "For I will defend this City to save it, for my own sake, and for my Servant *David's* sake: And the same Night the Angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the Camp of the *Assyrians* an Hundred Fourscore and five Thousand; so when they rose in the Morning, behold, they were all dead Corpses". To the same Purpose is that of *Isaiah* xxxvii. 36.

† Ancient *Babylon*, some say, was first founded by *Semiramis*, others by *Belus*; but, be that as it will, *Nebuchadnezzar* is, by all, allow'd to have made it one of the Wonders of the World. The most famous Works, were the Walls of the City; the Temple of *Belus*; the King's Palace; the Hanging-Gardens therein; the Banks of the River; the artificial Lake, and Canal for draining it; of all which it may not be improper, in this Place, to give a short Account. The Walls were eighty-nine Feet thick, three Hundred and fifty high, and sixty *English* Miles in Circumference; surrounded, on the Out-side, with a large Ditch of Water, and lin'd with Bricks on both Sides, in the Manner of a Counterscarp. They were built of large Bricks, laid with a glutinous Slime found in that Country, which soon grows harder than the Bricks themselves, and exactly square, being fifteen Miles long on each Side. In the four Squares were an Hundred Gates of Brass, twenty-five in each Square; between each two Gates were three Towers, and four at the Corners of the great Square, every one of these rais'd ten Feet above the Wall. From the twenty-five Gates in each Side, went twenty-five Streets; so that the.

was reduc'd to; and of his Re- Husband; and, to him, *Labsar-*  
very, in Scripture \*, which would *dach* succeeded. The next King  
needless here to relate. He was was *Belshazzar* †, who divorc'd  
ceeded by his Son *Evil-Merodach*, his Queen *Vashti*, and married *Ho-*  
ho was assassinated by his Sister's *dassa*, afterwards named *Eshber*.

*Cyrus*

the Number of Streets was fifty, twenty-five one Way, and twenty-five the  
other, crossing at right Angles. There was also four Half-Streets, built only  
on one Side, with the Wall on the other: These last were two Hundred Feet  
wide, the other one Hundred and fifty. The Houses were four Stories high,  
and the Space within the Middle of each Square was void Ground, for Yards,  
gardens, &c. and a Branch of the River *Euphrates* ran cross the City.—The  
Temple of *Belus*, at the Foundation, was a Square of a Furlong on each Side,  
that is Half a Mile in Compass, and consisted of eight Towers built one over  
the other, each seventy-five Feet high, and in them many stately Rooms, with  
arched Roofs, supported with Pillars. The uppermost Story was the most sa-  
cred, and consecrated to their idolatrous Devotions. On the Top was an Ob-  
servatory, by the Benefit of which the *Babylonians* excell'd all other Nations  
in Astronomy. *Bochartus* asserts this to be the very same Tower, built at the  
Confusion of Tongues, which *Nebuchadnezzar* enlarg'd to a Square of a Mile  
in Circumference, in which were several brazen Gates leading to the Temple,  
where all the Images and sacred Utensils were of solid Gold; and, when  
plunder'd by *Xerxes*, are said to have amounted to forty-two Millions Sterling.  
*Bel*, the great God of the *Babylonians*, is suppos'd to be *Nimrod*; who was call'd  
*Bel* from his Dominion, and *Nimrod* from his Rebellion: For *Bel* signifies Lord,  
and *Nimrod* a Rebel, in the Jewish and *Chaldean* Languages.—The King's  
Palace was eight Miles in Circumference, enclos'd by three Walls one within  
the other, and strongly fortified in the ancient Way.—The Hanging-Gardens  
were four Hundred Feet square, carried up aloft in the Air, like several large  
Terrasses one above the other, the highest of which was equal to the Height  
of the Wall. These Terrasses were supported by vast Arches built upon Arches,  
and encompass'd with a Wall of twenty Feet thick, to strengthen them on every  
Side. On the Top of the Arches they first laid Stones, sixteen Feet long and  
four broad, over these a Layer of Reed mixed with Bitumen, then a double  
Row of Brick cemented with Plaster, over these thick Sheets of Lead, then  
Earth deep enough for the largest Trees to root in, and such were planted on  
every Terrass; also all other Plants and Flowers, proper for a Pleasure-  
Garden. On the upper Terrass stood an Engine to water it.—The River *Eup-*  
*hrates* being observ'd to overflow always in *June*, *July* and *August*, to prevent  
this *Gobrias* is said to have made two artificial Canals, to drain the Overflow-  
ings into the *Tygris*; and, for better Security against these Inundations, *Ne-*  
*buchadnezzar* built a great Wall within the City from the Bottom of the River,  
on each Side, of the same Thickness with the City Walls, and over-against  
each Street that cross'd the River plac'd Gates of Brass, which were kept open  
by Day for the Citizens to pass from one Side to the other in Boats. These  
Walls were carried on for twenty Miles; and, to turn the Course of the River  
while they were building, he made a prodigious Lake, according to the  
lowest Computation of the Ancients, forty Miles square, one Hundred and  
sixty in Circumference, and seventy-five Feet deep.

\* *Daniel* iv. 29.

† The same Person with the *Nabonid* of *Josephus*, and the *Lalynis* of  
*Herodotus*.

*Cyrus* was now King of *Persia*, and the Height of his Ambition was to reduce *Babylon*; but it was surrounded with a treble Wall of a prodigious Height, and encompass'd with Waters unfordable: Besides this, it was furnished with Provisions for twenty Years, and the Wall was above eighty Miles round, so that it seem'd impossible to be taken without a Miracle. *Cyrus*, however, determin'd to besiege it; his chief Aim being to turn the Course of the *Euphrates*: For this Purpose, he caus'd several wide and deep Trenches to be cut, and some Time afterwards pretended to quit

the Siege. The *Babylonians*, imagining themselves abandon'd by the Enemy, and regardless of the Consequence, turn'd the Course of the *Euphrates* into the Trenches which *Cyrus* had made, and he enter'd the City with his Army the same Night. Thus fell the mighty *Babylon*\*, and this Conquest put an End to the *Assyrian* Monarchy.

Having now, with as much Brevity as possible, gone thro' the Affairs of this vast Empire, I shall, in my next, examine that of the *Medes*; and am, in the Interim,

Your affectionate Brother, &c.

(To be continu'd.)

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### The Remainder of the Natural History of the LION.

**H**E chiefly preys upon the wild Boar, if he can have the good Fortune to master him, without being killed himself; for, as *Dr. Shaw* informs us, the Boar hath been sometimes known to defend itself with so much Bravery, that the Victory hath inclined to neither Side; the Carcasses of them both having been found lying dead together, all in Gore, and mangled to Pieces.

The Lion is pretty much afraid of Fire; and yet, notwithstanding all the Precaution the *African-Arab* Shepherds take in this Respect, together with the Barking of their Dogs and the Noise they make themselves all Night long, it frequently happens, that a Lion will leap into

the Midst of an Inclosure, and bring out along with him a Sheep or a Goat. If these Ravages are repeated, they take Notice where the Lion enters, and there dig a Pit, covering it over slightly with Reeds, or small Branches of Trees, into which he falls, and is taken.

*Dr. Shaw* describes a very particular Method of Hunting the Lion: "On this Occasion," says he, "a whole District is summoned to appear; who, forming themselves into a Circle, inclose a Space of three, four or five Miles in Compass, according to the Number of People, and Quantity of Ground that is pitched upon to be the Scene of Action. The Footmen advance first, rushing into the Thickets

\* Fulfilling the Prophecies in Scripture pronounc'd against her, *Psalms* cxxvii. 8, 9. "O Daughter of *Babylon*, who art to be destroy'd; happy shall he be who rewardeth thee, as thou hast served us: Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little Ones against the Stones". And *Isaiah* xlii. *Jeremiah* xxv. 12, &c.

"Thickets with their Dogs and  
 "Spears, to put up the Game; while  
 "the Horsemen, keeping a little  
 "behind, are always ready to charge,  
 "as soon as the Beast makes a Sally.  
 "Thus they proceed, still contrac-  
 "ting their Circle, 'till they all at  
 "last close in together, or meet  
 "with something to divert them.  
 "This Sort of Pastime is some-  
 "times very agreeable; for dif-  
 "ferent Kinds of Animals, being  
 "by this Means driven together,  
 "they seldom fail of having Chases  
 "after Hares, Jackalls, Hyenas, and  
 "other Creatures, as well as the  
 "Lion. But this Sport is frequen-  
 "tly attended with fatal Accidents;  
 "for it is a common Observation,  
 "that when the Lion perceives him-  
 "self in Danger, nay, sometimes  
 "the very Moment he is roused, he  
 "will seize directly upon the first  
 "Person that touches him, and ra-  
 "ther than quit his Hold, suffers  
 "himself to be cut to Pieces."

But if the Lion is the fiercest of  
 Beasts, he is equally remarkable for  
 his natural Tenderness. He never  
 forgets those from whom he re-  
 ceived his Life; and when he sees  
 them disabled by old Age, from  
 providing for themselves, he quits  
 them no more, but hunts for them;

and lets them know, by his Voice,  
 when he has provided Prey for them.  
 An Instance which should draw a  
 Blush from Numbers who call them-  
 selves rational Beings!

The Lioness is less fierce; and,  
 when attacked, more careful to guard  
 her Young, than to defend herself.  
 She fixes her Eyes upon those who  
 would ravish them from her, and  
 never fails to save them, or perish  
 in the Attempt.

It is observable that the Lion,  
 when he encounters either Man or  
 Beast, always strikes them with his  
 Paw first; and deprives them of all  
 Sensation, before he touches them  
 with his Teeth. It is said that the  
 Shin-bones of the Lion are so hard,  
 that they are used as Flints, to strike  
 Fire with. *Aristotle* and *Eliau* tell  
 us, that the *Indians* had the Art of  
 taming this Beast, and making  
 him hunt like a Dog; and *Pliny*  
 adds, of making him draw like a  
 Horse.

The Age of the Lion and of  
 Man is the same. *Pompey*, the old  
 Lion, which was presented to King  
*James II.* by the States of *Bar-  
 bary*, when not a Year old, lived  
 upwards of seventy Years; and died  
 in the *Tower of London*, November  
 10, 1758.



To the Authots of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

If you think the following Account of Myself and Progeny will be agree-  
 able to your Readers, you are at Liberty to publish it in your very  
 entertaining Work. Tho' I am personally known to many in the World  
 (London in particular) I believe very few are acquainted with the  
 History of

MISS-LED.

*Fortune*, who took very little  
 Care of any of her Daughters,  
 took none at all of me. I was scarce  
 Fourteen before I contracted an in-

timacy with two Sisters, of infamous  
 Characters, called *Vice* and *Folly*.  
 They artfully insinuated to me, that  
 what my Mother might bestow on  
 E e

me was very precarious, therefore I should take Care of myself. They then paid me great Compliments on my Wit and Beauty; which were not, at my Age, to be concealed from the World, but to appear in it with full Lustre.

These Things, with the Description of *Balls, Assemblies, &c. &c.* &c. quite turned my Brain: And I betrayed an eager Desire to enjoy them, but shewed a Fear I should not attain it. Immediately both the Sisters said, I need have no Apprehension of that, for there was a very fine rich young Gentleman at C——, who had fallen in Love with me; and would, on *Certain Conditions*, let me live in all the Splendor of a Lady. I objected to the *Conditions*, but they introduced the Gentleman, whose Person I liked so well, that at last I consented to live with him as a *Mistress*, and have had by him the following Issue. It may be necessary to inform you, that the Name of my Gallant was *Error*.

Our eldest Daughter was *Miss-Rigotten*, a Girl of great Spirit and Vivacity, but was at first reproached, because her Father and I had not complied with a particular Custom: However, in Time, she was received better, and introduced into very grand Company.

The next was her Father's Favourite, as she often occasion'd the most fatal *Errors*; *Errors*, greater than ruining a private Family; *Errors*, which were the Overthrow of Empires and Destruction of Kingdoms. This political Lady was call'd, *Miss-Advice*. For more of her Achievements, look into History.

My third Daughter was more Theologically than Politically in-

clined, and has occasion'd as warm Controversies in Religion, as the other in the State. But what is very extraordinary, every Sect or Opinion, Orthodox or Heterodox, Jew, Turks, Infidels and Atheists, instead of espousing her to their Party, have utterly disclaim'd her to belong to them. The Disputes to which she belonged have occasioned bloody Wars, tyrannical Martyrdoms, and all the Evils which Ignorance, Superstition, and a false Zeal could have introduced. It will now become obvious, that I mean *Miss-Belief*. To confess the Truth, the Lady is of no Religion, yet is in great Reputation among Modern Wits.

My next Daughter was *Miss-Applicarion*, who has had her Share in governing the Actions of human Kind; and many immense Sums have been lost, and many great Geniusses spoil'd, by her Prentence to direct them.

The only Twins I had, were *Miss-Count* and *Miss-Reckon*; and so like each other, that they were hardly to be distinguish'd: The former adapting herself to the Business of the Men only, as the last did to that of the Women. *Miss-Count* committed her Rogueries designedly; the other, thro' Blunders. The first will often get at a Clerk's Elbow, and prompt him to *Count* short; the latter occasions Trouble and Disappointment in the Female Sex. Sometimes she discovers the Shame of a Maiden, who has not kept a just Account; at others she flatters them with the Expectation of a Sweetheart, who is on the Point of Marriage with another. In one Thing she is very favourable to the Sex; and that is, in the *Account* which she gives of their Age.

Here

Here I must mention an odd, fantastical *Girl* of mine; but the Humour and Air of her may be seen every Day. It is *Miss-Becoming*; who, by some Oddities in her Gait and Dress, quite disfigure a tolerable Face, and distort her Limbs and bape into the most disagreeable forms. This, she says, she does to be in the *Mode*; therefore sometimes she *bobbles*, sometimes *straddles*. To-day a perfect *French* Woman; To-morrow *Half French* last *English*; and, perhaps, the

next a downright *Slattern* in a Bed-Gown. I must confess, I have *Miss-Led* my Country-Women to follow her *Airs*; and, from such *Fantasticalness* only, made them seem (my Daughter) *Miss-Becoming*.

My other Daughters, who are all *Misses*, are too well known to need a Description: As, *Miss-Trust*, *Miss-Time*, *Miss-Doubt*, *Miss-Deed*, *Miss-Place*, *Miss-Chance*, *Miss-Take*, &c. &c. &c. &c. who have all similar Qualities to those already described.

*A new Method of destroying Insects and Blights in Fruit-Trees, communicated to the Society for Arts and Manufactures.*

Wherever you see a Branch of a Tree either blighted or eaten up by Insects, take a Shoemaker's Awl and pierce the Lower-part of the Branch into the Wood; then pour in a Drop or two of

Quicksilver, and stop the Hole with a small Bit of Wood. In a Day or two, all the Insects, not only upon that Branch, but upon the rest, will fall off and die, and the Blight will cease.

*Account of the Cure of Worms in Horses, by the Use of Sea-Salt, Sal-Prunellæ, or Salt-Petre.*

SALT having been recommended to me, I was induced to try it on a Foal; which, after weaning, was brought very low by small yellow Worms about an Inch long (several of which were found in his Dung) call'd in *Lincolnshire*, Needle-Worms. I thought the usual Remedies too strong for a Foal; and therefore order'd him a Spoonful of Common Salt, in a Mash of Oats and Wheat-Bran, every other Night for a Fortnight, keeping him in the Stable at Night, and turning him out in the Day-time.

This succeeded to my utmost Wish: I could discover no Worms, after he had taken the Salt a Week. There is no better Preservative against the Grease than Sal-Prunellæ or Salt-Petre. The Method is, to give a Horse, at first taking him into the Stable, three Doses, of two Ounces each, in Mashes, one at Night, and the second and third the Morning and Evening following; repeating it two or three Times in a Winter, as one finds Occasion.



*A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks,  
Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.*

**SOLUTIONS to the CONUN-  
DRUMS**

*In Number V.*

41. **B**ECAUSE its bound for Notes.
42. **B**ECAUSE they feed the Grate.
43. Because you never see him with-  
out a Liar.
44. Because its often turn'd over.
45. Because he's a Sup-porter.
46. Because it is above Valley.
47. Because it requires Paws.
48. Because he has no Fellow.
49. Because he's plain with the Men,  
and chaste with the Ladies.
50. Because it covers the Ball.

**ACROSTICK - ANSWER to the  
FIRST RIDDLE**

*In Number V.*

**S**ince all Things, like them, are  
despised when old !  
**T**o you, my fair Ladies, this Riddle  
I've told ;  
**A**re these your Thanks ! — }  
ungrateful you, I call ;  
**Y**ou may, perhaps, yourselves suf- }  
tain a Fall ;  
**S**ince all Things feel Decay — }  
and so they ever shall.

\*\*\*\*\*

**ANSWER to the LAST RIDDLE**

*In Number V.*

**T**HE Looking - Glass, if not a  
Chest,  
Shows Nature as she is, without De-  
ceit.

*Borough, March 4, 1766.*

*T. R.*

**ANSWER to the FIRST REBUS**

*In Number V.*

**B**Y adding *CL* unto the *ARK*,  
To my great Joy, I've found  
Miss *Clark*.

*Borough, March 4, 1766.*

*T. R.*

**ANSWER to the LAST REBUS**

*In Number V.*

**H**ONEY's the Produce of the  
Bee ;  
Add, for a Thousand, M I see :  
Now, Sir, from those you mean, I  
find,  
That Money's useful to Mankind.

*Borough, March 4, 1766.*

*T. R.*

**CONUNDRUMS.**

51. **W**HY is a Shoe-Maker more  
charitable than another  
Man ?
52. Why is a Man with a bad Me-  
mory like a covetous Man ?
53. Why are Letters like Sheep ?
54. Why is a *Camera Obscura* like  
underhand Dealings ?
55. Why is a Man who keeps a Flat-  
terer like a Beau undress'd ?
56. Why is a modern fine Lady like  
a little Boy ?
57. Why is a married Woman like a  
Bear in the Street ?
58. Why is a Picture like a fine Wo-  
man ?
59. Why is a Fiddle-Maker like an  
Apothecary ?
60. Why is a Sedan like the World ?  
[\* \* \* The Solutions in our next]

**RIDDLES.**

11. **B**EFORE th' Original of Man,  
My Empire on Earth be-  
gan :

Whence,

Whence, I presume, the beauteous  
Fair  
Will gratefully my Age revere.

In various Shapes, of sable Hue,  
(Such as *Proteus* never knew)  
Throughout the wide immense Ex-  
panse,  
Alternately I skip and dance.

With Sprightly Nymphs and am'rous  
Swains,  
I Cheek by Jole traverse the Plains;  
In gilded Palaces reside,  
'Midst Grandeur, Luxury and Pride.  
At Court I daily shew my Face;  
Am often seen at Church and Mass,  
Thro' mazy Woods and Thickets rove,  
Or in the Field, or shady Grove,  
I dwell; on ev'ry Soul attend,  
And each Degree of Life befriend.  
A more familiar Guest there's none,  
Tho' in an Instant here and gone:  
Both Rich and Poor, Obscure and Gay,  
My Presence frequently enjoy.  
In rural Seats and Glades I reign;  
And often cross the surging Main:  
From these few Hints you'll soon  
discover  
Th' inactive, little, wild, gigantick  
Rover.

12. **A** Head and Body large I have,  
Stomach and Bowels too;  
One winding Gut of raughty Length,  
Where all my Food goes through:  
But what's more strange, my Food I  
take

In at the Lower-End;  
And all, just like a drunken Rake,  
Out at my Mouth I send.

[\* \* \* The Solutions in our next.]

REBUSSES.

11. **T**AKE one Half of Double;  
and, if you are right,  
Add what in the Window lets in the  
Light;  
Put these two together and you'll  
discover,  
A handsome young Virgin and a true  
Lover.

J. C——.

12. **T**AKE a Fifth of the North  
and a Fourth of the East,  
And add to these two a Fourth-Part  
of the West;  
Then join a large Number by Weight,  
which will tell  
A wonderful Man, who in England did  
dwell.

A\*\*\*\*.

13. **T**AKE Four-Sevenths of Man-  
sion, and if rightly I thought,  
The Place where a Hare does often  
resort;  
These put together, if rightly I guess,  
A large trading Town will to you ex-  
preis.

A\*\*\*\*.

14. **T**AKE the Half of *Ludgate*,  
and the contra to high;  
And these, join'd together, will a  
large Town descrie.

A\*\*\*\*.

[\* \* \* The Solutions in our next.]

EPITAPH on the late facetious  
HARRY HOWARD, written by him-  
self, and found amongst his Papers  
after his Decease.

**H**ERE lies a Blade, who all his  
Life  
With Fortune held perpetual Strife;  
He rovd about from Place to Place,  
To avoid a Dun, or Bailiff's Face:  
But now he's gone, nor fears a Bum,  
His Debts are paid, and he's at  
Home;  
So, after many Seasons past,  
He's fixt, and found a House at last.

DICK's Plea for Beating his WIFE:

**S**INCE Beauty they say ne'er so  
lovely appears,  
As when the fair Nymph is dissolv'd  
into Tears;  
To know then how solid this Maxim  
will prove,  
Dick beats pretty Peggy—o heighten  
his Love.

On

On seeing the Tragedy of CATO.

**Y**E Sons of Britain, who frequent  
the Stage,  
And listen to the Follies of the Age,  
Mind not so much a lewd, licentious  
Play,  
As what the glorious *Addison* does say:  
His Play of *Cato's* exquisitely wrote;  
Right is his Character and just each  
Thought:  
That Man of Valour and of nervous  
Sense,  
Hard was his Fate! cruel his Recom-  
pence!  
Through Toils of War he labour'd  
Day and Night;  
And, in the Midst of Thousand Foes,  
did fight:  
Bravely he shew'd his Sons the Way  
to Arms,  
And taught their Hearts to leap at  
War's Alarms.

When youthful *Marcus* was in  
Battle kill'd,  
Each *Roman* Eye with briny Tears  
was fill'd:  
This Man alone, 'midst Numbers,  
stood unmov'd,  
And show'd how much his Country's  
Cause he lov'd:  
Meeting the Corps of his dead Son,  
he cry'd,  
"Set him just here. Ye Gods! I'm  
"satisfy'd:  
"*Portius*, behold thy Brother—When  
"I die,  
"Before, my Son, near me you let  
"him lie.  
"Thanks to the Gods! my Boy has  
"done his Part;  
"He pierc'd the Traitor *Syphax* to  
"the Heart."

*Juba* astonish'd stood amidst the  
Throng;  
To that brave Prince great Virtues  
did belong:  
His Love, his Valour, and his manly  
Truth,  
Gain'd him the Friendship of each  
gen'rous Youth:

Fair *Marcia* too could not resist his  
Charms,  
But wif'd herself in her dear *Juba's*  
Arms.  
When bold *Sempronius* did attempt to  
seize  
On beauteous *Marcia*, then the Gods  
did please  
To send young *Juba*, at that Instant  
there,  
To save, from Violence, the injur'd  
Fair:  
*Sempronius*, much surpris'd the Prince  
to see,  
Fearing he came to set fair *Marcia* free,  
Drew his keen Sword, and flew at him  
enrag'd;  
But *Juba* arm'd, boldly with him en-  
gag'd;  
That haughty, furious Monster's high  
Dissdain,  
Could not protect him, nor assuage the  
Pain  
Of sharpest Death, when *Juba* struck  
the Blow,  
His black pernicious Soul to *Styx* must  
go.

The beauteous *Marcia* Clash of  
Swords did hear,  
And *Lucia* trembled with anxious  
fear:  
Dreading that *Portius* had his Brother  
fought,  
Which to her Mind sad Scenes of  
Horror brought:  
Trembling they walk together 'till  
they found,  
*Sempronius*, dress'd like *Juba*, on the  
Ground,  
*Marcia*, unable to console her Grief,  
(Alas! she thought herself past all  
Relief)  
Her *Roman* Virtue could not then re-  
train,  
But, to the Gods, did bitterly com-  
plain:  
Calling aloud on *Juba*, he appears;  
And he, with Joy, beholds her tender  
Tears:  
Pleas'd and amaz'd, to see the young  
Prince there,  
She does her generous Sentiments  
declare:

*Juba,*

*Juba*, in Raptures, heard her Love  
 confess'd,  
 And thought no Youth on Earth was  
 ere so bless'd ;  
 But yet, alas! poor Prince, too soon  
 he found  
 Fate would afflict him with another  
 Wound ;  
 For *Cato's* Eyes could not endure to see  
 Himself and Country bound in Slavery ;  
 His awful Soul sweet Liberty desires,  
 Falls on his Sword—and, much de-  
 plor'd, expires

CONSTANTIA ARTLESS.

*Ned* Wealthy's *Last Will and Testa-  
 ment.*

SINCE all Men must  
 Return to Dust,  
 From which they first did spring :  
 I give my Gear,  
 From D-bts quite clear,  
 In Manner following.

But lest hot Broils,  
 And endless Toils,  
 'Bout my Effects arise ;  
 Half to my *Sue*,  
 Half to my *Prue*,  
 I frankly here devile.

My thrice seal'd Shoes,  
 My *Sunday* Hose,  
 A Jacket made of Leather ;  
 An old Straw-bed,  
 That serv'd poor *Ned*,  
 In boisterous stormy Weather.

A Pottage-Pot  
 My Grannum bought,  
 Whilom of Neighbour *Stitch*;  
 A great-arm'd Chair,  
 So soft with Hair,  
 'Twou'd suit a Lady's Breech.

My crop ear'd Dog,  
 My bob-tail'd Hog,  
 A Pound of black Sheep's Wool :  
 An Axe and Saw,  
 An old Jackdaw,  
 A crazy three-legg'd Stool.

A trundle Mop,  
 A Mutton Chop,  
 A Quart of *Holland's* Gin ;  
 Two Candlesticks  
 A Bunch of Leeks,  
 A Pispot made of Tin.

Some Pitch and Tar,  
 An earthen Jar,  
 A Milk Pail, Sieve and Platter ;  
 Two Birchen Brooms  
 To sweep your Rooms ;  
 An ancient Nutmeg grater.

A Knife and Fork,  
 Some pickled Pork,  
 Wou'd tempt a very *Jew* ;  
 All these I leave,  
 And frankly give  
 Unto my Daughter *Sue*.

The *Fairy Tales*,  
 Some horie-shoe Nails,  
 The Book of *Common Prayer* ;  
 A leathern Bag,  
 A leaky Cag,  
 Two Quarts of dead small Beer.

Some Purging Pills  
 To cure Kibe-Heels,  
 And 'gainst sore Toes to arm you ;  
 Some rotten Wood,  
 That's very good,  
 In Winter Time to warm you.

A Chriss'ning Can,  
 A Closestool Pan,  
 A Cupboard, Cock and Cradle ;  
 An oaken Staff,  
 A lowly Calf,  
 A long Sword, Lock and Ladle.

Your Mother's Ring,  
 That horrid Thing,  
 Which ruin'd me long since :  
 Besides the rest,  
 I gave the Priest,  
 It cost me Eighteen-pence.

A rotten Cheese,  
 A Pint of Pease,  
 An old Grey Mare with one Eye ;  
 Some Barley Bread,  
 Some Mustard Seed,  
 And Fifteen-pence in Money.

Now to conclude,  
As I've bestow'd  
My whole Estate among you,  
Pray, Daughters dear,  
Always take care  
Your Neighbours never wrong you.

Be therefore kind,  
And of one Mind,  
In nought but Goodness vie;  
Regard, your Dad  
Spoke this when bad,  
And just about to die.

*Willie Winkie's Testament.*

**M**Y Daddy left me Gear enough,  
A Couter and an auld Beam-  
Plough;

A nebbed Staff, a Nutting-Tyne,  
A Fishing-Wand, with Huik and Line;  
With twa auld Stools and a Dirt-House,  
A Jerkinet, scarce worth a Loufe;  
And an auld Pat, that wants the Lug,  
A Spurtle and a sowed Mug.

A Hempen-Heckle and a Mell,  
A Tar-Horn and a Weather's Bell;  
A Muck-Fork and an auld Peet-Creel,  
The Sparks of our auld Spinning-  
Wheel;

A Pair of Branks, yea, and a Saddle,  
With our auld brunt and broken Ladle;  
A Whang-Bit and a Sniffle-Bit:  
Chear up, my Bairns, and dance a Fit.

A Flailing-Staff, a timmer Speer,  
An auld Kirn, with a Hole in it;  
Yearn Winles, and a crazy Keel,  
A Fetter-Lock, a Trump of Steel;  
A Whifle and a toup Horn-Spoon,  
With an auld Pair of clouted Shoon;  
A timmer Spade and a Gleg-Shear,  
A Bonnet, for my Bairns to wear.

A timmer Tong, a broken Cradle,  
The Pillion of an auld Carr-Saddle;  
A Gullie-Knife, and a Horse-Wand,  
A Mitten good, for the Left-Hand;  
With an auld broken Pan of Brass,  
And an auld Sark that wants the A—e;  
An auld Band, and a Hooding-How:  
I hope, my Bairns, ye're a' well now.

Oft have I borne ye on my Back,  
With a' this Riff-Raff in my Pack;

And it was a' for Want of Gear,  
That gart me take Mef's John's Gray  
Mare:

But now, my Bairns, what ails ye now?  
For ye ha'e Naigs enough to plough;  
And Hoes and Shoon, fit for your Feet;  
Chear up, my Bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with my sel I did advise,  
My Daddy's Gear for io comprize;  
Some Neighbours I ca'd in, to see  
What Gear my Daddy left to me.  
They sat three Quarters of a Year,  
Comprizing of my Daddy's Gear,  
And, when they had gien a' their  
Votes,  
'Twas scarcely a' worth Four Pounds  
Scots.

**MY INVITATION.**

**T**O my Best my Friends are free,  
Free with that and free with me;  
Free to pass the comic Joke,  
Or the Tube sedately smoke;  
Free to drink, just what they please,  
As at Home, and at their Ease;  
Free to speak, as free to think,  
No Informers with me drink;  
Free to stay a Night or so,  
When uneasy, free to go.

R. WITLIE.

*To a Gentleman, on his being so very  
bashful he can't look a Woman in the  
Face.*

*Written Extempore, by a Young Lady.*

**W**HY glows the Crimson on that  
Check?  
Why look so very coy,  
Whene'er my Tongue begins to speak?  
Declare, O bashful Boy!

Complying, wishing, kind, and free,  
Our Sex are always found;  
As free and kind, complying be,  
And boldly stand your Ground.

The Girls all jeer to see thee thus,  
Revering Nature's Plan;  
No more be thought then one of us,  
But prove yourself a Man.

*A Love-*

A Love-Letter to Miss M\*\*\*\*\*.

H E. One, me ; same,  
only only unto the  
are but you for  
you love say me  
and I and requite

SHE. One, he; one,  
only only only only  
are but am but  
you loves I is  
and that and there,

R. B.

# JOURNEY, of, LIFE

WHILE thro' Life's thorny Road  
I go,  
I will not want *Companions* too ;  
A dreary *Journey*, and alone,  
Would be, alas ! too troublesome ;  
But *Company* that's *Choice* and *Good*,  
Make *Trouble* hardly understood :  
For *Toil* divided seems to be,  
No *Toil*, but a *Felicity* :  
Therefore I will *Companions* take,  
As well for *Ease* as *Safety's* sake.  
Fair *Truth* shall serve me for a *Guide*,  
*Justice* shall never leave my *Side* ;  
*Integrity*, my trusty *Guard*,  
Nor will I *Caution* quite discard :  
*Experience* shall my *Tutor* be,  
Nor will I *wiser* seem than be :  
*Discretion* all my *Thoughts* shall *weigh*,  
And *Modesty* my *Words* convey ;  
Soft *Innocence* protect my *Sleep*,  
And *Charity* my *Purse* shall keep.  
Thus through this *Wilderness* I'll stray,  
Nor ever fear to lose my *Way* ;  
With *guiltless* Mirth an Hour beguile,  
Or with free spoken *Satyr* smile.  
The *Sages* I sometimes will see,  
Be sometimes with the *Muses* free ;  
With *Meditation* often walk,  
Or with sweet *Melancholly* talk.  
With these *Companions* dear I'll sport,  
Nor heed the *Journey*, long or short,  
So *Health* supply the *Doctor's* Place ;  
And, for a *Chaplain*, I've *God's Grace*.

INGTON.

## P R O L O G U E,

To the Clandestine Marriage.

Written by Mr. Garrick—Spoken by  
Mr. Holland.

POETS and Painters, who from  
Nature draw  
Their best and richest Stores, have  
made this Law :  
That each should neighbourly assist  
his Brother,  
And steal with Decency from one  
another.

To Night, your matchless *Hogarth*  
gives the Thought,  
Which from his Canvas to the Stage  
is brought.  
And who so fit to warm the Poet's  
Mind,  
As he who pictur'd Morals and Man-  
kind ?  
But not the same their Characters and  
Scenes ;  
Both labour for one End, by different  
Means :  
Each, as it suits him, takes a separate  
Road,  
Their one great Object, *Marriage A-  
La-Mode* !  
Where Titles deign with Cits to  
have and hold ;  
And change rich Blood for more sub-  
stantial Gold !  
And honour'd Trade from Interest  
turns aside,  
To hazard Happiness for titled Pride.  
The Painter dead, yet still he charms  
the Eye ;  
While *England* lives his Fame can,  
never die :  
But he who struts his Hour upon the  
Stage,  
Can scarce extend his Fame for Half  
an Age,  
Nor Pen or Pencil can the Actor  
save ;  
The Art, and Artist, share one com-  
mon Grave.

O ! let me drop one tributary Tear,  
On poor *Jack Falstaff's* Grave, and  
*Juliet's* Bier !

F f

You

You to their Worth must Testimony  
give;—  
'Tis in your Hearts alone their Fame  
can live.  
Still as the Scenes of Life will shift  
away,  
The strong Impressions of their Art  
decay.  
Your Children cannot feel what you  
have known;  
They'll boast of *Quins* and *Cibbers* of  
their own:  
The greatest Glory of our happy few,  
Is to be felt, and be approv'd by you.

## E P I L O G U E.

To the Clandestine Marriage.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Characters of the Epilogue.

|                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Lord Minum,         | Mr. Dodd,      |
| Col. Trill,         | Mr. Vernon,    |
| Sir Patrick Mahony, | Mr. Moody,     |
| Miss Crotchbet,     | Mrs. Abington, |
| Mrs. Quaver,        | Mrs. Lee,      |
| 1st Lady,           | Mrs. Bradshaw, |
| 2d Lady,            | Miss Mills,    |
| 3d Lady,            | Mrs. Dorman.   |

## SCENE, An ASSEMBLY.

Several Persons at Cards at different  
Table; among the rest Col. Trill,  
Lord Minum, Mrs. Quaver, Sir  
Patrick Mahony.

At the Quadrille Table.

Col. T. **L**ADIES, with Leave—  
2d La. Pafs!

3d La. Pafs!

Mrs. Qu. You must do more.

Col. T. Indeed I can't.

Mrs. Qu. I play in Hearts.

Col. T. Encore!

2d La. What Luck!

Col. T. To Night at *Drury-Lane*  
is play'd

A Comedy, and *toute Nouvelle*—a Spade!  
Is not Miss Crotchbet at the Play?

Mrs. Qu. My Niece,  
Has made a Party, Sir, to damn the  
Picce.

At the Whist Table.

Ld. Min. I hate a Playhouse—  
Trump!—It makes me sick.

1st La. We're two by Honours, Ma'am.

Ld. Min. And we've th' odd Trick.  
Pray do you know the Author, Colonel  
Trill?

Col. T. I know no Poets, Heav'n be  
prais'd!—Spadille!

1st La. I'll tell you who, my Lord!  
(*Whispers my Lord.*)

Ld. Min. What, he again!  
"And dwell such daring Souls in lit-  
tle Men?"

Be whose it will, they down our  
Throats will cram it!

Col. T. O, no—I have a Club—the  
best—We'll damn it.

Mrs. Qu. O Bravo, Colonel!—Music  
is my Flame.

Ld. Min. And mine, by *Jupiter*!—  
We've won the Game.—

Col. T. What, do you love all Music?  
Mrs. Qu. No, not *Handel's*.

And nasty Plays—

Ld. Min. Are fit for *Gotbs* and  
*Landals*

[*Rise from the Table and pay.*]

From the Piquet Table.

Sir Pat. Well, Faith and Troth! that  
*Shakespeare* was no Fool!

Col. T. I'm glad you like him, Sir! so  
ends the Pool!

[*Pay and rise from Table.*]

SONG by the Colonel.

I hate all their Nonsense,  
Their *Shakespeares* and *Johnsons*,  
Their Plays, and their Playhouse,  
and Bards:

'Tis Singing, not Saying;

A Fig for all Playtigg,

But playing, as we do, at Cards!

I love to see *Jonas*,

Am pleas'd too with *Comus*;

Each well the Spectator rewards:

So clever, so neat in

Their Tricks, and their Cheating,

Like them we would fain deal our  
Cards.

Sir Pat.

Sir *Pat.* King *Lare* is touching!—And  
how fine to see  
Ould *Hamlet's* Ghost!—"To be, or  
"not to be."

What are your Op'ras to *Osbello's*  
Roar?

Oh! he's an Angel of a Blacka-  
moor!

Ld. *Min.* What when he choaks  
his Wife;—

Col. *T.* And calls her Whore?

Sir *Pat.* King *Richard* calls his  
Horse—and then *Macbeth*,  
Whene'er he murders—takes away  
the Breath.

My Blood runs cold at ev'ry Shyllable  
To see the Dagger—that's invisible.

[*All laugh.*]

Sir *Pat.* Laugh if you please, a pretty  
Play—

Ld. *Min.* Is pretty.

Sir *Pat.* And when there's Wit in't—

Col. *T.* To be sure it's witty.

Sir *Pat.* I love the Playhouse now—  
so light and gay,

With all those Candles, they have  
ta'en away.

[*All laugh.*]

For all your Game, what makes it so  
much brighter?

Col. *T.* Put out the Light, and then—

Ld. *Min.* 'Tis so much lighter.

Sir *Pat.* Pray do you mane, Sirs, more  
than you exprefs—

Col. *T.* Just as it happens—

Ld. *Min.* Either more, or less.

Mrs *Qu.* An't you asham'd, Sir?

[*To Sir Patrick.*]

Sir *Pat.* Me!—I seldom blush.—

For little *Shakespeare*, Faith! I'd take  
a Push!

Ld. *Min.* News! News!—here comes  
*Miss Crotchet* from the Play.

*Enter Miss Crotchet.*

Mrs. *Qu.* Well, *Crotchet*, what's the  
News?

*Miss Cro.* We've lost the Day.

Col. *T.* Tell us, dear *Miss*, all you  
have heard and seen.

*Miss Cro.* I'm tir'd—a Chair—here,  
take my Capuchin!

Ld. *Min.* And is n't damn

*Miss Cro.* No, my Lord

But we shall damn it.

Col. *T.* When?

*Miss Cro.* To-mor

There is a Party of us, all  
Resolv'd to exterminate  
Passion:

A Playhouse, what a Place  
forswear it,

A little Mischief only  
bear it.

Such Crowds of City Folks  
and pressing!

And their Horse-Laugh, so  
distressing!

When e'er we hiss'd, th  
and tell a swearing

Like their own *Guildhall*  
fierce and staring!

Col. *T.* What said the Fo  
shion? were they

Ld. *Min.* The rest have no  
ment than my Hor

*Miss Cro.* Lord *Grimly*! *I*  
execrable Stuff!

Says one, why so, my Lor  
Lord took Snuff.

In the first Act Ld. *George* be  
And criticis'd the Authc

his Nose:

So loud, indeed, that as hi  
snor'd,

The Pit turn'd round, a  
Brutes encor'd.

Some Lords, indeed, ap  
Author's Jokes.

Ld. *Min.* We have among  
some foolish Folks.

*Miss Cro.* Says poor Lord  
Well, now to my

The Piece is good—but  
deaf and blind.

Sir *Pat.* Upon my Soul a  
Story,

And Quality appears in al  
There was some Merit in

no Doubt:

*Miss Cro.* O, to be si  
could find it out

Col. *T.* But tell us, *Miss*,  
of the Play?

*Miss Cro.* It was a Mar  
a Marriage—sta



A Lord, an Aunt, two Sisters, and a Merchant,

A Baronet—two Lawyers—a fat Serjeant—

Are all produc'd—to talk with one another,

And about something make a mighty Pother;

They all go in, and out, and to and fro,

And talk and quarrel—as they come and go—

Then go to Bed, and then get up—and then—

Scream, faint, scold, kiss—and go to Bed again. *[All laugh.]*

Such is the Play.—Your Judgment—never sham it.

Col. T. Oh! damn it!

Mrs Qu. Damn it!

Is<sup>t</sup> La. Damn it!

Mifs Cro. Damn it!

Ld. Min. Damn it!

Sir Pat. Well, faith, you speak your Minds, and I'll be free—

Good-Night! this Company's too good for me. *[Going.]*

Col. T. Your Judgment, dear Sir Patrick, makes us proud.

Sir Pat. Laugh, if you please, but pray don't laugh too loud. *[Exit.]*

Col. Trill, *Recitative.*

Now the Barbarian's gone, Mifs, tune your Tongue,

And let us raise our Spirits high with Song!

Mifs Crochet, *Recitative.*

Colonel, *de tout mon Cœur.*—I've one in Petto,

Which you shall join, and make it a Duetto.

Lord Minum, *Recitative.*

Bella Signora, & Amico mio!

I too will join, and then we'll make a Trio.—

Col Trill.

Come all, and join the full mouth'd Chorus,

And drive all Tragedy and Comedy before us.

*[All the Company rise and advance to the Front of the Stage.]*

Col. T. Would you ever go to see A Tragedy?

Mifs Cro. Never, never.

Col. T. A Comedy?

Ld. Min. Never, never.

Live for ever!

Tweddle dum and tweddle dee!

Col T. Ld. Min. and Mifs Cro.

Live for ever!

Tweddle dum and tweddle dee!

CHORUS.

Would you ever go to see, &c.

A LADY's frank Confession; on being ask'd, How she pass'd her Time?

EVERY Season of the Year,  
Damon's to his Celia dear:  
Fragrant Flow'rs we pluck, in Spring;  
Hear the Birds, in Summer, sing:  
Fruits, in Autumn, cheerful gather:  
Fear, in Winter, Wind nor Weather;  
Sitting by good Fire-Side;  
Happy I, as Eastern Bride:  
Bless'd my Damon's Looks declare him,  
If his Celia is but near him.  
Ever happy, blithe and gay,  
Thus my Hours glide away.

CELIA.

EPIGRAM.

From Marot.

AS Cupid walk'd about, the other Day,

He met the Nymph who causes all my Sorrow;

I happen'd to be near, and heard him say,

"I wish you, Mamma Venus, the good "Morrow."

But finding that it was another,  
That he had taken for his Mother,  
He blush'd, as if he'd been ashamed:

"Cupid," said I, "you'll not be "blam'd,

"Nor need Excuses make;

"In what you've done there's nothing New;

"Much clearer-sighted far than you,  
"Have made the same Mistake."

C. D.

The

The PICTURE.

THE rising Front, by Grandeur  
form'd,  
The graceful Brow serene;  
The Cheeks, by Health and Nature  
warm'd,  
The Lips of *Cypria's* Queen.

The more than sweetly dimpled Chin,  
The Neck of Polish high;  
The Arm of Grace, the purple Vein,  
The lustre-darting Eye.

The wavy Ringlets of her Hair,  
In jerry Blackness fine;  
Her Skin most exquisitely fair,  
Her Nose the Aquiline.

The heaving Softness of her Breast,  
Which trembling courts the Touch,  
I strive to paint—but here I rest,  
Lest I should paint too much.

E P I G R A M.

*From Mr. De Cailly.*

WHEN wedded *Nell* was brought  
to Bed,  
She scream'd and roar'd with Pain;  
She'd rather die a Maid, she said,  
Was it to do again.  
Pray have a little Patience, *Nell*,  
And say, why now this Pother?  
Before your Marriage you could tell,  
What 'twas to be a Mother.

C. D.

*On a Gentleman's omitting to subscribe  
his Name to a Letter to a Lady.*

'TIS true, I did forget my Name,  
But many a Man has done the  
same  
In Circumstance like mine:  
Alas! my crazy Head's too prone  
Not only to forget my own,  
Nay, every Name—but *thine*!

Howe'er, the Means are in your Pow'r  
To make me blest in ev'ry Hour,

(Dear Charmer then abet it;)  
Do but unite your Name with mine,  
I then shall think it Half divine,  
And never more forget it.

E P I G R A M.

*From Mr. De Cailly.*

ON his Jack-Ass got Gaffer *John*,  
And was no sooner got upon,  
But th' Ass began to wince and kick,  
Unmindful of his Rider's Stick:  
When Neighbour *Simon* chanc'd to  
pass,  
And saw *John* thresh his stubborn Ass.  
"Hey, hey!" cry'd he, "what's  
"here to do?"  
"*John*, let the Creature have his Way,  
"And shew yourself for once, I pray,  
"The wiser of the two."

C. D.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

STREPHON and SYLVIA.

*Strephon.*

WElcome, fair *Sylvia*, to this  
grateful Shade,  
By spreading Shrubs, and curling  
Woodbines made;  
What soft Concern directs thy Steps  
this Way?  
Seek'st thou the faithful suff'ring  
*Strephon*, say?

*Sylvia.*

Welcome, thrice welcome, to my  
longing Arms;  
O! gentle *Strephon*, blest with manly  
Charms:  
Thy painful Absence loads my Soul  
with Grief;  
For thee I sigh and mourn, without  
Relief:  
Sure some malicious Star, with angry  
Face,  
Has urg'd thy Stay from *Sylvia's* kind  
Embrace.

*Stre'*

*Strepbon.*

Blest Nymph! in whom a thousand  
Charms unite,  
Fair as the Morning, and as Noon-  
day bright;  
My wand'ring Flocks, who feed on  
yonder Plain,  
And homely Cares, my willing Feet  
detain:  
Not to behold thee in this soft Retreat,  
Is purest Joy, and Happiness compleat.  
O! how I love thy lily Hands to press,  
Thy Form to view, thy ruby Lips to  
kiss!  
In thee, sweet Fair, a second *Eden*  
charms,  
"Thy Smile is Sunshine, Paradise  
"thy Arms."

*Sylvia.*

Bond Youth, thy Presence dissipates  
my Fears,  
Softens my Cares, and dries my gush-  
ing Tears:  
O! that with thee I might for ever  
stay,  
Then would my Days in Transport  
pass away.  
To Grief, and Pain, I then could bid  
farewel,  
With thee, the Object of my Love  
to dwell;  
With thee I'd join the love-enchant-  
ing Strains,  
Which Night draws on, or Morning  
glads the Plains;  
But *Strepbon*, say, what gentle Shep-  
herds keep,  
On yonder rising Hill, those scatter'd  
Sheep?  
Unequal Paths they tread, and de-  
vious stray,  
Nor seem in sportive Innocence to play.

*Strepbon.*

Ah, Nymph! their Pastor is th' un-  
happiest Swain  
That leads the Dance, or watches on  
the Plain:

*Daphnis* his Name; a Youth whose  
matchless Skill  
And spreading Fame, the neighb'ring  
Countries fill;  
Yet, by th' inconstant *Cynthia*, cruel  
Fair!  
Who is the Object of his fondest Care,  
Slighted, despis'd, and treated with  
Disdain,  
In base Return for all her Lover's Pain;  
Treach'rous she proves, unfaithful  
and unjust,  
False to her Vows, and perjur'd to  
her Trust.  
But, O! ye mighty Pow'rs, that rule  
on high,  
Above those purpled Arches of the  
Sky,  
Forbid, that *Sylvia* e'er should faith-  
less prove,  
Or slight the constant *Strepbon's* last-  
ing Love.

*Sylvia.*

Forbid it too! and O! propitious  
Youth,  
Ne'er doubt my Love, Sincerity, and  
Truth:  
For sooner should the Flocks forget  
the Fold,  
When pinch'd with Hunger, or the  
bitter Cold;  
Sooner the tender, inoffensive Lambs,  
Forget to wanton with their fleecy  
Dams;  
Yea, sooner should the Stream forget  
to flow,  
Than faithful *Sylvia* would her Trust  
forego.

*Strepbon.*

Though adverse Scenes of Trouble  
and Distress,  
With all their gloomy Terrors, should  
increase;  
Though frowning Fortune should my  
Hopes destroy,  
And rob me of some valuable Joy;  
In blooming *Sylvia*, Worth superior  
shines,  
In her each soft enliv'ning Grace  
combines.

Bu:

But see! the Sun forsakes the Western  
Skies,  
The Dews distil, and noxious Vapours  
rise;  
My Flocks now seek the Fold, and  
Night draws near;  
Farewel, my Love, my Joy, and only  
Dear:

Seasons more gay, and happier Days  
ensue;  
'Till then, thou beautiful, much lov'd  
Fair, adieu!

*Worcester.*

T. JENKINS.

E P I T A P H.

*From Gambaud.*

COLAS lies here bereav'd of Breath,  
Much like in Life as now in Death;  
Sometimes he sat, sometimes he stood;  
Of him is said nor Bad or Good.  
Full sixty Years he saunter'd Eve and  
Morn,  
And died as though he never had  
been born.

C. D.

An E L E G Y,

*In the Manner of Tibullus.*

LET him whose Soul the Love of  
Glory charms,  
Purchase in Fields of Death im-  
mortal Fame;

Be his, when worn with Toil, and  
old in Arms,

The Victor's Laurel, and the  
honour'd Name.

Me, unambitious of the noble Strife,  
Let rural Ease intold with soft Em-  
brace;

Let me in calm Retirement lead my  
Life,

Amid the Joys of Innocence and  
Peace.

Let him whom Gold inflames with  
low Desire,

The precious Mischief seek o'er  
Land and Sea:

Should he the utmost of his Wish  
acquire,

Is he more happy, more content  
than me?

Does Sleep with gentler Slumber seal  
his Eyes?

Or Fancy bless him with more  
pleasant Dreams?

Or does the Morn with ruddier  
Glory rise,

And round his Head diffuse her  
fairer Beams?

Or does the radiant Sov'reign of the  
Day,

With a diviner Gladness warm his  
Breast?

With sweeter Influence drive his  
Cares away?

And pleas'd behold him more com-  
pletely blest?

Lay me inglorious in the lowly Shade;  
The dear Delights of gentle Love

be mine:

With soft Devotion duly shall be paid  
My ardent Vows at Cysberea's Shrine.

And should the gracious Queen my  
Suit approve,

And give my dear *Narcissa* to my  
Arms;

Glory and Wealth, well are ye lost  
for Love;

And well repaid by Beauty's heaven-  
ly Charms.

E P I G R A M.

*From Mr. De Cailly.*

FI E Neighbour, fie! What bear  
your Wife

'Till she's almost depriv'd of Life!  
The Consequence I fear you'll reap:

We bear our Wives, as well as you:  
A Wife all know is to be bang'd,

But if you kill her—you'll be  
bang'd.

C. D.

To Miss WILFORD.

WHEN first thy beautiful Form  
we view'd

In mazy Dance intwin'd,

Each meaner Sense delighted stood,  
Nor yet unmov'd the Mind.

Fr

For though to tread the lively Round,  
Each active Fair may boast ;  
If in her Air no Soul is found,  
The wish'd Effect is lost.

The Intelligence which faintly shone  
In quick Dance express'd,  
With brightest Glare is now our own,  
In mimic Skill confess'd.

Long have we mourn'd our *Shakespeare's* Page,  
By Criticks vile defac'd ;  
By each dull Commentator's Rage,  
Torn, mangl'd and misplac'd.

Then, Fair One, try a bolder Flight,  
Each idler Scene discard ;  
Merit, like thine, will cast new Light  
On our immortal Bard.

What *Shakespeare* thought, thy genial  
Mind  
Will with full Force impart ;  
Wit, to such charming Sweetness  
join'd,  
Must reach e'en *Johnson's* Heart.

Restor'd by thee, again with Joy  
Our *Rosalind* we greet ;  
With gentle *Jessica* we toy,  
Or sigh at *Sylvia's* Feet.

But when with full-collected Charms,  
And brighter Rays you'd shine,  
Restore my *Beatrice* to my Arms,  
And make me wholly thine.

Through ev'ry sweetly varied Scene,  
Thy various Pow'rs exert ;  
So shall thy Worth in all be seen,  
And Praise shall crown Desert.

But while the historic Stage you tread,  
With loud and just Applause ;  
To the great Stage of Life take Heed,  
And shine in Virtue's Cause.

The Time shall come, when each  
bright Grace  
That now adorns Thee fair,  
Shall leave that sweetly smiling Face,  
And quit that graceful Air.

Then Virtue's Charms each vacant  
Space  
With lasting Bloom shall fill ;  
Bloom, that old *Time* can ne'er erase,  
Death wants the Pow'r to kill.

### A LADY'S CHOICE.

IF Marriage ever be my Lot in Life,  
And I by Fate am actin'd for a  
Wife ;

If e'er to Love's soft Power I yield  
my Heart,  
May Worth inspire, and Merit point  
the Dart :

May he to whom my Hand and Heart  
are given,

Have every Blessing from indulgent  
Heaven ;

Each noble Virtue with his Soul be  
join'd,

Good Sense adorn, and Honour guide  
his Mind ;

In Temper mild, in Judgment sound  
and clear,

Courteous to all, and to his Friend  
sincere ;

Grave without Rudeness, and polite  
with Ease,

His Rule good Manners, and his Aim  
to please ;

Proud to oblige, a Stranger to Deceit,  
Ambitious rather to be good than  
great.

May winning Candour, and unfeigned  
Truth,

Adorn each Action of the accom-  
plish'd Youth ;

Blest with his Love, no higher Bliss  
desire,

Content with that, let vainer Joys ex-  
pire !

Let vain Coquets their empty Tri-  
umphs boast,

My only Glory is in pleasing most  
The Youth who best deserves my  
Heart to share,

Whose kind Affection claims my  
every Care,

Thro' the uncertain, rugged Paths of  
Life,

Fulfil with Joy the Duties of a Wife ;  
And, 'till his growing Virtues cease to  
shine,

Pleas'd I'll admire, and strive to make  
them mine.

*A Collection of Favourite New Songs.*

SONG LXI.

*The Shepherd and Shepherdess.*

*A Cantata.*

*Sung by Mr. Vernon and Miss Brent,  
at Vauxhall.*

*Shepherd. RECITATIVE.*

**T**HE Morning's Freshness calls  
me forth,  
To view Creation crown the Earth.

AIR.

Come my *Lucy*, come away,  
Share with me this sun-shine Day;  
Sweets of *May* make Nature gay,  
Come my *Lucy*, come away.

*Shepherdess. RECITATIVE.*

Ah! help me, Shepherd, do but see,  
I'm stung this Moment by a Bee.

*Shepherd. AIR.*

If you from a Wound that's so small  
feel a Pain,  
Then think what you give to a true-  
loving Swain,  
When scornful you fly from his  
Pray'rs:  
A Bee's single Sting but a little while  
smarts,  
But Wounds for Years fester in fond  
Shepherds Hearts,  
When Lasses will give themselves  
Airs.

*Shepherdess.*

Ah! Shepherd! ah! Shepherd, Man-  
kind, like the Bee,  
Fly buzzing about ev'ry Beauty they  
see;

And when the believing fool'd Maid,  
O'ercome by their Arts, feels the  
Force of Love's Sting;  
At once, like the Bee, the Shepherd  
takes Wing,  
And laughing, he leaves her be-  
tray'd.

*Shepherd. RECITATIVE.*

Then fix me at once, for the Rest of  
my Life,  
And from Shepherd and Lass, let us be  
Man and Wife.

*Shepherdess. AIR.*

Maids well shou'd beware, ere to that  
they consent;  
Those in Haste to be marry'd, at Lei-  
sure repent:  
We should look ere we leap, 'tis a  
Lott'ry for Life,  
Where the Blanks are all drawn by a  
Man and his Wife.

*Shepherd.*

Those who wed for meer Wealth,  
such Misfortunes may prove,  
But we buy Wedlock's Tickets, with  
true Love for Loves  
And since Friendship's the Prize, in  
the Lott'ry for Life,  
We shall stand the best Chance when  
we're made Man and Wife.

*Shepherdess.*

Shall I Liberty leave, and submit to  
be rul'd?  
To my Children a Slave, by my Hus-  
band be fool'd:  
The Day spent in Trouble, the Night  
waste in Strife;  
This is often the Change from a Maid  
to a Wife.

*Shepherd.*

We a Wife take, 'tis said, e'er for  
better or worse;  
Marriage therefore is either a Blef-  
sing or Curse:

G g

Ler

Let us shew, by Example, the Blessings  
of Life  
Can only be found in a Man and his  
Wife.

*Shepherds.*

But see the Sun setting, the Clouds  
skirt with Gold,  
And nibbling Flocks rising, repair to  
their Fold;  
Let us Homeward repair—

*Both.*

— And end further Strife,  
And To-morrow, my Dear, we'll be  
made Man and Wife.

### SONG LXII.

*Sung by Mrs. Manrocks, in Love in a  
Village.*

**CUPID**, God of soft Persuasion,  
Take the helpless Lover's Part;  
Seize, oh! seize, some kind Occasion  
To reward a faithful Heart.

Justly those we Tyrants call,  
Who the Body would enthrall;  
Tyrants of more cruel Kind,  
Those who would enslave the Mind.  
*Cupid, God of, &c.*

What is Grandeur? Foe to Rest;  
Childish Mummery at best.  
Happy I in humble State!  
Catch, ye Fools, the glittering Bait.  
*Cupid, God of, &c.*

### SONG LXIII.

*Sung by Miss Brent, in Artaxerxes.*

**I**F o'er the cruel Tyrant, Love,  
A Conquest I believ'd,  
The flatt'ring Error cease to prove;  
O! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle Flame,  
Which Love did first create;  
What was my Pride is now my Shame,  
And must be turn'd to Hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring Mind  
The Weakness of my Heart,  
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd  
To take a Traytor's Part.

### SONG LXIV.

**SYLVAN and CYNTHIA.**

*A Favourite Dialogue.*

*Sung by Mr. Adams and Miss Carley,  
at Finch's-Gardens.*

*Sylvan.*

**S**WEET Summer is coming, the  
Peach-Tree's in Bloom;  
The Laylock's array'd, for its Leaves  
are just come;  
Then, *Cynthia*, remember your Swain's  
usual Lay,  
Consent, be united, for Life's but a  
Day.

*Cynthia.*

Fly hence, oh! false *Sylvan*, to *Myra*  
the Gay,  
To her repeat all the fine Things that  
you say;  
With Joy she may hear you, and list  
to your Lay,  
For Love, like to Life, is with you  
but a Day.

*Sylvan.*

Unjustly, dear *Cynthia*, your *Sylvan*  
you blame;  
I continue still constant, does *Cynthia*  
the same?  
Tho' to *Dorilla's* Cottage your Flock  
did once stray,  
Was the sheep then in Fault, or my  
*Cynthia*, I pray?

*Cynthia.*

Accuse me not, *Sylvan*, nor strive to  
beguile,  
With a Frown I demand it, and banish  
a Smile;

To

To *Ida's* sweet Mountains your Flock  
you may lead  
With *Myra*, who credits whatever  
you plead.

*Sylvan.*

Not so, my dear *Cynthia*, with you I  
will stray;  
You add to all Pleasure, and brighten  
the Day:  
Without thee, unhappy must *Sylvan*  
remain;  
Oh! tell me you'll have me, and rid  
me of Pain.

*Cynthia.*

Then, *Sylvan*, be happy, tho' in Fet-  
ters remain,  
I'll free you from Bondage, but not  
from your Chain:  
Then, there is my Hand, to the  
Church lead the Way;  
Be easy and chearful—I'll ever obey.

*Both.*

Come, come, all ye Nymphs, with  
your Shepherds repair,  
With Garlands of Myrtle to crown  
the fond Pair:  
May Happiness grow as our Love  
doth encrease,  
And *Hymen* supply us with Plenty and  
Peace.

SONG LXV.

Sung by *Mr. Vernon*, in *Daphne*  
and *Amyntor*.

THINK, Oh! think, within my  
Breast,  
While contending Passions reign,  
How my Heart is robb'd of Rest,  
And in Pity ease my Pain.

To a Lover, thus distress'd,  
Torn with Doubts, and Hopes, and  
Fears,  
Ev'ry Moment 'till he's bless'd,  
Is a thousand, thousand Years.

SONG LXVI.

The VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

IT is, I believe,  
Next *Valentide Eve*,  
A Twelvemonth since first I began,  
To hold up my Head,  
In Love to be read,  
T' continue the Looks of a Man.

Young *Damon* I saw;  
He kiss'd me, Oh! la!  
I vow thro' my Bosom it ran;  
My Lips he so press'd,  
'Tis true, I protest,  
I thought him the Deuce of a Man.

*Philander* the gay,  
I met at the Play;  
My Heart bear a furious Ratan;  
Because, you must know,  
I some Time ago  
Had Hopes of his being the Man.

Brisk *Strepson* came next,  
But then I was vex'd;  
He play'd with Miss *Phillis's* Fan;  
I own, to be sure,  
I could not endure  
To see myself robb'd of a Man.

My Mother and Aunts,  
Still watching my Haunts,  
Obstruct me as much as they can;  
But what do I care,  
I vow and declare,  
I'll fit myself soon with a Man.

SONG LXVII.

Sung by *Miss Brent*, in *Artaxerxes*.

LET not Rage thy Bosom fire,  
Pity's softer Claim remove;  
Spare a Heart that's just expiring,  
Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.

Each ungen'le Thought suspending,  
Judge of mine by thy soft Breast;  
Nor, with Rancour never ending,  
Heap fresh Sorrows on th' Opprest.  
Let



Let not Rage thy Bosom firing,  
Pity's softer Claim remove;  
Spare a Heart that's just expiring,  
Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry Joy has cross'd,  
Ne'er may wretched State can mend;  
I, alas! at once have lost  
Father, Brother, Lover, Friend!

Let not Rage thy Bosom firing,  
Pity's softer Claim remove;  
Spare a Heart that's just expiring,  
Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.

## SONG LXVIII.

## The CONFESSIO N.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**B**y the Side of a Stream, at the  
Foot of a Hill,  
I met with young *Phæbe*, who lives at  
the Mill;  
My Heart leapt with Joy, at so pleas-  
ing a Sight,  
For *Phæbe*, I vow, is my only Delight.

I told her my Love, and sat down by  
her Side,  
And swore the next Morning I'd make  
her my Bride;  
In Anger she said, get you out of my  
Sight,  
And go to your *Phillis*, you met here  
last Night.

Surpriz'd! I reply'd, pray explain  
what you mean;  
I never, I vow, with young *Phillis*  
was seen;  
Nor can I conceive what my *Phæbe*  
is at:  
O! can't you? she cry'd——well I  
love you for that.

Say, did you not meet her last Night  
on this Spot?

O! *Collin*, O! *Collin*, you can't have  
forgot:

I heard the whole Story this Morn-  
ing from *Mat*;

You still may deny it—I love you for  
that.

'Tis false, I reply'd; dearest *Phæbe*,  
believe,

For *Mat* is a Rover, and means to de-  
ceive;

You very well know he has ruin'd  
young *Pat*,

And sure, my dear Charmer, must  
hate him for that.

Come, come, then the cry'd, if you  
mean to be kind,

I'll own 'twas to know the true State  
of your Mind;

Transported I kiss'd her, she gave  
me a Pat,

I made her my Wife——and she loves  
me for that.

## SONG LXIX.

*Sung by Miss Wright, in Daphne  
and Amyntor.*

**S**AY, Oh! too lovely Creature,  
Thou Cause of all my Smart;  
What means this Palpitation  
Without a feeling Heart.

There's Conjunction in it:  
It ceases——Then, in a Minute,

Such napping,

Such tapping,

As if it ne'er would rest:

Mine too, I vow,

I can't tell how,

Is like to burst my Breast.

†† Gentlemen or Ladies, who are possess'd of any Pieces which may contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them inserted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal Exchange, for the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

☞ The Seventh Number will be published the First of MAY.

# THE JESTER'S MAGAZINE: OR, THE MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER. For *April* 1766.

*Being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the Kind or Price.*

Containing (among many other curious Particulars)

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*Ride je Saps.*

Laugh, if you are Wise.

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Numb. VII. *To be continu'd Monthly.*

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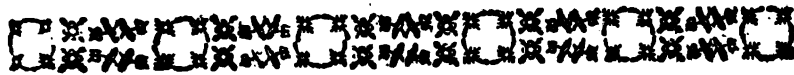
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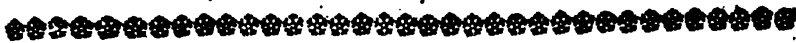
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Several Letters, which are receiv'd, will be insert'd in our next; and the future Correspondence of T. K. will be esteem'd a particular Favour.



THE  
JESTER'S MAGAZINE,  
For April 1766.



*A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

THE Servants of a Gentleman had lost, thro' Carelessness, a Dutch Dog, which their Master was extremely fond of. They consulted together what was the most likely Method to get him again, before the Gentleman return'd from his Country Seat. It was thought, by most present, that by drawing up an Advertisement, in which they described his Marks, and offered a Reward, they might obtain him again, and their Master knew nothing of the Matter. *Ar-rab, my dear Shouls,* says an Irish Servant, *that will never do. Whig, so, Paddy?* says one of his Fellow-Servants. *Because, Jon, as he is a Dutch Dog, when he tells the People in this Country where he lives, they will never be able to understand him.*

A Trial for Lands being pleaded before a Judge, the Counsel on both Sides set forth their Limitations in Question by the Plat; and one Counsel pleaded, *My Lord, we lie on this Side;* and the other said, *My Lord, we lie on this Side. Nay,*

*says the Judge, if you lie on both Sides, I'll believe neither of you.*

A Chimney-sweeper's Boy had just swept the Chimney at a Barber's Shop in London, and while the Boy was tying up his Soot, some of the Journeymen, who were at work in the Shop, being inclined to exercise their Wit on the poor Lad, among other Questions ask'd him, What Trade his Father was? To which the Boy very archly reply'd, *What Trade? why, my Father was a Barber: And I might have been a Barber too; but, to tell you the Truth, I did not like such a black-guard Business.*

A certain Person having changed his Religion on a Prospect of Advantage, was much blamed by some of his Friends for deserting them. To excuse himself, he assur'd them, he should not have done it, *but for seven Reasons.* Being ask'd what they were? He answer'd, *A Wife and six Children.*

One of the Philosophers was ask'd, how a wise Man differed from a Fool? He answer'd, *Send them both naked to a Stranger, and you will see.*

There

There was a rich Man of Tarentum, who took it into his Head to make one at the Pythian Games, and, not being strong enough to wrestle, or swift enough to run, chose to make himself a Candidate in Mulekick. Urg'd on by his Sycophants, he came to Delphos, made his Appearance at the Games in Cloth of Gold, with a Crown in the Shape of Laurel, but the Leaves were of Gold and the Fruit Emeralds. His Harp was proportionably rich, cover'd with Jewels; and adorn'd with the Figures of Orpheus, Apollo, and the Muses. Such a pompous Appearance drew all Eyes upon him, and every one expected some wonderful Performance, answerable to so expensive a Preparation: But, when he attempted to exert his Faculties, his Voice was out of Tune, as well as his Harp, and nothing was to be heard but Discord from both. The whole Theatre rung with Laughter at this; and, so much the more, as his Figure seem'd to promise so much: In a Word, the Judges of the Games had him lash'd out of the Theatre, cover'd with Dirt, and overwhelm'd with Shame and Confusion. After him came one Emulus of Elis, an excellent Master, who charm'd the whole Audience with the Skill of his Compositions and the Excellency of his Performance, and was by universal Consent proclaim'd Conqueror, tho' mean in Apparel, and with an old Instrument that hardly promis'd to be capable of Harmony. His Jest upon the Tarentine was smart enough. *You were crown'd with Gold and Jewels,* says he, *because you were rich; and because I was poor, they put me off with one of Laurel: But I am satisfied with mine notwithstanding, because it argued I had some*

*Merit to deserve it, whereas yours laid you open to Ignominy and Contempt.*

A Reverend Gentleman receiv'd an Invitation to Dinner, wrote on the *Ten of Hearts*, by a young Lady of great Beauty, Merit, and Fortune. This, the Gentleman thought a good Opportunity to give the Lady a distant Hint of his Hopes; he therefore wrote the following Lines on the same Card, and return'd it by her own Servant.

*Your Compliments, Lady, I pray now  
forbear,  
For old English Service is much  
more sincere:  
You've sent me Ten Hearts, but the  
Tyb's only mine;  
So give me one Heart, and take back  
t'other nine.*

A Miser had constantly two Dishes brought to his Table, but eat of but one. His Man once brought but one, and left the other behind. *Sirrah,* said he, *where's the other Dish?* *Sir,* replied the Man, *it has come so oft, I thought it would have found its Way hither without any Assistance.*

Nash seldom boasted of his Family or Learning; and his Father's Name and Circumstances were so little known, that a certain Doctor us'd frequently to say, *That Nash had no Father.* A Dutchess, one Day rallying him in publick Company upon the Obscurity of his Birth, compared him to *Gil Blas*, who was ashamed of his Father. No, Madam, replied Nash, *I seldom mention my Father in Company; not because I have any Reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some Reason to be ashamed of me.*

One Day, as Mr. Q——n was looking at *Westminster-Bridge*, he exclaimed, *Oh! that my Mouth were that Center-Arch, and that the River ran Claret.*

A Country Fellow seeing the Sign of the *Oxford-Arms*, in the *Old Butcher-Row* in that City, in which is an Ox and an open Book for the University; cry'd out, *This may well be called a Place of Learning, where the very Cows con their Lessons.*

Some good Companions, being very merry together, fell into a Discourse concerning Beards; and some pretended to conjecture others Qualities and Conditions, by their Beards. At last, in Continuance of the Discourse, one who had a red Beard, and Hair much of the same Colour, was very desirous to know what they thought of him? *Why, I should guess,* said another, *by your Cow colour'd Beard, that you are a Calf.*

A *Welch* Drover, coming through *Oxford*, ask'd his Companions, what outlandish People they were, which he saw walking on the Parade before *St. Mary's Church*? The other, who was a Sage in his own Country, *Cot's bars! cannot bur see, they are Parsons' Prentices.*

An *Oxonian*, hearing a Man say he came from *Leek*, in *Staffordshire*, ask'd him, If he knew *Thomas Johnson's* Surname; that once sold Ale in that Town? No, indeed, Sir, said the Countryman, *I do not; I have been from thence some Time, and perhaps have forgot.*

A Farmer of *Heddington*, that held a little Estate by Lease for three Lives, and was a very good Jumper, offered to lay a Wager with another Farmer of the same Place,

that he could jump over a *Stoner Pit* in that Parish, that was five Yards over; which being pretty deep, and the Attempt very dangerous, a By-stander endeavoured to dissuade him from so perilous a Feat; and told him, he might lose his Life by so doing. *What Care I,* said the Farmer, *ban't I a Lease of three Lives?*

A Gentleman went one wet cold Night into an Inn, in *Oxford*. As Firing is very dear there, a great many People were in the Kitchen, and the Fire so surrounded he could not get to warm him. Upon seeing this, he call'd for the Ostler, and bid him fetch Half a Peck of Oysters, and carry to his Horse. *Oysters for your Horse!* says the Fellow, grinning: *What, Shells and all!* *Aye, aye,* reply'd the Gentleman, *carry them to him unopen'd.* The Fellow fetch'd the Oysters immediately, brought them to the Gentleman in the Kitchen, and ask'd whether they were really to be carried to his Horse; For, says he, *I never saw a Horse eat Oysters in my Life. No Matter for that,* reply'd the Gentleman, *carry them to him.* Away he went with the Oysters to the Horse, attended by all the People in the Kitchen. In the mean Time the Gentleman got a rare warm Place in the Chimney - Corner, which was what he wanted. He had not been there long ere the Ostler, attended by the Persons who had left the Kitchen, came to acquaint him with a Piece of Intelligence he knew before. *Why, Sir,* says he, *I have put the Oysters into the Manger, and the Devil of one of them will your Horse touch.* Like enough, reply'd the Gentleman; *why then, as he is not in the Humour to eat*

them now, do you bring the Oysters to me, and give my Horse Half a Peck of Corn instead of them.

There is a particular Nerve (said Mr. Q—n) in a Haunch of Venison that is most exquisite eating. Pray, Mr. Q—n, said a Gentleman to him, be so good as to point it out. No, Sir, not if you were my Brother, replied he. Well, but what do you say when any one else finds it out? said the Gentleman. Why, Sir, reply'd Mr. Q—n, when I see a Knife hovering over it, I shrug up my Shoulders, and say—nothing.

A Country Farmer, riding to a merry Meeting on an easy Horse, drank very plentifully 'till Night came on, and his Senses fled. One of the Company resolved to pass a Joke upon him, by perswading the rest to mount him on his Horse, with his Face to the Tail, and turn the Horse loose, who knew very well the Way Home. So up they mounted him, and away went the Horse a Foot-pace, 'till the Farmer fell fast asleep. In an Hour's Time the Horse was at Home, and presently fell a neighing. His Wife came with a Candle in her Hand; and, seeing her Husband in that Condition, began to take on bitterly, and waking him, told him the Greatness of his Sin, &c. Upon which he rubs his Eyes; and, looking about, cries out in a great Passion, Pub! hold your Tongue, Woman: Nothing vexes me so much, as that the plaguy Rogues should cut my Horse's Head off.

One having many Pictures to hang up in his House, among which one was his own Picture; Well, says he, here such a Picture shall be hang'd, and there such a Picture, and here I'll be hang'd myself.

A blunt Tike, who was newly become an Officer at the King's-Head, in Oxford, was ask'd by a Gentleman, What Countryman he was? Who reply'd, Yorkshire, Sir. A waggish Oxonian being by, ask'd the poor Fellow, what County Yorkshire was in? After the Man had scratched his Head a little, he drawled out, I cannot well tell you, Mister, unless it be in Durham, or the North Riding.

Two walking together in the Fields, were at length hemmed in by a great Ditch; which, when they perceived, quoth one of them, We must go back again, for this Ditch is too big for us to jump over. Nay, quoth the other, I protest I'll jump over, tho' I light just in the Middle.

Some Countrymen having a large Number of Eggs to send to London, were put to it for Hampers to pack them up in. They puzzled their empty Noddles a good while, to no Purpose; at length an arch Fellow, viewing their unmeaning Faces, said, What at a Stand! honest Countrymen? Can't you think of some Way to pack up your Eggs? Why, Wounds, one of you pull off your Shoes and Stockings, and tread them down in the Hampers, and you'll soon have Room enough.

At the Bedford Coffee-House, Mr. Q—n hearing a Petit-Maitre calling for a Dish of Coffee, and desiring it might be plaguy weak; he immediately ordered one to be made plaguy strong. And afterwards asking the Waiter who that Gentleman was? on his answering, Sir E——'s Son; he cried, You lie—it is his Daughter.

*The Remainder of MARTUCIO and CONSTANCIA.*

**I**nspir'd with these Hopes they haste to Arms, and take the Field with great Alacrity, notwithstanding the Enemy was greatly superior to them. *Martucio* had so contriv'd it, that all the \* Arrows and Darts they shot at the Enemy were useless to them; but all those which were discharg'd at them by the Enemy, were to them of as much Service as their own. By this Means the Arrows of the Enemy became exhausted, and they kept shooting continual Showers at them, when the others had none to use. Thus they obtain'd a glorious Conquest, and return'd in Triumph. *Martucio* met with universal Applause, and was justly rais'd by the King to great Honour.

The Fame of this young Hero was soon spread throughout the Kingdom, and *Constancia* heard the glad Tidings with exceeding great Joy. The Flame which lay smothering in her Bosom, now broke out more furious than ever. She related to her generous Lady the Story of her Love; and assur'd her, that the glorious Hero, who had deliver'd the *Tunisians* from Ruin, was her Lover, tho' it had been reported in *Liparia* he was dead. *Constancia* then acquainted this worthy Lady with her Parentage, and the most material Occurrences of her Life; and begg'd her kind Protectress would permit her to go to *Tunis*, and discover herself to her dear *Martucio*.

This excellent Lady heard, with Pleasure, the Account *Constancia* gave her. She highly commended her Constancy, and not only permitted her to go to *Tunis*, but even condescended to accompany her there. Upon their Arrival she left *Constancia* with a Relation, who entertain'd her in a most endearing Manner, while she went to acquaint *Martucio* that the lovely *Constancia* was then in Safety in that City.

*Martucio* receiv'd the welcome News with unspeakable Joy. He return'd his most grateful Thanks to the kind Lady for all her beneficent Offices, and express'd the great Desire he had to be bless'd with the Sight of her. This was readily consented to, and he was soon conducted into the Presence of his beloved Mistress.

Soon as the beauteous *Constancia* beheld *Martucio*, she fainted in his Arms; and, when she recover'd, he gaz'd on her for some Time with silent Admiration. At length his Words found Utterance; and pressing her again to his Bosom, he said, "And art thou still alive! — Oh! happy Meeting! — Joy unspeakable!"

After a Thousand mutual Endearments, they made known to each other the various Misfortunes which had beset them since they parted at *Liparia*; the Pangs which Absence had occasion'd; and the happy Moments of their being bless'd in the Possession of each other.

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Mar-

\* The Stratagem was, to make the Knotch at the Bottom of their Arrows to be very small, and to have small Strings to their Bows; by this Means they might use their Enemies Arrows again upon them, tho' they were incapable of using theirs.





War with *Halyartēs*, King of *Lydia*, which lasted five Years, and was occasion'd very oddly. The *Scythians*, who were admitted into his Court to teach some young Persons of Quality their Language, whom *Cyaxares* had order'd to be so instructed, were keen Sportsmen, and often brought this Prince Venison and Wild Fowl; but he being of a choleric Temper, was wont to reproach and curse them, when they missed of their Game. They, no longer able to bear this Usage, unanimously resolv'd to kill one of his Children, and have him serv'd up to the King's Table, when they had season'd and dress'd him up, as they used to do the Venison: This done, they fled to *Halyartēs*, who refusing to send back the Murderers, *Cyaxares* attack'd him with all his Forces, and during this War gain'd some Advantages; but when he was just ready to give the Enemy Battle, being terrified by an Eclipse which happen'd on that Day, he imprudently solicited a Cessation of Arms. The War continuing afterwards, *Cyaxares* laid Siege to *Nineveh*, but was oblig'd to raise it; and, the *Scythians* having taken most of his Provinces, he invited the most considerable Men amongst them to a grand Entertainment, and causing them all to be murder'd, pursued the Army, and drove them back into *Syria*; after which, he beat the *Assyrians*, took *Nineveh*, and entirely demolish'd it. *Cyaxares* was succeeded by his Son *Astyages*, who dream'd that his Daughter *Mandane* had made such a vast Quantity of Water as overflow'd the City, and all *Asia*. All the Magicians were immediately sent for to interpret this Dream: They answer'd, That she would bear a Son, who would dis-

possess the Father of all his Dominions. In order to prevent this fatal Consequence, *Astyages* gave his Daughter to a *Persian*. Some Time before he had News of his Daughter's Pregnancy, he dreamt again, that a Vine rose out of her Womb, whose Branches spread over all *Asia*. This last Dream gave *Cyaxares* great Uneasiness: Hereupon, he determin'd to send for his Daughter to lie-in with him; and, as soon as she was deliver'd, gave the Child to one of his Counsel, named *Harpagus*, with Orders to kill it. He, not willing to commit so execrable a Fact, deliver'd the Child to *Mitridates*, the King's chief Shepherd, to put his Master's Orders in Execution. *Mitridates*'s Wife, called *Spaco*, being lately deliver'd of a dead Child, took Compassion on the poor Innocent, prevail'd upon her Husband to let her nurse it, and they gave him the Name of *Cyrus*. He staid with the Shepherd ten Years; and, being one Day chosen King by his Playfellows, at a certain Game they were playing at, he us'd a Nobleman's Son very roughly, whose Father told the King of it. *Astyages* sent for *Cyrus*, and ask'd the Reason of it; to whom the Youth reply'd, with an uncommon Fortitude of Mind, "That as a King, it was his Place" to use him so, for refusing to "obey him". *Astyages*, astonish'd at the Boy's ready Wit, was much taken with him, look'd steadfastly on his Features, enquir'd when he was born, talk'd with *Mitridates*; and, not doubting but his Dream was fulfill'd, own'd him for his Grandson, and sent him to his Father in *Persia*. *Astyages*, however, highly incens'd at the Perfidy of *Harpagus*, commanded his Son, but

but thirteen Years old, to be kill'd, and serv'd up to his Table. After Dinner, he enquir'd of *Harpagus*, how he approv'd of the Entertainment? he answering with great Respect, the King shew'd him the bloody Head and Legs of his Son, putting the same Question to him again. He answer'd with the same Respect, "That he made the King's "Pleasure his own". But notwithstanding *Harpagus* made these courtly Answers, he was inwardly shock'd at the dismal Sight, and meditated Revenge, but deferr'd it for some Time. His Scheme was this: When *Cyrus* was grown up to Man's Estate, he acquainted him with the Orders *Astyages* had given him, and with the barbarous Murder he had committed, to punish his Compassion; and, at the same Time assur'd him, that if he could raise an Army, he would soon make him Master of the Kingdom.

*Cyrus*, on reading the Letter, provided for the Expedition, of which *Astyages* had timely Ad-

vice; but, unmindful of the ill Usage he had formerly given *Harpagus*, made him General of his Forces. *Harpagus*, who had so long waited for a proper Opportunity, immediately went over with his whole Army to *Cyrus*; which oblig'd *Astyages* to raise another, and march in Person against his Grandson and General; but the latter obtain'd a complete Victory, and took *Astyages* Prisoner, whom *Cyrus* treated generously, and made Governor of *Hyrcania*. Thus the Empire of the *Medes* became join'd to the *Persian*.

It will be to little Purpose for me, Sister, to lay before you the perplex'd Conjectures of Authors, about the Times of the Reigns of the ancient Kings of *Persia*; since 'tis enough for you to take Notice, that *Cyrus* laid the Foundation of this Empire, of which I shall give you a short Account, when Opportunity offers; being,

*Yours, &c.*

*(To be continu'd.)*



### *The Fortunate Cottager: Or, Virtue Rewarded.*

A Character, which continues virtuous, tho' loaded with Distress, is truly great. I have often wished that Ladies were propos'd as Models for Female Imitation, who were possess'd of truly Female Accomplishments, and not such as have acquired Fame by Qualities repugnant to the natural Softness of the Sex.

Women, famed for their Valour, their Skill in Politics, or their Learning, leave the Duties of their

own Sex, in order to invade the Privileges of ours. I can no more pardon a Fair One for endeavouring to wield the Club of *Hercules*, than I could him for attempting to twirl her Distaff.

The modest Virgin, the prudent Wife, or the careful Macon are much more serviceable in Life than petticoated Philosophers, blustering Heroines, or visago Queens. She who makes her Husband and her Children happy; who reclaims the  
one

one from Vice, and trains up the other to Virtue, is a much greater Character than Ladies described in Romance, whose whole Occupation is to murder Mankind with Shafts from their Quivers or their Eyes.

Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great Cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their Tenderness is the proper Reward for the Dangers we undergo for their Preservation; and the Ease and Chearfulness of their Conversation, our desirable Retreat from the Fatigues of intense Application. They are confin'd within the narrow Limits of domestic Assiduity; and when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their Sphere, and consequently without Grace.

Fame therefore has been very unjustly dispensed, among the Female Sex. Those who least deserved to be remembered, meet our Admiration and Applause; while many, who have been an Honour to Humanity, are passed over in Silence. Perhaps no Age has produced a stronger Instance of misplaced Fame than the present: The *Semiramis* and the *Iphigenias* of Antiquity are talked of, while a modern Character, infinitely greater than either, is unnoticed and unknown.

*Catharina Alexowna*, born near *Derpas*, a little City in *Livonia*, was Heir to no other Inheritance than the Virtues and Frugality of her Parents. Her Father being dead, she lived with her aged Mother, in their Cottage covered with Straw; and both, tho' very poor, were contented. Here, retired from the Gaze of the World, by the Labour of her Hands, she supported her Parents, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While *Catharina* spun, the old Woman would sit by, and read

some Book of Devotion: Thus when the Fatigues of the Day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their Fire-Side, and enjoy the frugal Meal with vacant Fecivity.

Tho' her Face and Person were Models of Perfection, yet her whole Attention seemed bestowed upon her Mind. Her Mother taught her to read, and an old *Lutheran* Minister instructed her in the Maxims and Duties of Religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready, but a solid Turn of Thought; not only with a strong, but a right Understanding. Such truly Female Accomplishments procured her several Solicitations of Marriage from the Peasants of the Country, but their Offers were refused; for she loved her Mother too tenderly to think of a Separation.

*Catharina* was Fifteen when her Mother died; she now therefore left her Cottage, and went to live with the *Lutheran* Minister, by whom she had been instructed from her Childhood. In his House she resided, in Quality of Governess to his Children; at once reconciling in her Character unerring Prudence with surprizing Vivacity.

The old Man, who regarded her as one of his own Children, had her instructed in Dancing and Music, by the Masters who attended the Rest of his Family. Thus she continu'd to improve 'till he died, by which Accident she was once more reduced to pristine Poverty. The Country of *Livonia* was at this Time wasted by War, and lay in a most miserable State of Desolation. Those Calamities are ever most heavy upon the Poor; wherefore *Catharina*, tho' possess'd of so many Accomplishments, experienced all

the Miseries of hopeless Indigence. Provisions becoming every Day more scarce, and her private Stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to *Marienburg*, a City of greater Plenty.

With her scanty Wardrobe, packed up in a Wallet, she set out on her Journey on Foot. She was to walk through a Region miserable by Nature, but rendered still more hideous by the *Suedes* and *Russians*; who, as each happen'd to become Masters, plundered it at Discretion: But Hunger had taught her to despise the Dangers and Fatigues of the Way.

One Evening, upon her Journey, as she had entered a Cottage by the Way-Side, to take up her Lodging for the Night, she was insulted by two *Swedish* Soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, to follow the Camp. They might probably have carried their Insults into Violence, had not a Subaltern Officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her Assistance. Upon his appearing, the Soldiers immediately desisted; but her Thankfulness was hardly greater than her Surprise, when she instantly recollected in her Deliverer, the Son of the *Lutheran* Minister, her former Instructor, Benefactor, and Friend.

This was an happy Interview for *Catbarina*. The little Stock of Money she had brought from Home was by this Time quite exhausted; her Cloaths were gone, Piece by Piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their Houses; her generous Countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare, to buy her Cloaths, furnished her with an Horse, and gave her Letters of Recommendation to Mr. *Gluck*, a faithful Friend of his Father's, and Superintendent of *Marienburg*.

Our beautiful Stranger had only to appear to be well received. She was immediately admitted into the Superintendent's Family, as Governess to his two Daughters; and tho' yet but Seventeen, shew'd herself capable of instructing her Sex not only in Virtue, but Politeness. Such was her good Sense and Beauty, that her Master himself, in a short Time, offered her his Hand; which, to his great Surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a Principle of Gratitude, she was resolved to marry her Deliverer only, even tho' he had lost an Arm, and was otherwise disfigured by Wounds in the Service.

In order therefore to prevent further Solicitations from others, as soon as the Officer came to Town upon Duty, she offered him her Person, which he accepted with Transport, and their Nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the Lines of her Fortune were to be striking. The very Day on which they were married, the *Russians* laid Siege to *Marienburg*. The unhappy Soldier had now no Time to enjoy the well earned Pleasures of Matrimony; he was called off before Consummation to an Attack, from which he was never seen after to return.

In the mean time the Siege went on with Fury, aggravated on one Side by Obstinacy, on the other by Revenge. This War between the two Northern Powers at that Time was truly barbarous; the innocent Peasant and the harmless Virgin often shared the Fate of the Soldier in Arms. *Marienburg* was taken by Assault; and such was the Fury of the Assailants, that not only the Garrison, but almost all the Inhabitants, Men, Women, and Children,

ren, were put to the Sword; at length, when the Carnage was pretty well over, *Catbarina* was found hid in an Oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but till was free; she was now to conform to her hard Fate, and learn what it was to be a Slave. In this situation, however, she behaved with Piety and Humility; and tho' Misfortunes had abated her Vivacity, yet she was chearful. The Fame of her Merit and Resignation, reached even Prince *Menzikoff*, the *Russian* General. He desired to see her, was struck with her Beauty, bought her from the Soldier (her Master) and placed her under the Direction of his own Sister. Here she was treated with all the Respect which her Merit deserved, while her Beauty every Day improved with her good Fortune.

She had not been long in this Situation, when *Peter* the Great paying the Prince a Visit, *Catbarina* happened to come in with some dry Fruits, which she served round with peculiar Modesty. The mighty Monarch saw, and was struck with her Beauty. He return'd the next Day, call'd for the beautiful Slave, ask'd her several Questions, and found her Understanding even more perfect than her Person.

He had been forced, when young, to marry from Motives of Interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own Inclinations. He

immediately enquired the History of the fair *Livonian*, who was not yet Eighteen. He traced her thro' the Vale of Obscurity, thro' all the Vicissitudes of her Fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The Meanness of her Birth was no Obstruction to his Design. Their Nuptials were solemnized in private; the Prince assuring his Courtiers, that Virtue alone was the properest Ladder to a Throne.

We now see *Catbarina*, from the low mud-walled Cottage, Empress of the greatest Kingdom upon Earth. The poor solitary Wanderer is now surrounded by Thousands, who find Happiness in her Smile. She, who formerly wanted a Meal, is now capable of diffusing Plenty upon whole Nations. To her Fortune, she owed a Part of this Preheminence, but to her Virtues more.

She ever after retained those great Qualities which first placed her on a Throne; and while the extraordinary Prince, her Husband, laboured for the Reformation of his Male Subjects, she studied in her Turn the Improvement of her own Sex. She altered their Dresses, introduced mixed Assemblies, instituted an Order of Female Knight-hood; and, at length, when she had greatly filled all the Stations of Empress, Friend, Wife, and Mother, bravely died without Regret, regretted by all.

To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

Please to insert the following TALE in the next Number of your merry Magazine, and you will oblige many of your Readers, and in particular

Your humble Servant,

LEGUANEA.

## The QUAKER and CLOWN.

### A TALE.

A Certain Clown, nam'd Roger, lov'd the Chimney-Corner so much better than a Church-Pew, that he constantly pass'd his *Sundays* in it. 'Twas so long since he had attended Divine Service, that he scarce remember'd the Colour of the Parson's Cassock. His Wife, who heartily wish'd his Absence was more frequent, took Occasion one Day to represent to him, in the most emphatical Manner, what an heinous Crime it was to neglect Divine Service. She held forth so long, and so loud on this Head, that he, tir'd by her vociferous Eloquence, rather than convinc'd by her Arguments, determin'd to leave his belov'd Seat, with an Intention to go to Church. He went accordingly from Home; but happening, in his Way to the Church, to see the Door of the Quaker's Meeting open, he went in, sat down on a Form, and fell fast asleep.

*Aminadab Holdforth*, having sustain'd some Losses, was telling his Auditors, that whatever they gave to him, *should be returned two-fold*. Roger wak'd just as he made this Declaration, and from the Meeting to his Cottage revolv'd these Words in his Mind.

When he got Home, he repeated them to his Wife; telling her, at the same Time, that as he thought it improbable his Friend *Aminadab* should lie, he was determin'd to make him a Present of their Cow *Cherry*; as it would, according to his Promise in the Meeting, be return'd two-fold.

On this extraordinary Information the poor Woman set up a most dismal Outcry; urging, in the strongest Terms, that her dear *Cherry's* Milk was the Chief of their Support: But all to no Purpose, Roger was absolutely bent on his Design, and drove away immediately to *Aminadab's*, regardless of her Lamentations and piteous Moans.

When he arriv'd at his House, Friend *Aminadab* happen'd to be at the Door. Roger directly doff'd his Hat; and, gnawing its Corners, address'd him in the following Manner: "Friend *Aminadab*, I've brought " ye here our Cow *Cherry*, and " you please to accept an her." " Thou'rt a good Fellow," replies *Aminadab*—" Here, *Sarah*, take " our honest Neighbour into the " Kitchen, and let him eat heartily—and, hark ye—make " him drink some of our best Ale."

At

these welcome Sounds *Roger's* Part leapt with Joy. He was conducted to the Kitchen, where he led his Part most manfully; and, a Couple of Hours, was sent home as happy as a Prince.

When he came Home, he boasted his Wife that he had already receiv'd something in Part of his Gift; that all would be return'd in Time; and that he was certain his Friend *Aminadab* had spoken Truth: But his Wife interrupting him in his Harangue, with an Accusation of Stupidity, and having foolishly ruin'd himself and her; *Roger*, to avoid farther Altercation, retir'd to Bed, and slept soundly 'till Morning.

As soon as *Roger* wak'd, his Ears were attracted by the Sounds of Moo—Moo—Moo—under his Window. He got up; and, looking out, perceiv'd his own Cow *Cberry*, and *Aminadab's* Bull, whom she had decoy'd Home with her. Overjoy'd at the Sight, he wak'd his Wife, and inform'd her of their good Fortune; at the same Time upbraiding her, for her Unbelief of Words utter'd in the Meeting; and remark'd, that his Friend *Aminadab* had been better than his Word, for he had not only return'd his Gift two-fold; but had likewise given him the best Dinner he had ever tasted in his Life.

It was then determin'd to sell the Bull, and keep the Cow. No sooner resolv'd on, but put in Execution; the Bull was sold, and the Cow reserv'd for her former Use.

*Roger*, having had such Success by going to Meeting, determin'd to go there again. The next *Sunday*,

being seated as before, he was very attentive to *Aminadab's* Discourse; and, towards the Conclusion, was greatly astonish'd to hear him pronounce the following Words: "That " whereas on *Monday* last I have " lost my Bull, together with a " Cow lately made me a Present " of; whoever can give Information of the said Cow and Bull, so " as they may be recover'd, shall " receive a Crown Reward."

This appearing somewhat mysterious to *Roger*, he resolv'd to intimate his Surprize to *Aminadab*; whom he address'd accordingly, as he was coming out of the Meeting. The Quaker, finding by his Discourse that he was the Person who had got both Cow and Bull, told him, in a great Passion, that he would the next Morning take a Ride to Mr. *Clearcause* (a Justice of the Peace, who liv'd at about three Miles Distance) and inform him of the Affair. *Roger* determin'd to be at the Justice's as soon as the Quaker, and set out accordingly the next Morning early.

On the Road, *Roger* espy'd the Quaker's Horse ty'd to the Door of a small Hedge Alehouse, to which he immediately went; and, peeping through a Window, perceiv'd *Aminadab* and the Landlord's Wife transacting some Affairs which could not be term'd absolutely decent. At this unexpected Sight *Roger* was greatly overjoy'd, knowing he could intimidate the Quaker at any Time, by letting him understand what he was privy to, which would excite the Rage of his own conjugal Termagant.

(To be concluded in our next.)



To the Authors of *the jests magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

*By giving the enclos'd a Place in your Jester's Magazine for next Month you will greatly oblige*

A constant Reader and Well-wisher,

April 3, 1766.

J—s C—r.

### *The Artful Jesuit: Or, The Happy Deliverance.*

ABOUT twenty Years ago, a Protestant *English* Watch-Maker, who liv'd at *Oporto* in good Credit and Esteem, had an Accusation secretly laid against him, of diminishing the Coin of the Kingdom. A sudden Search of his House was thereon immediately made, and a small Piece of Gold Coin, call'd a New Crown, being the tenth Part of a Moidore, and of Value Two Shillings and Eight-pence Halfpenny, was found in a little Quantity of *Aqua-Regis*; upon which, his Person was seized, and soon after sent Prisoner to *Lisbon*; where a legal Process was commenced, for his Conviction, in the customary and slow Manner of a Chancery Suit in *England*.

During the Course of these Proceedings, the Jesuits, who always gave their spiritual Assistance to Prisoners, undertook his Conversion to their Religion; which the *Portuguese* consider as the greatest Act of Piety and Kindness, in being the Means of saving a Soul from Perdition. It became natural for these People, of Course, to get Informa-

tion of the Nature of his Offence. He alledged, in Excuse of the Fact he was charged with, that he was only making an Experiment, and to which the Insignificance of the Piece of Money under Operation, gave so reasonable a Colour, that the Jesuits became willing to save him. They therefore publicly appeared zealous to effect his Conversion; but privately dropt Insinuations, that his Safety depended on his not changing his Religion, from the well-known Scruples entertained in that Country of sending a Soul to Hell, by dismissing it from the Body out of the Pale of what they so firmly believe to be the only true Church, and which otherwise might have afterwards become saved by a Conversion to their Faith.

This Scruple has very often, in that Country, been the Means of retarding, for a long Time, a Condemnation; as when Condemnation is past, Execution ordinarily follows in three Days: And that Man's Condemnation would probably have taken Place, had he suffered his religious Faith to become perverted.

*(The Remainder in our next.)*

To

TO THE AUTHORS OF *The Jester's Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

*The Favour you did me by inserting the History of the Lion, has induc'd me to send the History of the Elephant; and, if you are kind enough to insert it in your next Number, you will greatly oblige.*

Your Admirer,

April 5, 1766.

A\*\*\*\*\*.

### *The History of the* ELEPHANT.

**M**ANY are the Instances related by the Ancients and others, of the wonderful Sense of Gratitude and Discernment in this noble Animal. They are so very astonishing, that they are sufficient to stagger our Belief, were not so many parallel Instances recorded by so great a Number of different Authors of good Credit. It is really wonderful to imagine, with what Readiness these stupendous Creatures learnt whatever was taught them, though very great Pains were bestowed upon them by their Masters and Guides, before they could bring them to such a perfect Tameness and Docility. *Muristanus*, who had been thrice Consul at *Rome*, affirmed, that he had seen an Elephant who was well acquainted with Things which were spoken to him, by arranging the Characters. Almost all of them understood as much of the *Indian* Language as regarded themselves. Some of them were so tame, that a Boy of twelve or thirteen Years of Age guided them easily; and, mounted on their Backs, made them do whatever he pleased. They were generally guided by Signs.

This Animal is the largest of all four-footed Beasts. He is very strong, docile, cunning, faithful,

nimble; and so sagacious, that he is reported to do many Things that might be supposed to be far beyond the Capacity of a Brute. He is so gentle and mild, that the weakest and most tame Animals may play before him without Danger; and he never fights with any Thing, unless provoked. He will kill a Horse with one Blow of his Trunk, which is a long cartilaginous Tube, hanging between his Teeth, with which he feeds himself. He has two large Teeth, one standing out on each Side his Trunk; of which the Ivory (so much used and valued) is made especially for Toys.

It is said this Animal is six or eighteen Months in the Belly of his Mother, and is at first about the Size of a Calf. He does not arrive at his full Age 'till fifty or six Years, 'till then they cannot build a Tower upon his Back. Their ordinary Food is Grass, or Corn; but they are very fond of sweet Things, particularly Barley-Sugar, and they give to tame them. They are subject to many different Disorders, which the *Indians* know how to cure. They live to a great Age, commonly two Hundred Years, and some few live to three Hundred.

(To be continu'd.)

*A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks,  
Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.*

**SOLUTIONS to the CONUN-  
DRUMS**

*In Number VI.*

51. **B**ECAUSE he's ready to give  
any Man a Lift.  
52. Because he is for-getting.  
53. Because they are folded.  
54. Because it makes Men look lit-  
tle.  
55. Because he has a Hanger-on.  
56. Because she's fond of Hoops and  
Drums.  
57. Because she's ring'd.  
58. Because its fram'd to please.  
59. Because he'll send you a Viol-  
in.  
60. Because it is between two Poles.

**CONUNDRUMS.**

61. **W**HY is the *Thames* like a  
Pudding?  
62. Why is a Cunning-Man like a  
a Shoe-Maker?  
63. Why is a drunken Man like Skit-  
tles?  
64. Which is the Principal Part of a  
Horse?  
65. Why is a Fidler like a Man in  
Amaze?  
66. Why is a Thief like a Knocker?  
67. Why are Lamps like the *Thames*?  
68. Why is a Cook like a Man after  
a Misfortune?  
69. Why is a Butcher like a Horse?  
70. Why is a Tradesman, who has  
left off Business, like a House?  
[\*\*\* *The Solutions in our next.*]

**SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES**

**RIDDLES.**

13. **L**ET arbitrary Princes boast no  
more,  
Their haughty Schemes of independent  
Pow'r;  
Nor propagate (to keep Mankind at  
Distance)  
The slavish Principles of Non-  
resistance;  
Since I possess a more despotick  
Sway,  
And absolute Command, by far, than  
they.  
No Laws, Injunctions, nor Restraints  
I know,  
But such as from myself spontaneous  
flow.  
How oft have I, in mazy Fetters bound  
Th' intrepid Sons of War, with Vic-  
tory crown'd?  
What potent Heroes, valiant in the  
Field,  
Have I led Captive, and oblig'd to  
yield?

**SOLUTIONS to the REBUSSES**

*In Number VI.*

11. Miss Douglas. 12. Sir Isaac Newton.  
13. Mansfield. 14. Ludlow.

*To the Proposer of the FIRST REBUSS*

*In Number V.*

**M**ISS CLARK's the Nymph, I  
plainly see,  
Whom you've \* confign'd to yours,  
J. B.

*Lakford.*

*Altho'*

\* Alluding to the Reward offered for its Solution.

Altho' I am no formidable Name,  
An universal Deference I claim:  
The greatest Potentates my Pow'r re-  
vere,

And Men of all Degrees my Liv'ry  
wear:

Yet no constrain'd Obedience I exact;  
Tis ev'ry Man's own voluntary Act.  
Of I occasion Quarrels and Disputes,  
Intestine Jars, and Law-contending  
Suits:

Reason, with all her mild Persua-  
sions, can

Avail but little, when I've laid the  
Plan.

In publick Life my Influence is such,  
Men hardly can be guided by't top  
much;

But 'tis not seldom the unhappy Rise  
Of private, unforeseen, Calamities.  
I'll only add (to exemplify my Worth  
And clear my sully'd Fame) I'm of  
celestial Birth.

14. **M**Y Mother is a Man,  
And all my Sisters too;  
Deny it, if you can,  
That what I say is true.

[\* \* \* The Solutions in our next.]

# REBUSSES.

15. **T**AKE that of Quadrupeds,  
majestic in Might,  
And the First of an Emblem that in  
Darkness shews Light;  
With Part of a Goddess for Beauty  
venerated,  
And the First of the Second of the  
First e'er created;  
And, when added together, I dare  
say you'll find,  
What's too cruel to some, and to  
others too kind.

Chancery-Lane.

Ben Quilldree.

16. **A** Jewel, that's rightly apply'd  
but by few;  
And Part of a Beast, that's not lik'd  
by a Jew;

These, in Order cement, a Vill' 'twill  
declare,  
Some Distance from London—'tis in  
Lincolnshire.

Oakford.

J. Branscombe.

[\* \* \* The Solutions in our next.]

## A New Occasional EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss FORD, of the Theatre  
Royal in Drury-Lane, at her Benefit.

Enter, dress'd for the Dance of the  
Irish Milkmaids.

**F**ORGIVE me, Ladies, if un-  
call'd I come!

My Gratitude forbids me to be dumb.  
May I not speak my Thanks? and is't  
not meet

To use my Tongue as freely as my  
Feet?

When I, by *Shakespeare's* Muse \*, a  
Queen created,

A virgin Queen, the Fairy King have  
rated;

Your partial Kindness often have I  
known,

More to my tender Years, than Merit  
shown. [Bell rings.

The Dancers call! and now, a Milk-  
maid gay,

I come to usher in the sprightly *May*;  
Ever rejoic'd for you to try my Skill,  
To play, speak, sing, or dance, or  
what you will.

An Epistle from a Clergyman in Here-  
fordshire, to his Friend at Chipping-  
Ongar, in Essex.

Dear Sir,

**R**egarding neither Blame or Praise,  
Whether I merit Birch or Bay,  
For once I will attempt in Rhime,  
To tell you how I spend my Time.  
Imprimis then, in Summer Weather,  
The Sun and I do rise together;  
Then, hurrying *William* out to plough,  
I call to *Ann* to milk her Cow:  
Then take my Cane and walk at Ease,  
To see what Pigs are in my Pease;

Where,

\* In the Fairy Tale.

Where, if I see the growling Snout,  
I clap, and—Kerper hunts them out.  
Then mend the Gap, by driving Stake  
fast,

And Home again I come to Breakfast.  
Now all the Time till Breakfast ends,  
We talk o'er all our *Old* Friends;  
And thus, perhaps, my Wife begins—  
“I can but think Sir *John* had Twins:  
“How strange,” says she, “do Things  
“go on;  
“Some can have two, and some have  
“none.”

Now such Discourse to me is grating,  
So I turn off to other Fraying;  
And talk of Sir *John A.—ff's* mar-  
rying,  
Or Lady *Mary's* last miscarrying;  
Or some other forcing Chat,  
To rid her Head of Thoughts of that;  
Tho' whispering now my Thoughts to  
thee;

I think it hard as well as she.  
But tell me, do your Cheeks ne'er burn,  
For you are talk'd of in your Turn;  
Nay every one, without a Lye, Sir,  
From good Sir *John* to poor *Will Spicer*.  
Now loitering thus as long at sitting,  
I to my Book and the to Knitting;  
But, by the Way, observing this,  
We never part without a Kiss;  
And every Morning, this from *Monday*,  
I'm thinking what to say on *Sunday*;  
And so sit musing all alone,  
Until our Parish Clock strikes One;  
When from the lowest Stair I hear  
My Wife call out—“Come down,  
“my Dear,

“For Dinner's ready”—Where I see  
A decent, plain Frugality;  
There's nothing wanting nor profuse,  
A well-fed Duck, or season'd Goose;  
As Beans, or Pease, or Barn-Door Hen,  
Or roasted Pig, my Due from Pen;  
Nor, in the Season, am without  
The silver Eel or speckled Trout:  
And tho' I almost keep from Wine,  
As strict as Jews abstain from Swine;  
Yet does my Side-Board never fail  
To furnish Beer or well-brew'd Ale;  
Nor a Desert, when Fruit is ripe,  
And then I take and smook my Pipe:  
That done, why then I nod perhap,  
And lean my Head to take a Nap.

Meanwhile, some honest Friend does  
come,

And asks my Maid if I'm at Home!  
If Fifty Pounds he rents a Year,  
I beg him then to draw his Chair;  
And looking in the empty Jug,  
I call to fetch another Mug:  
With him discoursing, I am told,  
How at last Fair the Cattle sold;  
And many useful Things, I know,  
As when to plough and when to sow;  
When to manure its proper Time,  
And which is fittest, Dung or Lime.  
So talk we till he leaves my House,  
Then thank him, and salute his Spouse;  
And, being of a well-bred Nation,  
He says he'll use my Commendation:  
Tis well accepted by the Dame,  
And she returns it, with some Cream.  
And now the Sun extends the Shade,  
We walk perhaps in neighb'ring Mead;  
Close by whose verdant flow'ry Side,  
The silver Waves in Murmurs glide;  
Where sporting Fish, with sudden  
Rise,

Catch at the too unwary Flies;  
Of where some Angler, with his  
Hook  
And Rod, extending o'er the Brook,  
Watches his Flow'rs with careful  
Look:

Or else beneath a spreading Oak  
I fill another Pipe of *Sabbat*;  
And see my Lambs their Frolics play,  
And so your Friend makes out the Day.  
Then Home returning Prayers are said,  
Will makes his Bow-tall, till to Bed.  
But now, methinks, I hear you mutter,  
What all to Bed without a Supper!  
Why, Faith, I own, I would conceal,  
What 'tis no Credit to reveal;  
But yet, if that will give you Ease,  
'Tis picking Bones, or roasted Cheese:  
And this concludes, at present, from  
Your faithful humble Servant *Tom*;  
*Evans* had spoil'd the Verse before,  
but now it makes a Verse the more.

P.S. You know, there's no Epistle ends  
Without saluting all our Friends:  
My Duty then attends my Mother;  
My Love to Sister and my Brother;  
And, not to make my Letter longer,  
Salute all Friends at *Chipping-Orange*.

T. K.  
Th

The GOOSE and GANDER.

A FABLE.

From an old Manuscript.

FROM all the Brood that cackled  
on the Moor,  
A simple Pair one Prize of Folly  
bore:  
Newly betroth'd, they dally'd all the  
Day  
In wanton Billowing, and in am'rous  
Play:  
If Goose withdrew, still Gander kept  
her Side;  
The Dotard scarce a Moment left his  
Bride.

But mark the Fate of all Things  
in Excess,  
Whate'er becomes too great will soon  
be less:  
Scarce had the inconstant Moon be-  
gan to wain,  
When Honey ceas'd, and Dalliance  
now was Pain:  
His Vigour fail'd, and Goose was  
heard to say,  
" Ah! me! to Pleasure lost, my  
" Gander's grey!"  
Hence mutual Sights—then Jeal-  
ously ensu'd;  
Inveterate Discord, and perpetual  
Feud;  
Commenc'd at length true wedded  
Pains for Life;  
He grew a Husband, she a very Wife.

G. H.

*Explanation to the Love-Letter in our last  
Magazine.*

THERE is but only one,  
And I am only he,  
That loves but only one,  
And you are only SHE.

Require me for the same,  
And say you unto me;  
I love but only one,  
And you are only HE.

R. B.

The FALSE FRIEND.

*The False in Friendship are the Dregs  
of Earth.*

TO *Insincero*, once my Bosom-  
Friend,  
These Lines, by Way of Jest or Joke,  
I send:  
If they should really his poor Spite  
provoke,  
He must excuse what's only meant a  
Joke.  
How did I open all my honest Breast,  
Whilst *Insincero* flood my Friend can-  
felt!  
All that was hid in its most deep Re-  
cess,  
My Tongue withheld not ever to  
confess.  
But how requited is my honest Heart!  
He wounds my Fame; and stabs each  
vital Part:  
To each Superior, on whose Smile I  
live,  
What dreadful Havock does his  
Poison give!  
So sly, so subtle; like the venom'd  
Snake,  
That stings th' unwary Foot beneath  
the Brake.  
Yet let him live—my better Fame  
to hurt;  
Who sees not that he *crawls* upon the  
Dirt:  
His Lies are all retorted on himself;  
Be this the Fate of each unfriendly  
K. f.

W. P.

EPIGRAM.

*Inscrib'd to an Old Maid.*

PRAY ne'er regard what's to you  
said,  
Altho' they cry, you'll die a Maid:  
A Maid you'd better die, than be  
Deceiv'd by one, who'll ruin thee.

York Coffee-House.

G. H.

## PROLOGUE to Falstaff's Wedding.

Spoken by Mr. DODD, in the Character  
of Mercury.

[Mercury descends from the Clouds, flying  
across the Stage: Re-enters, followed  
by a Servant, carrying a Counsellor's  
Gown and Wig.]

**A** LA MERCURE, equipp'd from  
Top to Toe,  
My Godship's Name and Quality you  
know.  
Commission'd from Apollo I come down  
To attend this Bench of Justices, the  
Town,  
Assembled here; all Members of the  
Quorum:  
To lay a Matter of Complaint before  
'em.

The Errand's not in Character,  
'tis true;  
But what our Betters bid us, we must  
do.  
Therefore, t' appear with Decency at  
Session,  
I've stole, you see, the Garb of the  
Profession.

This Gown and Band, belong to  
Serjeant Prigg —  
And this — our Brother Puzzle's  
learned Wig. —

[Putting on the Gown, &c.  
Dress makes the Man, Sirs, *Vestis Vi-  
rum facit* —

So — now to Business — Hem! — *Si  
Vestris placet* —

May't please your Worships —  
Forgery, which is grown  
To such a Height as ne'er before  
was known —

I say, a Forgery hath been com-  
mitted,

By which King Pluto's Mirmidons,  
outwitted,

Certain Choice Spirits, in theatric  
Shape,

Have suffer'd from *Elysium* to escape;

Of *Shakespeare's* Offspring and ideal  
Train,  
Sprung *Pallas* like, from an immortal  
Brain!

Their Names — I have 'em down —  
but to be brief,

Shall only just enumerate the Chief.  
*Imprimis*, with *Madeira* swell'd, and  
Sack,

There's Sir *John Falstaff*, alias call'd  
*Plump Jack*.

Next, Captain *Pistol*, a notorious  
Bully,

And Miss *Del Tearsheet*, fam'd for  
jil-ling Cully;

The Widow *Quickly*, Vintner, Bawd  
and Whore,

With *Bardolph*, *Peto*, *Nym* — and se-  
veral more;

Link'd in a Gang, each Cur-purse  
with his Crony,

All arrant Thieves and *Dramatis Per-  
sonæ*;

Bent, as suppos'd, to prostitute or  
shame

Th' aforesaid *Shakespeare's* Honour,  
Name and Fame.

I shall not trespass on your Wor-  
ships Time,

T' explain at full the Nature of this  
Crime:

But, Poets having an exclusive Right  
To bring their mental Progeny to

Light,

This Right's invaded by the Party  
'peach'd;

Who, *Vi et Armis*, hath th' old Bard  
o'er-reach'd,

By counterfeiting of his Hand, do ye  
see,

Feloniously to set these Vagrants free;  
With base Design t' adopt them for

his own,  
Tho' *Shakespeare's* Property, and his  
alone.

Such is the Fact. — A Critic were  
an Ass,

No Doubt, to let such Imposition  
pass;

Nor could a Cheat so palpable suc-  
ceed,

But that the Captain of the Guard  
could not Read —

No,

No, not for Laughing, tho' to've sav'd  
his Soul,  
The Scene and Circumstances were  
so droll.

*Pistol*, with Yellow Night - Cap  
parch'd with Red,  
With Mother *Quickly* was retir'd to  
Bed;  
And waking, swore, by *Styx*, he  
would not come,  
*Sans Preparation*, Pike and Beat of  
Drum.

Of *Aqua-vita* having stole a Flag-  
gon,  
*Bardolph* and Nym were playing at  
Snap-dragon;  
Somerimes proceeding from hard  
Words to Blows,  
As by Mistake Nym seiz'd on *Bardolph's*  
Nose.

With *Falstaff* sat *Dol Tearsheet*,  
Cheek by Joll,  
And while she bus'd his Chin and  
scratch'd his Poll,  
Slipp'd from his Thumb his Grand-  
fire's Copper Ring,  
For Love, not for the Value, of the  
Thing:  
Then stole his empty Purse; but no  
Abuse;  
'Twas only done to keep her Hand in  
Use:  
He swearing, he'd be damn'd as soon  
as trust his  
Round Belly more with *Hal*, or his  
Chief-Justice.  
But this is wandering from the Point.—  
They're here,  
And on your Summons ready to ap-  
pear:  
Please to proceed then to Examination,  
And be attentive to their Information,  
If, as your Judgment cannot be er-  
roneous,  
You take this Forgery to be fe-  
lonious,  
The Author meaning Fraud, I need  
not mention  
Your issuing Warrants for his Ap-  
prehension;

And when you've caught and into  
Pieces tore him,  
Hang up his mangled Carcase in *Ter-  
rorem*;  
In flagrant Crimes the Process should  
be short;  
The Law is clear—I leave it with  
the Court.

EPILOGUE to *Falstaff's Wedding*.

Spoken by Mrs. HOPKINS.

*Enters reading a Card.*

THE Muse of *Shakespeare's* Com-  
pliments!—A Card  
To excuse this Evening's enterprizing  
Bard!  
Great his Presumption, to confess the  
Truth:  
But, as he pleads the Passion of his  
Youth,  
Together with the Magick of her  
Charms,  
Attracting him resistless to her Arms;  
Tho' somewhat by Surprise, she owns  
she suffer'd,  
Yet, as no actual Violence was offer'd,  
She's willing, if the Audience should  
agree,  
For this one Time to set th' Offender  
free.  
We Women soon forgive, if not for-  
get,  
The Crimes our Beauties make the  
Men commit;  
Especially when once we're past our  
Prime,  
And *Shakespeare's* Muse, like me, 's the  
Worse for Time.  
For, tho' she charm with Fancy ever  
young,  
Tho' heav'nly Musick dwell upon her  
Tongue,  
Lost many an artless Smile and Dim-  
ple cheek,  
Which sat alluring on her Virgin  
Cheek;  
Beauties, that faded on the Gazer's  
Eye,  
And no Cold-Cream of Courtment can  
supply.



As for what *Merc'ry* in the Pro-  
logue told ye ;  
Pray, let not that from Clemency  
with-hold ye.  
That *Hermes* was of Old a lying  
Blade,  
And practis'd in Imposture, as his  
Trade ;  
The Patron he, or classic Lore de-  
ceives,  
Of Cheats, Forefallers, Higglers,  
Hucksters, Thieves.

Besides—to tell you a Stage-Trick  
of ours—  
But you'll not spread the Secret out  
of Doors—  
The Man was no more *Mercury*, than  
I am  
Queen *Hecuba*, the Wife of *Trojan*  
*Priam*.  
A Messenger from *Phæbus* ! He a  
God !  
I can assure you all, 'twas Mr. *Dodd* ;  
His dropping from the Clouds, was all  
a Sham ;  
And his pretended Errand but a  
Flam.  
We've Heathen Gods of Pasteboard,  
made to fly  
On hempen Cords across the painted  
Sky ;  
Those canvass Clouds, that dangle  
there above,  
Involving the Throne itself of  
*Jove* !

His Tale fictitious too, tho' told  
so glib ;  
For, take it on my Word, 'twas all a  
Fib.  
Old *Fulstaff* in *Elysium* !—To my  
Thinking,  
So great his natural Tendency to  
sinking,  
That to the Shades if he had once  
descended,  
To bring him back, not *Atlas* had  
pretended.  
Dramatic Sprites (at least they tell  
me so)  
Dwell not with Saints above, nor  
Devils below :

But, form'd th' Imagination to en-  
gage,  
During their short-liv'd Passage o'er  
the Stage,  
As mere ideal Characters exist,  
And stand as Cyphers mark'd on Na-  
ture's List ;  
To Genius giv'n a delegated Power  
To form these transient Beings of an  
Hour,  
Which, from this mimick World  
whene'er they go,  
Are free to range in *Fancy's Pimlico*,  
A *Limbo*, large and broad ; which in  
the Schools  
Is call'd, by some, the *Paradise of*  
*Fools*.  
*Fere Natura* THERE, their Preserva-  
tion  
Is purchas'd by no Game Association :  
The peaching Plagiatry alone denied  
A Privilege, granted to each Bard  
beside ;  
Who, tho' a Cottager, to try his Skill,  
May shoot, or course, or hunt them  
down at Will ;  
In his own Paddock may the Strays  
receive,  
And scorn to ask a lordly Owner's  
Leave.

Not but that *here*, the Author of  
the Play,  
By me begs Leave submissively to  
say,  
“ None more than he reveres great  
“ *Shakespeare's* Name,  
“ Or glows with Zeal to vindicate  
“ his Fame.”

*The Prudent Lady's Choice.*

Should Providence present a Man  
of Parts,  
Not learn'dly vain, yet skill'd in lib'ral  
Arts ;  
Whose Principles are solid, pious too,  
Just to himself, and so his Monarch  
true ;  
In Conversation grave, but not pre-  
cise,  
Unmov'd in Dangers, yet in Council  
wise ;

His

His Carriage humble, mix'd with decent Pride,  
Instruct by Actions, and as wisely chide;  
Who hates all Flatt'ry, and does Truth revere,  
Deeds prove his Words, and every Act sincere:  
One, who the World's Temptation can withstand,  
And all his Passions equally command:  
If this uncommon Creature should agree  
To like an honest dull Sincerity,  
(For Wit and Beauty ne'er belong'd to me)  
I could contentedly accept the Bliss,  
And with a Pleasure know no Will but his.

*The Young Lady's Choice.*

A Man that's neither high nor low  
In Party nor in Stature;  
No noisy Rake, nor fickle Beau,  
That's us'd to cringe and flatter.

And let him be no learned Fool  
That nods o'er musty Books;  
Who eats and drinks, and lives by Rule,  
And weighs my Words and Looks.

Let him be easy, frank and gay,  
Of Dancing never tir'd;  
Always to've something smart to say,  
But silent, if requir'd.

To Mr. SEATON, at BATH,  
*painting Mrs. Lessingham's Picture.*

Ambitious Seaton! dar'st thou thus aspire  
To paint those piercing Eyes, whose radiant Fire  
Outvies the Beam, that in the torrid Zone  
Glow with a genial Heat, to us unknown;  
And yet expect so mild a Fate from Heaven,  
As thus to gaze, to live, and be forgiven!

Since far less daring his Attempt,  
who strove  
To emulate the Thunderbolt of Jove.

*To the Frequenters of the Theatre.*

ALTHO' *Quin* is dead,  
True Humour's not fled:  
If Pride, Pique, and Passion lie neuter,  
*Jack Falstaff* shall live  
While Nature can give  
Health, Vigour, and Spirit to *Shuter*.

POLYDORE.

*On the Death of Mr. Peter Thorburn.*

POOR honest *Peter* has resign'd his  
Breath;  
Harmless his Life, and quiet was his  
Death;  
True to his Friend, and faithful to  
his Trust,  
In Actions virtuous, and in Dealings  
just;  
Resign'd to Heaven alone he patient  
lay,  
And gently breath'd his harmless Soul  
away.

ARDALIO.

*Inscription for a Monument to the Memory  
of Mrs. Cibber, in Westminster-  
Abbey.*

*By a Westminster Scholar.*

HERE *Gibber* lies——  
What more need plaintive  
Verse, or can it tell  
To us, who knew her Excellence so  
well?  
But shall some Mistress of the Mimic  
Pow'rs,  
Shaking our Childrens Hearts as she  
has ours,  
Plum'd in the Tears and Terrors of  
the Stage,  
Step forth the Wonder of a future  
Age?  
The *Muse* prophetic speaks——that  
Character  
Cannot surpass——it shall not equal  
her.

EPI-

## EPITAPH for Mrs. CIBBER.

**H**ERE lies intomb'd (or I'm a  
Fibber)  
The last Remains of tragic Cibber.  
No Wonder that she now is nab'd,  
Being often poison'd, wounded, stab'd :  
Her Scenes are clos'd, her Play is o'er,  
The Curtain's dropt, she acts no more.  
The cruel Fates have been unkind ;  
There is not left her Like behind.

A. G. SMITH.

## On seeing M I D A S.

**T**O Midas invited,  
And greatly delighted,  
They all sung and acted so clever ;  
That in Rapture I cry'd, a,  
To the Folk on each Side, a,  
Barlettas and Sing-song for ever !

For tho' Justice Midas  
Turns out but a try'd Ass,  
In preferring hoarse Pan to Apollo ;  
The Airs are so pretty,  
And so sweet the Duetti,  
They beat all your Operas hollow.

From the Upper-Gallery. BUMPSON.

## K I S S I N G.

**F**ROM Chloe's Lips a Kiss I stole ;  
Its vital Influence warm'd my  
Soul :  
And whence, the smiling Fair One  
cries,  
Could such a foolish Fashion rise ?  
Invoke your Muse, my gentle Swain ;  
Its Nature, and its End explain.  
Sacred are your Commands to me,  
Dear Maid, and evermore shall be.

Mankind, finding Words too low,  
Warm Affection's Force to show,  
Learn'd by Kissing to impart  
The soft Emotions of the Heart,  
This in *Paradise* took Place,  
Ancient as the human Race ;  
The first happy Lovers us'd it ;  
Sink their Fame who first abus'd it.

Then with Innocence they lov'd ;  
Adam kiss'd, and Eve approv'd ;  
Leaning on her snowy Breast,  
On her rosy Lip impress'd  
Chaste Endearments, tender Wishes,  
Melting Transports, glowing Kisses ;  
All sincere, and without Art,  
Spoke the Dictates of his Heart.

Soon these happy Times expir'd ;  
Truth and Innocence retir'd ;  
False Pretence, dissembling Smiles,  
Faithless Vows, and cheating Wiles,  
Triumph'd o'er the cred'ulous Heart ;  
Kissing then became an Art :  
Now, in our degenerate Days,  
In a Thousand various Ways,  
Scarce its Meaning we explore,  
Much in Use, and small in Power.

Some espouse it as a Fashion,  
Unimpell'd by Inclination ;  
As a Part of fine Address,  
But no Meaning to express.

Ofte we kiss we know not why,  
Led by secret Sympathy ;  
Most when Beauty's roscate Charm  
Gently doth the Bosom warm,  
Inclination's powerful Sway  
Nature gives, and we obey.

Oh ! what Happiness we find  
In th' Embraces of a Friend !  
When the gen'rous Heart o'erflows,  
And with kind Affection glows !

Oh ! how charming is the Bliss,  
When true Love bestows a Kiss,  
With soft Rhetoric to impart  
The nameless Feelings of the Heart !  
Then the smiling Gods approve  
Kissing, beauteous Child of Love !

## The MUTUAL SALUTE.

In Answer to Marot's French Epigram,  
as translated by Mr. C. D.

**W**HEN Rhoda seconds my fond  
Mouth,  
With all the Warmth of cordial Truth,  
How

How rais'd, my Heart, the Bliss is!  
Say, don't the Sweets of such Con-  
tact  
More vig'rous charm, more pow'ful  
act,

Than *French* ambiguous Kisses?

Yes, my dear *Rhoda*, willing join  
Your scarlet-threaded Lips with  
mine;

How sweet the mutual Bliss!  
Nor with *Marot's* coquettish Prude,  
By Looks allure; by Words detrude;  
but give me Kifs for Kifs.

Such be, my Fair, the Harmony  
Which still subsists 'twixt you and  
me,

And such our fond Caresses;  
While thro' the Road of Life we go,  
Without one interruptive—No,  
But all made up of Yesses.

E P I G R A M.

*Imitated from Mr. De Cailly.*

**S**CHOMBERG! I'm told the cruel  
Fair,  
Whose beauteous Eyes so many  
Lovers kill,  
Lies dangerously sick beneath thy  
Care,  
Yet hopes to live by thy unerring  
Skill.

But, Oh! dear Friend, let not thy  
'Art  
A Murd'ers rescue from the Grave!  
Give Death fair Play to lance his  
Dart,  
And you ten Thousand Lives will  
save.

The WAY to GET HIM.

*Address'd to the LADIES.*

**G**IRLS who intend the Heart to  
seize,  
Must shew their Beauties by De-  
grees;

By full Displays they lose their Aim,  
'Tis Expectation feeds the Flame,  
And gently fans the amorous Fire,  
Which but for that would soon ex-  
pire.

The Breaſt which pants through *Cyprus*  
Gauze,

A Glance of Admiration draws;  
But when we've seen it o'er and o'er,  
It strikes us with Surprize no more.  
We coolly own its snowy Charms,  
But feel no violent Alarms.  
We soon grow sugseited with those  
Who all their Charms at once dis-  
close,

And from a vain Desire to strike,  
Treat all, with what they have, alike.  
The female Rattle, Flirt and Rake,  
The Point they have in View, mis-  
take;

And formal Prudes and gay Coquets,  
Instead of Cages deal in Nets.  
If Girls, to Admiration prone,  
Would only let themselves alone,  
And not by studied Airs pretend  
The Charms which Nature gives to  
mend;

Nor ev'n those Charms at once reveal,  
But with Discretion half conceal,  
Their Prudence would be well repaid  
By ev'ry Conquest which they made.

VERSES to *Miss Maria White*,  
*on her coming to Bath for the Recovery*  
*of her Health.*

**F**ORGIVE the Muse who thy En-  
comium sings;  
No Elegance, but that of Truth, she  
brings;  
She boasts nor Art, nor Taste, except  
to spy  
Thy Beauty, and thy Merits to de-  
cry:  
This Instinct taught me, for at once  
inspir'd,  
I saw thee, lov'd thee, honour'd, and  
admir'd.

O! may these Baths thy precious  
Health restore,  
And send thee hence more lovely than  
before.

So *Venus* (as all ancient Bards agree)  
Emerges, doubly beauteous, from the  
Sea.

Thus may thy Journey with Success  
be blest,

Tho' it robs mine, and many a Heart,  
of Rest.

### ODE to a NIGHTINGALE.

*By the Rev. Mr. HOYLAND.*

COY Bird of Eve, whose solitary  
Note  
I catch imperfect from a Spray remote,  
(While num'rous Echoes down the  
Vale

Convey the melancholy Tale)  
Still nearer to my lonely Cell  
Bring all thy Woes, sweet *Philomel*!

Around the Wall, no verdant Bowers  
With labour'd Elegance in-wove,  
Or Shrubs, adorn'd with early Flow'rs,  
Exhaling Fragrance, court thy  
Love;

Yet think not, to a careless Ear  
Thy Throat will vainly warble here;  
Wakeful, as yonder starry Pole,  
The liquid Lays enchant my Soul:  
Then nearer to my lonely Cell  
Bring all thy Woes, sweet *Philomel*!

If I, with Taste indelicate, and low,  
Deny the hospitable Bough,  
(Foe to the pensive Genius of the  
Shades)

May never cool Arcades  
Their salutary Gloom display,  
To intercept the Dogstar's fiery Ray  
From my devoted Brow!

May never Musick sooth my Breast,  
But the funeral Bird, unblest,  
Harrow with Shrieks, that check the  
dawning Day.

Witness, ye neighb'ring Alleys  
green!

Do I not search, where Woodbines  
twine,

And call each branching Oak,  
divine,

Enamour'd with the sylvan Scene?

A Lover of harmonious Strains  
Will ever haunt the woody Plains,  
Then nearer to my lonely Cell  
Bring all thy Woes, sweet *Philomel*!

Were once my ardent Wishes crown'd,  
A new *Elysium*, waving round,  
Would empty ev'ry Forest nigh  
Of all their native Melody.  
But Fate, inexorable Fate  
Nor thy soft Sounds can mitigate.

Then pardon, gentle Bird, the  
Wrong,  
And hither wing thy secret Flight.  
While Darkness reigns: *Aurora*  
bright

Too soon will hush the solemn  
Song.

*After hearing a Practice of Mr. Handel's*  
MESSIAH.

More than Extacy!—O Strains  
divine!  
A Mansion in the Realms of Bliss is  
mine.

Such Strains were heard, when the  
seraphic Choir  
Tun'd their bright harps, and breath'd  
harmonious Fire.

Heav'n's radiant Gates flew open at  
the Sound,

Th' ador'd *Messiah* was with Glories  
crown'd;

When, rising from the Grave, he  
Captive led

Death's grisly Train, and crush'd the  
Serpent's Head.

HARMONICUS.

### EPIGRAM.

*Imitated from Mr. De Cailly.*

Sweetest of Creatures! to con-  
plete my Bliss,  
From those dear Lips I stole a balmy  
Kiss;

But if you therefore should offended  
be,

Take your Revenge, and do the same  
by me.

*A Cui.*

*A Collection of Favourite New Songs.*

SONG LXX.

**T**HREE happy Morn! when  
first my Eyes  
Beheld fair *Daphne's* Face;  
Ah! how my Rebel-Blood did rise,  
And Love stole on a-pace:  
As Beauty, when in best Attire,  
Attracts all who behold;  
So *Daphne* kind! 'd a fierce Fire,  
Where just before 'twas cold.

I, on her all-alluring Charms,  
Luxuriant fed my Eyes;  
And, sooth'd with Love-Tales to my  
Arms,  
I won the lovely Prize.  
Haste, *Phæbus*, then in your Career,  
And hide down in the West;  
For when your Ray again appear,  
Then I'm with *Daphne* blest.

*Ben Quilldrive.*

SONG LXXI.

The INVITATION.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**C**OME, *Laura*, and meet your  
fond Swain,  
Ere *Phæbus* declines to the West,  
Nor let me still languish in Pain,  
Your Presence alone makes me  
blest:  
When absent no Pleasure I feel,  
My Passions but sicken and die;  
No Power my Tortures can heal,  
Unless my dear *Laura* is by.

Then haste to yon Jessamine Grove,  
Enjoy what no Language can tell;  
'Tis the Seat of Contentment and  
Love,  
Where Peace and Tranquillity  
dwell:

There *Cupid* our Hearts shall unite,  
There *Hymen* his Altar shall raise;  
The Muses sweet Songs shall indite,  
And charm the whole Grove with  
their Lays.

O! think with such Pleasures as these,  
How Time will glide swiftly away;  
Each striving the other to please,  
Dull Winter shall smile as the  
*May*:

No Happiness either will taste,  
But what we both jointly approve;  
Then hither, dear Charmer, O!  
haste,  
And bless a fond Swain with your  
Love.

SONG LXXII.

*Sung by Miss Young, at Vauxhall.*

**Y**OUNG *Phillis*, one Morning a  
Maying would go,  
When sauntering among the sweet  
Meads to and fro;  
In vain did the Cowslips her fair  
Hand invite,  
Nor Daisies, or Daffodils gave her  
Delight;  
Her Heart with the Throbbing of  
Passion did move,  
Each Bird on the Spray could have  
told her 'twas Love.

At length she grew weary, and sat by  
a Brook,  
Where *Strephon*, the Shepherd, was  
basing his Hook;  
Unnotic'd he saw her, and heard her  
complain,  
His Heart was inflam'd to allay her  
soft Pain:  
The Swain had led many a Lass to  
the Grove,  
And he, wicked Rogue! thought that  
*Phillis* would love.

M m

How'er

How'er as her Mind was by Inno-  
 cence dress'd,  
 'Twas plain that fair Virtue was  
 lodg'd in her Breast;  
 Her Beauty was much, but her  
 Modesty more,  
 Which *Strepban* perceiv'd, and began  
 to adore:  
 He kneel'd at her Feet, with a Gar-  
 land he wove,  
 And *Pbillis* consented to make him  
 her Love.

## SONG LXXIII.

## THYRSIS and LAURA.

*Sung by Mr. Fawcett and Miss Slack,  
 at Richmond.*

## THYRSIS:

SEE Nature sheds her Sweets  
 around,  
 And fragrant Violets deck the Ground;  
 And warbling Birds do sweetly sing,  
 And tune their Notes to hail the  
 Spring:  
 And warbling Birds, &c.  
 Then haste, my Fair One, haste  
 away,  
 Let us, like them, enjoy the *May*,  
 Let us, &c.

## LAURA.

Your pleasing Form, and artful Tale,  
 Which can o'er any Heart prevail;  
 Wou'd only to my Ruin prove,  
 If *Hymen* do not crown our Love.  
 Fair Virtue's Dictates I'll obey,  
 Tho' Love and you, say taste the  
*May*.

## THYRSIS.

Behold, my Fair, yon Turtle Dove,  
 With what Delights she meets her  
 Love;  
 No Bands, their mutual Fondness  
 cloy,  
 Restraint, but weakens every Joy;  
 They never yield to *Hymen's* Sway,  
 But live and frolick in the *May*.

## LAURA.

Should we, from them, Example take,  
 And trust our Fame to every Rake;  
 Ye Swains might boast despotic Rules,  
 And we be Nature's only Fools:  
 When bound by *Hymen's* Bands, I'll  
 stray,  
 And with my Shepherd hail the *May*.

## THYRSIS.

Adieu to Roving, or the Fair;  
 No more, both Blessings must I share;  
 But I my *Laura* will not lose,  
 The charming Maid alone I chuse:  
 Then haste to Church, without De-  
 lay,  
 Where Love and *Laura* crown the  
*May*.

## LAURA.

No more shall Swains your Conduct  
 blame,  
 Th' inconstant *Damon* did the same;  
 He for *Paffura* felt the Fire,  
 Nor scorn'd to own his chaste Desire;  
 United now, Joy crowns each Day,  
 And every Month to them is *May*.

Ye Shepherds, from your Nymphs  
 ne'er rove;  
 Ye Fair, ne'er trust the Swain ye  
 love;  
 But if you real Joys would claim,  
 Let *Hymen* crown the gen'rous Flame,  
 Let *Hymen* crown, &c.  
 Then, then with Joy you'll sport and  
 play,  
 And revel in the Sweets of *May*,  
 And revel, &c.

## SONG LXXIV.

*Sung at Ranelagh - Gardens.*

NOW the Woodland Choirists  
 sing,  
 Beauty takes her radiant Sphere;  
 Love adorns the smiling Spring,  
 Love and Beauty gild the Year:  
 Seize

Seize the Minutes as they fly,  
Jocund Hours and festive Round;  
Innocence, with Virgin-Eye,  
Comes with rural Chaplets crown'd.

With dauntless Mien approach the  
Fair;  
The Way to conquer is—to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The Swain pursu'd the God's Advice;  
The Nymph was now no longer nice.

A I R.

She smil'd, and spoke the Sex's  
Mind;  
When you grow daring, we grow  
kind:  
Men to themselves are most severe,  
And make us Tyrants by their  
Fear.

SONG LXXVI.

The A D V I C E.

*Sung at Ranelagh - Gardens.*

SONG LXXV.

*Sung by Miss Brent, at Ranelagh-  
Gardens.*

RECITATIVE.

**A** Wretch long tortur'd with Dis-  
dain,  
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain;  
At length the God of Wine address,  
Sure Refuge of a wounded Breast.

A I R.

Vouchsafe, O! Pow'r, thy healing  
Aid;

Teach me to gain the cruel Maid:  
Thy Juices take the Lover's Part,  
Flush his wan Looks, and cheer  
his Heart.

RECITATIVE.

To *Bacchus*, thus the Lover cry'd;  
And thus the jolly God reply'd:

A I R.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and  
gay,  
And quaff his sneaking Form away.

**Y**E Nymphs, who to the Throne  
of Love

With Hearts submissive bow;  
Who hope the mutual Bliss to prove,  
That crowns the nuptial Vow,  
That crowns the nuptial Vow:  
Thro' Caution's Glass, by Reason lent,  
Oh! view your Lovers clearly;  
Nor think to wed, 'till that present  
The Man that loves you dearly;  
Nor think to wed, 'till that present  
The Man that loves you dearly,  
The Man that loves you dearly.

Still blind to Wisdom's Ray, the Rake  
No social Bliss allows;  
And he who long has rov'd, must  
make

A good-for-nothing Spouse,  
A good-for-nothing Spouse:  
Nor trust the Fop, tho' piteous Sighs  
Proclaim you've touch'd him clear-  
ly;

His own sweet Charms too much he'll  
prize,

Nor can he love you dearly;  
His own, &c.



But when with every manly Grace,  
A Youth of Soul refin'd,  
Who doating on your Form and Face,  
Thinks brighter still your Mind,  
Thinks brighter still your Mind;  
When such shall for the Favour sue,  
Oh! yield your Hand sincerely,  
And you'll love him, and he'll love  
you,

To Life's last Moment, dearly;  
And you'll love him, and he'll love  
you,

To Life's last Moment, dearly,  
To Life's last Moment, dearly.

## SONG LXXVII.

*Sung by Miss Wright, in The  
Fairy Tale.*

**Y**OU spotted Snakes, with double  
Tongue,  
Thorny Hedge-Hogs, be not seen;  
Newts and Blind-Worms, do no  
Wrong,

Come not near the Fairy Queen.  
*Philomel*, with Melody,  
Sing in your sweet Lullaby.  
Neither Harm, nor Spell, nor Charm,  
Come the Fairy's Pillow nigh,  
So good Night with Lullaby.

Weaving Spiders, come not here;  
Hence, ye long-legg'd Spinners,  
hence;  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor Sail, do no Offence.  
*Philomel*, with Melody,  
Sing in your sweet, &c.

## SONG LXXVIII.

The IDES of MAY.

*Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.*

**T**HE Prospect clear'd, around is  
heard  
The Music of the Hive;  
The Blossoms blow, the Spirits flow,  
And Nature's all alive:

†† Gentlemen or Ladies, who are possess'd of any Pieces which may contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them inserted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal-Exchange, for the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

☞ The Eighth Number will be publish'd the Second of JUNE.

In ev'ry Grove the Work is Love,  
The Word is, "Sing and play;"  
From Eve to Morn the Sages warn,  
"Ye Maids, beware of *May*!"

Each lively Scheme, each am'rous  
Theme,

Our Nymphs and Poets chuse;  
The Dance delights, the Song invites,  
As Mirth provokes the Muse:  
The War's no more, our Chiefs come  
o'er;

Again the Grave Ones say,  
"Where'er ye tread, Temptation's  
spread;  
"Beware the Ides of *May*!"

## SONG LXXIX.

The GAUDY TULIP.

*Sung by Miss Brent, at Vauxhall.*

**T**HE gaudy Tulip swells with  
Pride,  
And rears its Beauties to the Sun,  
With heav'n-born Tints of *Iris*  
Bow:

While low the Violet springs beside,  
As in the Shade she strives to shun  
The Hand of some rapacious Foe.

Of Worth intrinsic small the Store,  
That from the Tulip can arise,  
When parted from its native Bed;  
But hid, the Violet charms the more,  
Like Incense in its native Skies,  
When pluck'd to grace the Vir-  
gin's Head.

Then think, ye Fair Ones, how these  
Flow'rs

Are wrought in Nature's various  
Robe,

That Pride may learn how Meek-  
ness thrives;

Though Virgin Dignity o'erpowers,  
The Heroes of the conquer'd Globe,  
Yet sweet Compliance makes you  
Wives.

# THE JESTER'S MAGAZINE: OR, THE MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER. For May 1766.

*Being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the Kind or Price.*

Containing (among many other curious Particulars)

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
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| <p>I. A Collection of Jest, Bulls, Stories, &amp;c.</p> <p>II. Of the <i>Persian</i> Empire.</p> <p>III. The Quaker and Clown; concluded.</p> <p>IV. The Artful Jesuit; Or, The Happy Deliverance, concluded.</p> <p>V. The History of the Elephant, concluded.</p> <p>VI. An excellent Receipt for a Consumption, or inward Decay.</p> <p>VII. The fickle Male Humourist.</p> <p>VIII. The Generous Brother.</p> <p>IX. A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebuses, Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &amp;c. &amp;c.</p> <p>X. Reflections over a Pipe, and a Pinch of Snuff.</p> <p>XI. On the Opening of <i>Vauxhall-Gardens</i>.</p> | <p>XII. An Occasional Prologue and Epilogue for <i>The Agreeable Surprise</i>, a Comedy.</p> <p>XIII. An Occasional Epitogue. Spoken by Mr. <i>Downing</i>, after a Play perform'd in <i>Norwich</i>, &amp;c.</p> <p>XIV. Favourite New Songs, viz. <i>Morgan's</i> Complaint. A favourite Song: Sung by Master <i>Raworth</i>, at <i>Marybone-Gardens</i>. A favourite Song: Sung in the New Scene of <i>Harlequin's Invasion</i>. A New Musical Address to the Town, as it is sung at <i>Marybone - Gardens</i>. Me and My Basket. Liberty. A favourite Song: Sung by Mrs. <i>Baker</i>, in <i>Midas</i>. A favourite Song: Sung by Miss <i>Brent</i>, in <i>Artaxerxes</i>.</p> |
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*Ride si Sapis.*

Laugh, if you are Wise.

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Numb. VIII. To be continu'd Monthly.

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L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by S. Bladen, in *Pater-noster-Row*; J. Williams, in *Fleet-Street*; J. Kingman, near the *Royal-Exchange*; by most Bookellers; and by the Persons who sell News.

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✍ It will be esteem'd a particular Favour, if our Correspondents would send their Letters early in the Month.—The Letter sign'd *T. K.* is receiv'd, and will be inserted,



THE  
JESTER'S MAGAZINE,  
For May 1766.



*A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

Among the Servants of a Nobleman were two Fellows, who were possessed of remarkable bad Habits: The one was always prying into other Peoples Affairs; the other, was continually telling Lies. The latter of these was one Evening in her own Room, and the former came softly to the Door, to see what she was about. While Mrs. Pry stood peeping, Mrs. Fib discover'd her; and cry'd out, *Well, how many Farts go to an Ounce? As many, reply'd the other, as there are Lies go to the sixteenth Part of a Pound—only they are not so full of Mischief.*

'Twas rumour'd of *Cosmo de Medicis*, Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, on Account of his prodigious Wealth, that he had the true Philosopher's Stone. A noble *Venetian*, who (tho' he had but a small Fortune) was extremely well recommended to his Highness, and by his polite Behaviour added daily to his Credit in that Court, one Day fairly put the Question, and ask'd the Duke if he had the Philosopher's

Stone or not? *My Friend*, said the Duke, *I have; and, because I have a Regard for you, I will give you the Receipt in a few Words. I never bid another do that which I can do myself. I never put off 'till To-morrow what may be done To-day: Nor do I ever think any Matter so trivial as not to deserve Notice.* The *Venetian* thank'd his Serene Highness for his Secret; and, by observing his Rules, acquired a great Estate.

May 3. S. HANWOP.

*Mr. Quin* sitting one Evening in one of the Side-Boxes at *Drury-Lane* Theatre, a Gentleman who sat near him ask'd him, What it was o'Clock? He reply'd, That he had not his Watch about him; *But*, says he, *if you'll ask that Gentleman, who has Nine Shillings a Week (pointing to the Box-Keeper) he can inform you with a Gold One.*

A Lady who had a Mind, she told another, to quarrel with an impertinent teasing young Fellow she did not like, said, She could not

not tell how to provoke him, he was so very assiduous and submissive. 'Sister, said her Friend, *I'd spit in his Face.* Alas! replied she, *that won't do; when Men are fawning like Lap-Dogs, they'll take that for a Favour.*

In that Year the Queen-Mother of Spain died, and when her Will was to be open'd, the Constable, and the Rest of the Grandees, according to Custom, assembled together; and, being all fat, they sent for the chief Lady of the Queen's Chamber, who ought to be one of that Assembly; but she answer'd, *It was the Duty of her Employment to stay by the Body of her Mistress, and therefore they were to come to her, because she would not go to them.* They answer'd, *That the Body of Grandees could no more move than a Mountain; that every one in particular profess'd Respect to the Ladies, but being in a collective Body, it would be a Derogation to their Privilege.*

To this the Lady High-Chamberlain sent back Word, *That she was no less resolv'd to maintain her's; that she was not a Woman who us'd to run after Men, and that she would stay in the Queen's Chamber.* Eight Hours were spent in Messages between the Grandees and the Lady; but, at last, the Grandees held a Council, and the Expedient which they found out, was, that without rising from their Seats, on which they sat, or moving themselves, they should be carried to a Room, at an equal Distance, between their own and the Lady High-Chamberlain's, who was carried to the same Place, seated on a high Cushion, in the same Manner as she sat in the Queen's Chamber, to the End it might be

said, that neither Side had made one Step to meet the other.

An old Fellow having a great Itch after his Neighbour's Wife, employ'd her Chambermaid in the Business. At the next Meeting he enquired, what Answer the Lady had sent him? *Answer!* said the Girl, *why she has sent you this for a Token; giving him a smart Slap in the Face.* *Aye,* cry'd the old Fellow, rubbing his Chops, *and you have lost none of it by the Way: I thank you.*

A testy conceited old Gentleman always sat in one certain Seat at the Coffee-house he constantly us'd; but coming in one Day, Mr. Nash, who had accidentally come to Town on Business, being there before him, occupied his Place; which the Gentleman seeing, he spoke to him in a very abrupt Manner to quit the Place: But Nash being angry at the other's Incivility, refused to give it to him. Upon which the Gentleman says to Nash, *I tell you once more in the Imperative Mood, you must get out of that Place.* To which Nash replied, *I don't know what Mood you may speak in, but I can tell you I'm not in the stirring Mood; and therefore you must seat yourself elsewhere.*

Mr. Quin dined in the Country with a certain Nobleman, who made an Apology for treating his Guests only with Port Wine, because his Butler had lost the Key of his Cellar. After Dinner, he took them into the Garden to shew them an Ostich; and, among other strange Qualities which appertained to that Creature, told them it could digest Iron. Then my Lord, says Quin, *I suppose it was he that swallowed the Key of your Wine Cellar.*

One speaking of an agreeable young Fellow, said, *He had Wit enough to call his Good-nature in Question, and yet Good-nature enough to make his Wit suspected.*

It has already been observ'd, that here is a Town in the Duke of Wirtemberg's Dominions in which the Inhabitants are remarkable for making Blunders. In this Town a Man was detected in stealing a Horse. He was try'd, and condemn'd for it; but on the Day appointed for his Execution, one of his Judges said, *What shall we do with this Man? Hang him, at this Time, we can't; for, as the Gallows stands in the Midst of a Field of Corn, and it is now near Harvest, the Multitude that throng to see the Execution will tread it all under Foot.* To this another reply'd, *Why all this is very true, and therefore I'll tell you what must be done in this Case. It will not be above a Month before the Harvest will be got in, and then he may be hang'd: So let him give us a Note under his Hand, that he will come to be hang'd this Day six Weeks, and, for that Time, let him go about his Business.* This was agreed to; and the Man was call'd in, and told that he could not be hang'd that Day, but must come six Weeks hence: However, said one of them, *before you go, you must give us a Note under your Hand that you will come on the Day appointed.* The Thief consented, gave his Note, and went about his Business. At the Time agreed on, he came to take up his Note; upon which a Dispute arose, whether it was right to hang so honest a Man. He was bid to withdraw, and told that he should know their Pleasure immediately. As soon as he was had into another

Room, one of them said, *Would you, Sir, had you given a Note to be hang'd, come according to your Promise?* No, Sir, reply'd the other. The same Question was ask'd all round, and they all reply'd in the Negative. Then, said the Person who propos'd the Question, *why should we hang him, since he is the honestest Man of us all?* Upon which they agreed, it was a Pity he should be hang'd, and the Keeper was order'd to bring him before them. When he was brought in, he was told, That they were determin'd not to hang him; for since he had been so honest as to give his Note, and to come according to his Promise; they, on their Part, had come to a Resolution to return him his Note, and to discharge him from all Obligations.

When the late Dauphin of France said to the facetious Duke of Roquelaure, *Stand farther off, Roquelaure, for you stink.* The Duke replied, *I ask your Pardon, Sir; 'tis you that smell, not I.*

A Gentleman was once at Play with a Lady for considerable Stakes, which he from Time to Time lost, without either complaining, or taking the necessary Precaution to secure the Game: Upon which the young Lady's Father, turning to her Aunt, asked which was the best Gamester? Oh, the Gentleman abundantly, says she; *he don't play for Diamonds but Hearts.* And so it happened, for he play'd himself into the Lady's good Graces, and married her in a few Days; though he was a Child of Fortune, and she Heiress to a considerable Estate.

Of all Coxcombs, the most intolerable in Conversation is your *fighting Fool*, and your *opiniated Wit*; the one is always talking to

shew his Parts, and the other always quarrelling to shew his Valour.

A certain Cham of *Tartary* going a Progress with his Nobles, was met on the Way by a *Dervise*, who cried out with a loud Voice, *Whoever will give me a hundred Pieces of Coin, I will give him a Piece of Advice.* The Cham had a Curiosity to know what he meant, and order'd him the Sum he demanded. The *Dervise* said, *Begin Nothing, of which thou hast not well consider'd the End.* The Nobles, upon hearing this plain Sentence, smiled, and said the *Dervise* was well paid for his Maxim. The Cham reproved them, and was so well satisfied with the Answer, that at his Return he ordered the Words to be written in Letters of Gold in several Places about his Palace, and to be engraven on all his Plate. Not long after, a Conspiracy was formed by some of his Courtiers, and the Cham's Surgeon undertook, upon the Promise of a great Reward, to take away the Life of his Master by Means of a poison'd Lance, which he prepar'd, and wore privately in his Turban for that Purpose. The Cham in a little Time wanted to be let Blood, and the Surgeon attended him as usual. He bound the Cham's Arm, and was just going to prick him; when, casting his Eye on the Basen, he read the Words, *Begin Nothing, of which thou hast not well consider'd the End.* He immediately started; and, pausing for a short Space, convey'd away the Lance, and drew out another. The Cham observed it, and ask'd him the Reason. The Surgeon was in Confusion, and being examin'd on the Occasion of his Disorder, he fell prostrate on his Face, confessed the whole Truth, and was pardon'd.

The rest of the Conspirators were put to Death. The Cham at the same Time order'd diligent Search to be made for the *Dervise*; and, turning to his Courtiers who had heard his Advice with Contempt, told them, *That Counsel could not be too much valued, which had saved the Life of a King.*

One said of a fantastical Fellow, *That he was the Folio of himself, bound up in his own Calf's Leather, and gilt about the Edges.*

A Gentleman at Bath, who had been very extravagant, and squandered away most of his Fortune, not frequenting the Rooms as usual, many of his Friends enquired after him of Nash, who told them that *he kept his Bed*: Upon which several of them went to see him; and, finding him well, told him the Report which Nash had spread. The Gentleman, a little disgusted, went to Nash; and, in a Passion, asked why he had treated him in that Manner? *Why in such a Heat?* says Nash; *I hope I said nothing but the Truth. I ventured to tell these Gentlemen, indeed, that you kept your Bed; and, if you have, I rejoice at it: It is the only Thing you have kept, and I know it would be the last you would part with.*

A Lady seeing a tolerable pretty Fellow, who by the Help of a Taylor and Sempstress had transformed himself into a Beau, said, *What Pity 'tis to see one, whom Nature has made no Fool, so industrious to pass for an Ass.* Rather, says another, *one should pity those whom Nature abuses, than those who abuse Nature: Besides, the Town would be robbed of one Half of its Diversion, if it should become a Crime to laugh at a Fool.*

*A Series of LETTERS from a Gentleman in Syria  
to his Sister in London.*

LETTER V.

*Of the Persian Empire.*

*Dear Sister,*

IN my last, I inform'd you by what Means the *Median* Empire became dissolv'd, and united to that of *Persia*; I shall proceed to give you the History of the latter.

When *Cyrus* had securely seated himself on his Grandfather's Throne, he engag'd in a War with *Cræsus*, King of *Lydia*; who either was jealous of his Greatness, or design'd to revenge the Quarrel of his Brother-in-Law *Astyages* \*. Now *Cræsus* was a very powerful Prince, and inferior to no King in his Time, commanding *Phrygia*, *Bitbynia*, *Caria*, *Mysia* and *Paphlagonia*. He therefore advanc'd with his Army, and laid Siege to *Pterium*, a strong City of *Cappadocia*, giving

to him: A Battle ensu'd, wherein the *Persians* had some Advantage, and *Cræsus* hasten'd to *Sardis*, his chief City; Winter also approaching, he sent Home his Forces, not thinking of any Pursuit. But *Cyrus* follow'd close; and, after a Siege of fourteen Days, made himself Master of the City, and took *Cræsus* Prisoner †, whom he us'd as a King, and made him his Companion. After *Cyrus* had subdu'd *Lydia*, he made War against the *Scythians*, took *Amorges* Prisoner; whose Queen *Sarepta* keeping on the War, captivated *Cyrus* in his Turn, and by Exchange recover'd her Royal Husband. *Cyrus* having got his Liberty, reduc'd the *Greeks*, and other Nations who had revolted in *Lesser Asia*, and then march'd against *Belsazzar*, King of *Babylon*, and reduc'd that Monarchy,

O o 2

as

\* If we believe *Herodotus*, it was to restore *Astyages* to his Kingdom; but *Xenophon* says, he went to assist the *Assyrians*, with whom he was in League.

† After *Cyrus* had got *Cræsus* in his Power, he first condemn'd him to be burnt to Death, order'd a Pile of Wood to be made, and plac'd him on the Top of it. In this Extremity he cry'd out, with a great Sigh, three Times, "O *Solon*! *Solon*! *Solon*!" Being ask'd the Meaning of this Exclamation; he told them, *Solon*, the wise *Athenian*, and the greatest Philosopher in his Time, coming to pay him a Visit at *Sardis*, he, from the Pride of his Heart, caus'd all his Riches to be shewn him, expecting *Solon* would have applauded his Felicity, and pronounc'd him happy: But the good Man plainly told him, that he could pronounce no Man happy, so long as he liv'd, because no Man could foresee what should happen to him before Death; of which Truth, said *Cræsus*, I am now convinc'd, and for that Reason I call'd on the Name of *Solon*. This Story being instantly told to *Cyrus*, it rais'd in him such a Sense of the Uncertainty of human Felicity, that he spar'd his Life, made use of him as his chief Counsellor, and at his Death recommended him to his Son *Cambyses*. *Xenophon*.



as I have before told you. The last War of *Cyrus* was with the *Masagetae*, a People of the Western *Asiatic Scythia*, which prov'd fatal to him. Queen *Tomyris* sent him a Message by a Herald, that if he would not listen to Peace, it was easy for him to pass the *Araxes*, where she would give him Satisfaction in single Combat; but if he car'd not to venture over, she would not fail to find him out. *Cyrus* pass'd the *Araxes*, quired his Camp, and left his Tables furnish'd with Wine and Provisions, as if he repented of the Enterprize. Upon this, *Tomyris* sent her Son *Spargabises* to pursue him; but the un-experienc'd Prince, instead of following the Enemy, enter'd the deserted Camp, and indulg'd himself and his Soldiers with the Wine, &c. which he there found. *Cyrus* soon had Intelligence of it; and, returning to his Camp in the Night, surpriz'd the Enemy Half drunk and asleep, cut them in Pieces, and made *Spargabises* Prisoner. The Queen, his Mother, to revenge this Defeat, retir'd, pretending she was reduc'd to Despair; and having, by this Artifice, drawn the *Persians* into narrow Passes, fell on them with such Fury, that of two Hundred Thousand *Persians*, which she fought with, not one escap'd. *Cyrus* being found among the Slain, the Queen cut off his Head\*.

*Cambyses* succeeded his Father *Cyrus*, who marched against the King of *Egypt*, and dispossessed him of his Dominions. He likewise made vast Preparations for War against the *Cartaginians*, which prov'd of no Effect; and above fifty Thousand Men, which he afterward

sent into *Lybia*, were buried in the Sand. His last War was against the King of *Ethiopia*; who, being inform'd of his Design, sent him Word, "That he did not do well to disturb the World so; and to endeavour to make Men Slaves, who never did him Injury": Then bent his long Bow, with two Fingers, before *Cambyses's* Embassadors; and, unbending it again, gave it them, saying, "When the *Persians* can do the like, they may hope to conquer *Ethiopia*". *Cambyses*, enrag'd at this Message, rais'd a vast Army; and, after having enter'd the Country, shamefully return'd into *Egypt*, without seeing the Enemy; being oblig'd to eat the Beasts of Burden, and to decimate his Men for Sustainance.

*Darius*, surnam'd *Abasuerus*, being now fix'd on the Throne, was not long in Peace. The *Affyrians* revolted, and seiz'd *Babylon*; where expecting to be besieg'd, they laid in vast Quantities of Stores, turn'd their Mothers out of the City, left but two Women in a House, and put the rest to Death, to enable them to hold out the longer. *Darius*, after a Siege of nine Months, began to despair of Success; when *Zopyrus*, Son of *Megabises*, caus'd his Body to be torn with Whips, cut off his Nose, Ears, and Lips, presenting himself in this miserable Condition to *Darius*, who was shock'd at the Sight: But, on *Zopyrus's* informing him that by this Means he would make him Master of *Babylon*, his Surprize abated, and he gave into the Scheme. *Zopyrus*, in this mangled Condition, enters the City as a Deserter, and expos'd the Cruelty of *Darius*. This gain'd

\* According to *Herodotus* and *Justin*; but *Xenophon* makes him die in his Bed, and *Ptolemy* affirms this was a drawn Battle.

ain'd him such Confidence among them, that they instantly chose him for one of their Generals. In some Gallies, he always had the Advantage, the *Persians* having Orders to fly before him. Hereupon they made him Generalissimo. Soon

after this he betray'd the Place to *Darius*, who entirely demolish'd it, hung up three Thousand *Babylonians*, and order'd the neighbouring Countries to send Women to repeople it.

(To be continu'd.)

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*The QUAKER and CLOWN, concluded.*

**R**OGER entering the House, drank a Pint of Ale with all possible Speed; and then inform'd the Servant, that Mr. *Holdforth* and he had agreed to ride Spell and Spell, or what is otherwise called Ride and Tye: A Method practis'd in the Country, when two go a Journey together, and have but one Horse between them; one riding first and leaving the Horse at a Place appointed; or if neither of them know the Way, tying him to the Door of some Publick House, in such a Manner as the other must absolutely see it; and, describing to the People of the House the Person they are to deliver the Horse to; in this Manner they proceed during the whole Journey.

*Roger* having got Possession of *Aminadab's* Horse, rode it to the Town where the Justice of the Peace liv'd, and there struck up a Bargain with a great deal of Expedition, and sold it; then waited, at the Justice's Door, for the Quaker.

Poor *Aminadab*, whose Corpulency was no great Friend to his walking, in a short Time after came puffing and blowing towards the Justice's. *Roger* immediately inform'd him, that being very much tir'd by his Journey, and seeing his

Horse stand idle at a Door, he had made bold to use him; and, finding a Chap who was willing to give a good Price for him, he readily sold him, thinking it a Sin to refuse a good Offer; and therefore hop'd he would not take ill what he had done.

Upon hearing this, the Quaker was in a great Passion; and said, "Thou Villain! what, after having robb'd me of my Bull and Cow, to steal my Horse!—why—why Fellow, don't you think to be hang'd!"—"I hope not," replies *Roger*; "but however that be, pray Friend, let me ask thee one Question. What might you be doing when I took the Horse?" "Hush! Hush!" cries the Quaker, in a terrible Fright—"Never mention what thou hast seen, and I'll forgive thee all. Go thy Ways, go thy Ways; and hark thee, take GRACE with thee."

*Roger* bow'd, and proceeded Homewards; but, as the Quaker mov'd slowly, determin'd to call at his House. When he arriv'd there, the Maid accosted him with, "Well, *Roger*, how hast thou and my Master made it out?" "Oh! very well," replies *Roger*, "we're  
" as

To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

*The enclos'd Receipt was given by a Lady to a Friend of mine. She assur'd him, That a Consumption had formerly reduc'd her to a mere Skeleton; that she had taken the Prescriptions of various Physicians, without Success; and that by taking the Knuckle Broth, as after directed (and no other Medicine) she was restor'd, in a few Months, to a perfect State of Health. As many unhappy Persons are labouring under this melancholly Disorder, your inserting this Receipt in your Magazine may be of great Service, and will oblige*

Your constant Reader,

S. D.

*To make the KNUCKLE BROTH; good for a Consumption, or inward Decay.*

**T**AKE ten or twelve Knuckles, such as are cut off Legs and Shoulders of Mutton when the Butchers sell them; put them into a Pan of Water for two or three Hours; then wash them clean with a little Salt, and put them into a Pot with a Gallon of Spring Water. Let them boil pretty quick for a Quarter of an Hour, and skim the Pot very well; then put in two Ounces of Hartshorn Shavings and the Bottom Crust of a Penny Loaf.

Let them boil till the Liquor comes to about three Pints; then strain it, and when it is cold take off the Fat. Take Half a Pint, as warm as you can drink it, an Hour before you rise; and the same at Night, when you are in Bed.

N. B. *It must be made fresh three Times a Week in the Summer, and twice in the Winter.*



### *The fickle* MALE HUMOURIST.

**F**LATUS is rich and in Health, yet always uneasy, and always searching after Happiness. Every Time you visit him, you find some new Project in his Head; he is eager upon it, as something that is more worth his while, and will do more for him than any Thing already

past. Every new Thing so seizes him, that if you was to take him from it, he would think himself quite undone. His sanguine Temper and strong Passions promise him so much Happiness in every Thing, that he is always cheated, and satisfied with nothing.

At

At his first Setting out in Life, fine Cloaths was his Delight; his Enquiry was only after the best Taylors and Peruke-Makers, and he had no Thought of excelling in any Thing but Dress. But this Happiness not answering his Expectations, he left off his Brocades, put on a plain Coat, rail'd at Fops and Beaux, and gave himself to Gaming with great Eagerness.

This new Pleasure satisfied him for some Time; he envy'd no other Way of Life: But being by the Fate of Play drawn into a Duel, where he narrowly escap'd his Death, he left off the Dice, and sought for Happiness no longer amongst the Gamesters. The next Thing that seiz'd his wandring Imagination, was the Diversion of the Town; and for more than a Twelvemonth you heard him talk of nothing but Ladies, Drawing - Rooms, Birth-Nights, Plays, Balls, and Assemblies: But growing sick of these, he had Recourse to hard Drinking. Here he had many a merry Night, and met with stronger Joys than he had met before: Here he had Thoughts of setting up his Staff, and looking out no further; but unluckily falling into a Fever, he grew angry at all strong Liquors, and took his Leave of the Happiness of being drunk. The next Attempt after Happiness carry'd him into the Fields, for two or three Years; nothing was so happy as Hunting. He enter'd upon it with all his Soul, and leaped more Hedges and Ditches than had ever been known in so short a Time: You never saw him but in a Green Coat; he was the Envy of all that blow the Horn, and always spoke to his Dogs in great Propriety of Language. If you met him at Home in a bad Day, you

would hear him blow his Horn; and be entertain'd with the surprising Accidents of the last Chase. No sooner had *Flatus* outdone all the World in the Breed and Education of his Dogs, built new Kennels and new Stables, and bought a new Hunting Seat, but he immediately got Sight of another Happiness, hated the senseless Noise and Hurry of Hunting, gave away his Dogs, and was some Time after deep in the Pleasure of Building. Now he invents new Kinds of Dove-Cotes, and has such Contrivances in his Barns and Stables, as were never seen before. He tells his Friends he never was so delighted in his Life; that he had more Happiness in his Brick and Mortar than ever he had at Court; and that he is contriving to have some little Matter to do that Way as long as he lives.

The next Year he leaves his House unfinish'd, complains to every Body of Masons and Carpenters, and devotes himself wholly to the Happiness of riding about. After this you can never see him but on Horseback, and so highly delighted with this new Way of Life, that he would tell you, give him but his Horse and a clean Country to ride in, and you might take all the Rest to yourself: But however, having after some Time tir'd both himself and his Horses, the happiest Thing he could think of next, was to go Abroad and visit foreign Countries; and there indeed Happiness exceeded his Imagination, and he was only uneasy, that he had begun to live so fine a Life no sooner. The next Month he returns Home, unable to bear any longer the Impertinence of Foreigners.

After this he was a great Student for one whole Year; he was up

early and late at his *Italian* Grammar, that he might have the Happiness of understanding the Opera, whenever he should hear one. *Flatus* is very ill-natur'd, or otherwise, just as his Affairs happen to be when you visit him. If you find him when a Project is almost worn out, you will find a peevish ill-bred Man; but if you had seen him just as he enter'd upon his Kiding Gi-

men, or begun to excel in Sounding of the Horn, you had been saluted with great Civility.

*Flatus* is now at a full Stand, and is doing what he never did in his Life before; he is reasoning and reflecting with himself. He loses several Days in considering which of his cast-off Ways of Life he should try again.

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To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

Please to insert the following STORY in your Magazine, and you will greatly oblige

Your constant Reader,

T. WINFIELD.

### *The* GENEROUS BROTHER.

A Certain Merchant had two Sons: The eldest of a malicious, but artful Disposition; the other of a generous and amiable Temper. Their Father left all his Estate, real and personal, which was very considerable, to his eldest Son; ordering him, in his Will, to provide for his Brother in a genteel Manner.

*Inkle*, finding himself in full Possession of his late Father's Effects, pull'd off the Mask, and treated his Brother in a very ungenerous and base Manner. He told him, he now expected he should esteem him as his Master; that though he was above working with his Servants, he was determin'd, if he continu'd in his House, that he should see they did their Business, and give an Account to him of their Diligence or Neglect; and, in short, that he should no longer expect to eat at his Table, or to approach him with

an Air of Familiarity before Company.

*Frederick* was greatly shock'd at the base Treatment he receiv'd from his Brother, and expostulated with him frequently concerning it, but without being able to obtain any Redress. He was told, that he knew the Conditions on which he was to continue in that House; if he was too proud to submit to them, he must seek better elsewhere.

*Frederick*, struck with the Cruelty of his inhuman Brother, determin'd to leave his House, and to give a candid Account of his unhappy Situation to a neighbouring Merchant. Mr. *Worthy* heard his melancholy Story with Amazement; and, with great good Nature, made him an Offer of every Accommodation suitable to his Birth.

(*The Remainder in our next.*)

*A Col*

*A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks, Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.*

SOLUTIONS to the CONUNDRUMS

In Number VII.

61. **B**ECAUSE it's often plumb'd.
62. Because he'll pump you.
63. Because he's knock'd down with a Bowl.
64. The Main Part.
65. Because he's at a Stand.\*\*
66. Because they are ty'd up to prevent Disturbance.
67. Because they have Lighters.
68. Because he broils and fries.
69. Because he has a Stall.
70. Because his Tile is over.

SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES

In Number VII.

13. Love *Love*
14. Mrs. Man.

ANSWER to the FIRST REBUSS

In Number VI.

**I** Read o'er your Rebus, a Solution to find,  
But nothing presented itself to my Mind;  
I conn'd it over again, being vex'd to have fail'd,  
And found 'twas Miss Douglas you so nicely had veil'd.

A\*\*\*\*\*.

SOLUTIONS to the REBUSSES

In Number VII.

15. A Lionsess.
16. *Whan.*

CONUNDRUMS.

71. **W**HY is a Woman's Tongue like a good Clock?
72. Why is boil'd Beef like a Taylor?
73. Why is a drunken Man like a Coach-Wheel?
74. Why is a Prentice like a Concave-Glass?

75. Why is a Playhouse like the Climate of England?
76. Why is Richmond like the Letter R?
77. What is that which every Man feels, enjoys, and yet never sees?
78. Why are a Turkey and China like a disorderly House?
79. What is the best flat Thing?
80. Why is a Man on Horse-back like a Fan?

[\* \* \* The Solutions in our next.]

RIDDLES.

15. **I**T is my Fate, like many more to be  
A Slave to one that wears my Livery,  
A Person of vile Character; in brief,  
A noted Sabbath-breaker and a Thief.  
In saucy Manner, I have heard it said,  
He once did entertain a crowned Head.  
No wonder then, you hear me oft complain,  
Whilst I'm at work the Rascal to maintain;  
He lazy walks about, or lolls at Ease,  
But takes due Care my Labour shall not cease.  
With endless Tasks he keeps me still employ'd,  
As if my Strength cou'd never be destroy'd;  
But Toils extreme frequent Disorders breed,  
And wear my Constitution out with Speed.  
My Bowels (sure Prognostic of Decay!)  
With Wind or Water rumble Night and Day.

What then my Ailment is, perhaps you'll query?  
'Tis what the Doctors call a Lientery,  
And Diabetes join'd; for as my Case is,  
The Symptoms plain appear of both Diseases.

P p 2

My

My Thirst is sometimes, so intense,  
that I,  
You'd almost swear, wou'd drink a  
River dry ;

And what is most remarkable, is this,  
As often as I drink, so oft' I p—s.  
An inward Waste I have ; but am not  
sick

At Stomach, my Discharges too are  
quick :

But then my Meat does me but little  
Good ;

For why ? my Excrements are perfect  
Food ;

And therefore 'tis become a common  
Rule

To watch me well, when'er I go to  
stool :

For, if my Guts a Signal make, take  
Care ;

Or you may chance to go without  
your Share :

But, if within my Distance you pre-  
sume,

You will be powder'd with no sweet  
Perfume.

16. **U**Nseen by mortal Eyes, I  
roll

M' extensive Course from Pole to Pole,  
Do wond'rous Feats, by Sea and Land,  
Obsequious to divine Command.

In Prison I am oft' confin'd,  
By artful Projects of Mankind ;  
Yet, maugre all their sublime Skill,  
I'm act'd by th' eternal Will.

Depriv'd of my propitious Aid,  
The blooming rosy Cheeks soon fade ;  
Convulsions seize the heaving Breast,  
Thus far my Nature I've express'd ;  
I'll only add (t' enhance the Fame  
Of my renown'd tremendous Name)  
No Pow'r, but what vouchsaf'd me  
Birth,

Can e'er expel me from the Earth.

[\* \* \* The Solutions in our next.]

#### REBUSSES.

17. **T**AKE three Fifths of Carry,  
unto it annex  
The one Third of Law ; and, if  
rightly I guess,

Add what we call a Thing that jets  
out in the Sea,  
And it will give you the Name of a  
fine City.

A\*\*\*\*.

18 **T**HE Rampart of dear *Albion's*  
Coast ;

The Insect which for Care's the  
Sage's boast ;

The Beast that is fear'd, when with  
Rage he is fir'd ;

The Hair of a Creature that's greatly  
admir'd ;

A Lad of Fourteen, what we call,  
my dear Friend ;

And what most People keep their  
Effects to defend ;

What the Trick'd, in a Rage, a Vil-  
lain do call ;

An Expression we use, when in Dan-  
gers we fall :

What frequently cheers and enlivers  
the Soul,

And a God that rules over the  
Main ;

These ten prophetic Initials, united  
declare,

A virtuous and lovely young Dame.

A\*\*\*\*.

[\* \* \* The Solutions in our next.]

REFLECTIONS over a PIPE,  
and a PINCH of SNUFF.

*Pulvis & Umbra sumus.*

Hoz.

*We are Dust and Shadow.*

**W**HILST Smoak arises from my  
Pipe,

Thus to myself I say ;

Why should I anxious be for Life,  
Which vanishes away ?

The social Snuff-Box does convey

The same Ideas just,

As if it silently would say,

Let's mingle Dust to Dust.

The Woods, the Fields—where'er  
I walk,

In solemn Truth declare ;

The blushing Rose, upon the Stalk,  
Say, there's no resting here.

A\*\*\*\*.

ELF-

ELEGY to a PINE-TREE *On the Opening of Vauxhall-Garden.*

NOW to the rosy-finger'd Train  
of May,

At length the dreary Hours of  
Winter yield :

No more the Hoar-frost chills the  
new-born Day,

No more the wild Winds blast the  
flow'ry Field.

Now from yon Orchard, lovely to the  
Sight !

A balmy Fragrance breathe the  
Zephyr's Bland ;

While in luxuriant Foliage, proudly  
dight,

The sacred Fathers of the Forest  
stand.

Behold yon Pine, that lifts its silver  
Head,

Deep in the Bosom of the pathless  
Glade ;

Who now, to wander where its  
Branches spread,

Will quit the Fragrance of the  
vernal Shade ?

Yet when the blooming Beauties of  
the Wood,

By Winter chill'd their leafy  
Glories yield ;

Thy Boughs superior to the Storm  
have stood,

And flourish'd, verdant 'midst the  
ruffet Field.

Mindful of this, my votive Hands  
shall cull

. Each Product fair of April's fruit-  
ful Show'rs,

From each gay Shrub its blushing  
Honours poll,

And on thy Branches hang the va-  
rious Flow'rs.

And here, when *Phœbus* gilds the ri-  
sing Day,

I'll often strike with grateful Hand  
the Lyre ;

And thou, 'midst vernal Groves, shalt  
hear a Lay,

Which Friendship, Faith, and  
Constancy inspires.

H. P.

To STELLA.

*Ille te mecum locus  
Postulat.*——

Hon.

Stella! whose Face enchants the Eye;  
Whose Mind the female Arts  
adorn :

On Wings of Love, Oh! let us fly  
To dear Vauxhall, this smiling Morn:

For Half the Year that Spot renown'd  
Seem'd as a Wild, with Ruins spread;  
Stript was the Verdure, froze the  
Ground,  
And all its Sylvan Beauties fled.

Now, by *Sol's* vegetative Pow'r,  
They wake to Life, and flourish  
strong:

Now shines each Tree, each Plane  
and Flower,

And *Philomel* renews her Song.

The Phoenix, ancient Bards relate,  
Swift from parental Ashes springs;  
Charm'd with her renovated State,  
She soars aloft on Golden Wings.

MUSIDORUS.

PROLOGUE to the Benefit Play,  
May 13. 1766, for the Advancement  
of the Theatrical Fund, instituted at  
Covent-Garden Theatre. Written  
by Mr. Hull. Spoken by Mr. Rosa.

BRIEF, and uncertain as the tin-  
sell'd Pow'r,  
That decks our transient Monarchs  
of an Hour,  
Arc Youth's gay Pleasure's, and its  
gaudiest Pride:

Wisely to use our Moments, and provide  
Some solid Comforts for declining Age,  
Is the great Theme of Wisdom's  
letter'd Rage.

The toiling Ant, whom wond'rous  
Instinct trains  
In thrifty Lorc, provides, with cheer-  
ful Pains,

While



While yet the Fruits of bounteous  
Summer last,  
A frugal Hoard for Winter's snug Re-  
past.  
We humbly imitate such prudent  
Care,  
And from a present Good a Portion  
spare  
For Life's chill Season, while to you  
we owe,  
That our Hopes blossom, and our  
Harvest grow.

When the enfeebled Frame no  
longer glows  
With mimic Agonies and fancied  
Woes,  
But with'ring Age appears with all  
his Train  
Of unfeign'd Miseries and real Pain:  
When the full Voice, that wont in  
frantic Hear,  
Bid this high Roof th' empassion'd  
Notes repeat,  
"Turning, again, thro' Time's im-  
pairing Round,  
"To childish Treble, whistles in  
the Sound,"  
Each Sinew slacken'd, ev'ry Nerve  
unstrung,  
While fault'ring Accents tremble on  
the Tongue:  
How will *Remembrance*, o'er the fru-  
gal Meal,  
Your timely Care in speechless Rap-  
ture feel!  
How praise the prudent Thrift of  
wealthier Hours,  
And bless each Hand, that made such  
Blessings *ours*!

#### AN EPI T A P H.

I Nter'd beneath this marble Stone,  
Lie saunt'ring *Jack* and idle *Jean*;  
Who passing Threescore Years and  
One,  
Round this Globe their Courses  
run.  
They talk'd and eat, good Folks—  
what then?  
Why, then they talk'd and eat again.  
A\*\*\*\*\*.

An Occasional Prologue and Epilogue,  
compos'd for the Agreeable Surprise,  
a Comedy, translated from the comic  
Pieces of *Mons. de Marivaux*, and of  
the French Academy; and perform'd,  
with universal Applause, by the young  
Gentlemen of *Mrs. Ruc's Academy* at  
Islington, for Whitsuntide, 1766,  
in the Presence of their Parents and  
Friends.

#### P R O L O G U E.

A Dventurous, we to tread the  
Stage aspire,  
May *Phœbus* grant us true poetic Fire!  
Our Scenes are New, so likewise is  
our Piece;  
It comes from *France*, and not from  
*Rome* or *Greece*;  
Humour and Wit combine in every  
Part,  
And more, it's useful Moral forms  
the Heart:  
But still, perhaps, 'tis somewhat new  
you'll say,  
For School-Boys to attempt to act a  
Play.  
Why should the Attempt surprize! it  
suits our Age,  
And more you know, that all the  
World's a Stage.  
Of general Use indeed must seem this  
Art,  
Since every Man was born to act his  
Part.  
Oft by this Talent Men have soar'd  
to Fame,  
Still *Roscins* rivals *Tully's* deathless  
Name;  
And as *Cornelle*, the Poet's Bays, ac-  
quir'd,  
*Baron* will ever be in *France* admir'd.  
Yet Works of Authors live for many  
an Age,  
The Players vanish when they quit  
the Stage.  
Perfections various must in him be  
found,  
Who in this Art has with Success  
been crown'd;  
And yet we mean not Acting for our  
Trade,  
But now-and-then call in its useful  
Aid:

A plea-

A pleasing Elocution to acquire,  
And make, with Ease, true Dignity  
conspire ;  
By tender Strokes to touch each feel-  
ing Heart,  
For this we practise the Comedian's  
Art.  
With Caution we the Players Vices  
fly,  
Yet with them gladly would in Ta-  
lents vie.  
Easy, genteel Address, their Art be-  
flows,  
The Orator to that his Influence owes.  
Indulgent then our weak Attempt be-  
hold,  
Favour'd by you, the Timid may grow  
bold ;  
What little Merit may be thought  
our Due,  
Is left to be decided, Sirs, by you :  
To you, our Judges, we submit our  
Cause,  
And hope for your Indulgence and  
Applause.

E P I L O G U E.

*Spoken by PASQUIN.*

**W**HAT think you now sage  
Critics of the Pit ?  
For a 'Squire's Tutor is not *Pasquin*  
fit ?  
My Master was so foolish as to game,  
And lose his Money—was I then to  
blame ?  
All the Advice I gave was thrown  
away ;  
Say what I would, the Spark was bent  
on Play :  
However, his indulgent Father thought,  
Experience well, with Loss of Money  
bought :  
Few Fathers think like him, most  
deem the Pence  
Of greater Worth, than Virtue and  
good Sense.  
One Question here may be by Critics  
ask'd :  
Whence comes this strange Caprice  
of Playing mask'd ?  
But since Men rob in Masks, they  
mask'd may game,  
Gamblers and Robbers have one  
common Aim :

Each Unity's observ'd in this our  
Piece,  
As much, Sirs, as in those of *Rome* or  
*Greece*.  
Take heed then, rigid Critics, what  
you say,  
The Scene is not once chang'd thro'  
all our Play.  
Against the Critics, Ladies, grant  
your Aid,  
Deign but to smile—our Toil will  
be o'er paid.  
Delights of Mankind ! tho' in some  
small Parts  
We are deficient—yet our Wills and  
Hearts  
Are yours ; and when more perfect  
we shall strain  
Our Powers of Soul, your wish'd Ap-  
plause to gain ;  
That more than learned Praises we  
desire,  
Ambitious to obtain it we aspire :  
Cheer'd by your Smile, we'll brave  
the Critic's Rage ;  
And ever after, dauntless, tread the  
Stage.

DAY. A PASTORAL.

*From Cunningham's Poems.*

MORNING.

**I**N the Barn the Tenant Cock,  
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,  
Briskly crows, the Shepherd's Clock !  
Jocund that the Morning's nigh.  
Swiftly from the Mountain's Brow,  
Shadows, nurs'd by Night, retire ;  
And the peeping Sun-beam, now,  
Paints with Gold the Village Spire.  
*Philomel* forsakes the Thorn,  
Plaintive where she prates at Night ;  
And the Lark to meet the Morn,  
Soars beyond the Shepherd's Sight.  
From the low-roof'd Cottage-Ridge,  
See the chatt'ring Swallow spring ;  
Darting through the one-arch'd  
Bridge,  
Quick she dips her dappled Wing.  
Now the Pine Tree's waving Top,  
Gently greets the Morning Gale ;  
Kidlings, now begin to crop  
Daisies, on the dewy Dale.

From

From the balmy Sweets, uncloy'd,  
(Reckless till her Task be done)  
Now the busy Bee's employ'd  
Sipping Dew before the Sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd Rock,  
Where the limpid Stream distils,  
Sweet Refreshment waits the Flock  
When 'tis Sun-drove from the Hills.

*Corn*'s for the promis'd Corn  
(Ere the Harvest Hopes are ripe)  
Anxious—whilst the Huntsman's Horn,  
Boldly sounding, drowns his Pipe.

Sweet—O! sweet, the warbling  
Throng,  
On the white emblossom'd Spray!  
Nature's universal Song  
Echoes to the rising Day.

## N O O N.

Fervid on the glitt'ring Flood;  
Now the noontide Radiance glows:  
Drooping o'er its infant Bud;  
Not a Dew-drop's left the Rose.

By the Brook the Shepherd dines,  
From the fierce meridian Heat,  
Shelter'd by the branching Pines,  
Pendant o'er his grassy Seat.

Now the Flock forsakes the Glade,  
Where uncheck'd the Sun-beams  
fall;  
Sure to find a pleasing Shade  
By the ivy'd Abbey Wall.

Echo, in her airy Round,  
O'er the River, Rock and Hill,  
Cannot catch a single Sound,  
Save the Clack of yonder Mill.

Cattle court the Zephyr's Bland,  
Where the Streamlet wanders cool;  
Or with languid Silence stand  
Midway in the marshy Pool.

But from Mountain, Dell, or Stream,  
Not a flutt'ring Zephyr springs;  
Fearful lest the noontide Beam  
Scorch its soft, its silken Wings.

Not a Leaf has Leave to stir,  
Nature's lull'd—serene and still!  
Quiet e'en the Shepherd's Cur,  
Sleeping on the heath-clad Hill.

Languid is the Landscape round,  
'Till the fresh descending Shower,  
Grateful to the thirsty Ground,  
Raises ev'ry fainting Flow'r.

Now the Hill—the Hedge—is green;  
Now the Warblers' Throats in Tune,  
Blithesome is the verdant Scene,  
Brighten'd by the Beams of Noon!

## E V E N I N G.

O'er the Heath the Heifer strays  
Free;—(the furrow'd Task is done)  
Now the Village Windows blaze,  
Burnish'd by the setting Sun.

Now he sets behind the Hill,  
Sinking from a golden Sky:  
Can the Pencil's mimic Skill,  
Copy the refulgent Dye?

Trudging as the Ploughmen go,  
(To the smoking Hamlet bound)  
Giant-like their Shadows grow,  
Lengthen'd o'er the level Ground.

Where the rising Forest spreads,  
Shelter for the lordly Dome!  
To their high-built airy Beds,  
See the Rooks returning Home!

As the Lark with vary'd Tune,  
Carols to the Evening loud;  
Mark the mild resplendent Moon,  
Breaking through a parted Cloud!

Now the Hermit Howlet peeps  
From the Barn, or twisted Brake;  
And the blue Mist slowly creeps,  
Curling on the silver Lake.

As the Trout in speckled Pride,  
Playful from its Bosom springs;  
To the Banks, a ruffled Tide  
Verges in successive Rings.

Tripping through the silken Grass,  
O'er the path-divided Dale;  
Mark the rose-complexion'd Lass  
With her well-pois'd Milking-pail.

Linnets with unnumber'd Notes,  
And the Cuckoo Bird with two,  
Tuning sweet their mellow Throats,  
Bid the setting Sun adieu.

A PASTORAL.

TWO Village Swains, whom  
Beauty taught to love;  
Their Care alternate sang, within the  
Grove;  
For Love and Music nearly are ally'd.  
*Hylas* began, and *Mopsus* thus reply'd.

HYLAS.

Green Hills with sloping Pride in-  
vite the Eye,  
And the tall Pine salutes the bending  
Sky;  
Through quivering Alders dancing  
Breezes play,  
And trembling Sun-beams gild the  
glossy Way:  
Then sing the Lay you run'd in yon-  
der Shade,  
When mimic *Echo* broken Music made;  
And I, 'twixt whilst, a Sonnet will  
repeat,  
Which late upon a smooth-skin'd  
Ash I writ.

MOPSUS.

Agreed. When with *Myrilla* erst  
I stray'd,  
And fed my Flock along the verdant  
Mead,  
The laughing Hours disported on the  
Wing,  
And Virgin Flow'rets deck'd th' un-  
fading Spring:  
My Swoon Charge in Safety rang'd  
the Plain,  
Or sipp'd the Dew, or cropp'd the  
black-ey'd Bean;  
And argent Streams pellucid roll'd  
along,  
Responsive murmuring to the vocal  
Throng:  
But now she's gone, the cheerless  
Hours I wear,  
No Springing Flow'rets deck th' in-  
verted Year;  
My Swoon Charge wide wander o'er  
the Plain,  
Nor sip the Dew, nor crop the black-  
ey'd Bean;

The argent Streams, suspended in  
their Fall,  
Stop, and loud Birds forget their  
Madrigal.  
Then come, my Fair; for thee the  
Ring-doves mourn,  
And passing Breezes sigh for thy Re-  
turn.

HYLAS.

My *Laura*auteous as the Spring  
appears,  
When Rose-tipp'd *Flores* painted Gar-  
lands wears:  
The Beams of Summer quicken in  
her Eye;  
(Take Heed, ye Shepherds; if ye  
gaze, ye die)  
*Pomona*'s glowing Red her Cheeks un-  
fold;  
But Winter chills her Breast with  
*Scythian* Cold:  
Thus nipping Frosts illude the Pea-  
sant's Hope,  
Wound the green Blade, and spoil  
the promis'd Crop.  
Awake, my Pipe, in warbling Notes  
complain;  
Reverberate, ye Hills, the moving  
Strain.

MOPSUS.

One Evening, as I rang'd the vete-  
nal Grove,  
While *Paphian* Myrtles whisper'd  
Tales of Love,  
In opening Glade, where golden *Plu-  
tus* bright,  
A Shade wide-spreading form'd, be-  
dropt with Light,  
I met *Myrilla*!—O'er the dapp'l'd  
Walk,  
Rising the Primrose from its slender  
Stalk,  
We stray'd: She press'd my Hand  
(Love's tender Seal)  
And I—but Shepherds never kiss  
and tell.  
Oh! come, my Fair; for thee the  
Ring-doves mourn,  
And passing Breezes sigh for thy re-  
turn.

## H Y L A S.

Bear me, ye Winds, to some far  
distant Shore,  
Where Rocks Marpesian brave the  
Billows Roar;  
Where the bleak Mountain's hoary  
Horror rise,  
And gathering Tempests whistle in  
the Skies:  
Vain Wish! that but augments my  
torturing Care;  
Deaf Rocks, the Emblem of my ruth-  
less Fair,  
Ah! witless Maid! See yonder new-  
blown Rose  
Her modest Blushes to the Morn dis-  
close;  
At Eve her short-liv'd Glories fade  
away,  
And the fresh Bloom thine opening  
Cheeks bewray  
Is not less volatile: Then quit thy  
Scorn,  
While yet gay Beauty paints thy  
youthful Morn.  
Awake, my Pipe; in warbling Notes  
complain;  
Reverberate, ye Hills, the moving  
Strain.

## M O P S U S.

Ye sedge-wreath'd Daughters of  
the chrystal Floods,  
Ye green-rob'd Sisters of the waving  
Woods,  
Bear witness to the tender Things  
she said,  
As late, by Moon-light, in the wood-  
land Shade,  
With jocund Heel, accordant to the  
Sound  
Of *Lamon's* Pipe we led the nightly  
Round:  
With black-ey'd *Della Celaden* ad-  
vanc'd,  
And with *Rosetta* sprightly *Florio*  
danc'd;  
But with *Myrtilla* I. Our bleating  
Care,  
As sparkled *Venus* from her golden  
Sphere,

Together we to early Pasture led:  
And, while upon the dewy Law  
they play'd,  
Oft, in the Covert of a neighbouring  
Bow'r,  
Where breathing *Jes'mine* spread  
the silver Flow'r,  
With many a Blush that sham'd the  
ruddy Morn,  
She'd smiling say, Back to her na-  
tive Urn  
Shall *Ips* roll; the little Hills, like  
Rams,  
Shall skip Abroad, and, with the  
tender Lambs,  
The savage Wolf shall innocently  
rove;  
And Floods turn Desarts, ere I cease  
to love,  
Oh! come, my Fair; for thee the  
Ring-doves mourn,  
And passing Breezes sigh for thy Re-  
turn.

## H Y L A S.

Oh! would my *Laura* deign with  
me to dwell  
In yonder ivy-wreath'd, but peaceful  
Cell!  
Here Spring with never-fading Pain-  
ture blooms,  
And Scented Breezes scatter rich  
Perfumes.  
Two spotted Kids, the sprightliest of  
my Breed,  
And playful Lambkins five, for thee  
I feed;  
For thee, ungather'd Plumbs, their  
Blooms unfold;  
*Hesperian* Apples mellow into Gold:  
But, ah! my Flock she scorns! Un-  
gather'd Plumbs  
Vainly for her unfold their velvet  
Blooms;  
She tells me, whilome, that a beau-  
teous Maid  
With golden Fruit, a Shepherd once  
betray'd\*.  
Awake, my Pipe; in warbling Notes  
complain;  
Reverberate, ye Hills, the moving  
Strain.

## M O P S U S.

\* In Allusion to the Story of *Attalanta* and *Hippomenes*, who won the Race from her by Means of the golden Apples which *Venus* gave him out of the Gardens of the *Hesperides*.

M O P S U S.

As rosy-finger'd Morning's rising  
Dawn  
Peep'd o'er the Hills, just blushing on  
the Lawn;  
To checker'd Meadows, and umbra-  
geous Bow'rs,  
*Myrtilla* hy'd, and cull'd the Morning  
Flow'rs:  
The bending Cowslip, of a golden Hue,  
The white-rob'd Snow-drop, and the  
Violet blue;  
With many a *May* born Flow'r, my  
Crook the wreath'd,  
And oft for her the tuneful Pipe I  
breath'd:  
But now, adieu! my Crook; ye Gar-  
lands fade;  
Be mute, my Pipe, that pleas'd my  
absent Maid.  
No more, blithe Shepherds, I behold  
you spring  
With measur'd Bound, and jocund  
Form the Ring:  
Ye pearly Grottoes, and ye peaceful  
Vales,  
Ye painted Plains, and lilly-silver'd  
Dales;  
Ye moss-fring'd Fountains, and ye  
brodered Meads,  
Ye rosy Bow'rs, and love-devoted  
Shades,  
Adieu! For thee, my Fair, the Ring-  
doves mourn,  
And passing Breezes sigh for thy Re-  
turn.

H Y L A ' S.

An Hautboy, *Mopsus*, on yon Hazel-  
Spray,  
Of sound canorous, shall reward thy  
Lay.

M O P S U S.

So moving, *Hylas*, thy harmonious  
Song,  
So loud, yet mellow; and so sweet,  
yet strong:  
To hear thee pipe, I'd give up Half  
my Skill;  
And Shepherds say I deftly tune the  
Quill.

This maple Goblet, where a clust'ring  
Vine  
Swells into purple Fruitage, shall be  
thine.

H Y L A S.

But see, where *Vesper* gilds the  
evening Hours,  
And falling Dews, embathe the closing  
Flow'rs;  
See *Egon* homeward drives his  
bounding Goats,  
And whistles, as he goes, melodious  
Nores.  
Whilst, heedless *Mopsus*, thy neglec-  
ted Flock,  
Stray in the Vale, or hang upon the  
Rock:  
Mine on the neighbouring Plain de-  
mand my Care,  
And bleating, wait their hapless Shep-  
herd there.

*Worcester.*

T. & I

EPITAPH on Mr. QUIN.

*Written by Mr. GARRICK.*

THAT Tongue, which set the  
Table on a Roar,  
And charm'd the public Bar, is heard  
no more!  
Close'd are those Eyes, the Harbingers  
of Wit,  
Which spoke, before the Tongue  
what *Shakespeare* writ.  
Cold are those Hands, which, living,  
were stretch'd forth,  
At Friendship's Call, to succour  
modest Worth.

Here lies *James Quin*! deign,  
Reader, to be taught;  
(What'er thy Strength of Body,  
Force of Thought,  
In Nature's happiest Mould however  
cast)

To his Complexion thou must come at last.

THE RULE of DRINKING.

*From the Greek of Epobulus.*

THree Pints of Wine the Grave  
and Wise  
May sit to drink and sober rise.

Q q 2

The

The first is Health's and Nature's  
Claim,  
The next but kindles Friendship's  
Flame;  
For Bed the Prudent change the  
Board,  
When they have jovial drain'd the  
Third.

But they, who o'er two Bottles stay,  
Grow wanton when they go away;  
Five Pints will fill the Room with  
Noise

Of am'rous Song, and roaring Boys;  
But if three Bottles come, the Wine  
Transforms Men into Bears, or Swine.

*From a foolish, fond GIRL,*

To a Gentleman, that *would* *not*  
*believe the Truth.*

**Y**OU may suspect me, if you will;  
I'm sure I've room to take it ill.  
I know I'm innocent, and clear:  
How can you then be thus severe?  
Have I not told you fifty Times,  
(Besides, you saw it in my Lines)  
That all the World was nothing to me,  
After you first began to woo me?—  
Merc, silly Coxcombs thought to you;  
Ere!—leave off making this Ado.

I'm quite tir'd out with Repetition,  
And in a mis'erable Condition;  
If you indulge this cap'ious Humour;  
Which had you but discover'd sooner,  
Or giv'n one Item in due Season,  
I ne'er had lov'd you out of Reason.

But now, good Faith! we've gone  
so far,  
I scarce dare offer Paper-War.  
Resentment in me shan't grow big:  
I'll drop my Pen—and *tail the Pig.*

*From a very underserving, odd, out-of-  
the-way FELLOW,*

To a Lady of singular Merit.

**I** Can't suspect you, if I wou'd,  
Or think you otherwise, than  
good;

For, sure, a chaste and virtuous Mind  
In that fair Body is cashrin'd.  
Such piercing Wit, such great Good-  
sense

Must know the Worth of Innocence.  
Those Looks! I hope—that lovely  
Smile

Is free from all Deceit and Guile.

But, when your humble Slave re-  
flects

On his unparallel'd Defects,  
He then cries out, in doleful Strain,  
“Oh! I can never be so vain!  
“Ah me!—’tis all a Jest, I fear;  
“She must not, cannot be sincere,”

And yet, I think, Hypocrisy  
Has in't such black Deformity;  
It can't be, that a Vice so foul  
Shou'd harbour in so pure a Soul.

Sometimes, a Rival, full of Pride,  
(Ah! who a Rival can abide?)  
His wonted Freedoms will repeat,  
And scorns to make a base Retreat.  
Sure of Success, he's wond'rous gay,  
And Friendship must to Love give  
Way.

This rais'd, at first, a slight Sus-  
picion,  
As tho' he had too free Admission,  
But shan't my good Opinion shake;  
For some strange Liberties will take,  
I trust—whoever came to woo,  
My Fair One constant was, and true.

Indeed, I've been to blame, I own,  
And to misconstrue Things too prone;  
Inclinable, the Worst to dread:  
But yet, there's thus much to be said,  
If ev'ry silly, trifling Rumour  
Was apt to put me out of Humour:  
If Rivals too wou'd make me start;  
And, without Cause, augment my  
Smart.

All this serves only to discover  
Too fond, and passionate a Lover  
Who'd have her Heart, as well as  
Hand,

That ties with him the Nuptial-Band,

But,

*A. & Alluding to a well-known Copy of Verses on that uncommon Piece of Cookery.*

But, why shou'd *Celia* this resent,  
And kill me with her sad Complaint?  
Ah!—don't repent your Kindness  
to me,  
For then, you utterly undo me.  
Let mighty Love excuse my Fault,  
And Malice shall in vain assault:  
Henceforth, 'twill make no deep Im-  
pression,  
Nor of my Senses take Possession.

Oh! yield my tortur'd Soul Relief,  
Forgive my Crime, assuage my Grief.  
Oh! come, and cure my raging Pain!  
Nor kill me thus with your Dis-  
dain;  
But be entirely mine again.  
Give me, dear *Celia*, give me Ease;  
And *cook the Pig*, whatever Way you  
please.

*Extempore, on seeing a young Lady dressed  
in Colours after Mourning.*

**W**HEN the dark Clouds portend  
the Tempest near,  
The weary Traveller is struck with  
Fear;  
But when the Rainbow's various Hue's  
display'd,  
Joy beams anew, and every Care's  
allay'd.

R. P.

*The latter Part of Chapter VI, of Saint  
MATTHEW Paraphrased, by the  
late celebrated Mr. THOMSON,  
Author of the SEASONS.*

**W**HEN my Breast labours with  
oppressive Care,  
And o'er my Check descends the fal-  
ling Tear;  
While all my warring Passions gro at  
Strife,  
Oh! let me listen to the Words of  
Life!  
Repures deep-felt his Doctrine did  
impart,  
And thus he rais'd from Earth the  
drooping Heart.  
Think not, when all your scanty Stores  
afford  
Is spread at once upon the spring  
Board;

Think not, when worn the homely  
Robe appears,  
While on the Roof the howling Tem-  
pest bears;  
What farther shall this feeble Life  
sustain,  
And what shall cloath these shiv'ring  
Limbs again.  
Say, does not Life its Nourishment  
exceed?  
And the fair Body its investing  
Weed?  
Behold! and look away your low De-  
spair—  
See the light Tenants of the barren  
Air:  
To them, nor Stores, or Graces  
belong,  
Nought but the Woodland, and the  
pleasing Song;  
Yet, your kind heavenly Father  
bends his Eye  
On the least Wing, that flits along the  
Sky:  
To him they sing, when Spring re-  
news the Plain;  
To him they cry, in Winter's  
pinching Reign;  
Nor is their Music, or their Plaint  
in vain:  
He hears the Gay, and the Discreetful  
call,  
And with unsparing Bounty fills them  
all.  
Observe the rising Lilly's snowy  
Grace,  
Observe the various vegetable Row;  
They neither toil, or spin, but care-  
less grow,  
Yet see how warm they blush! how  
bright they glow!  
What regal Vestments can with them  
compare!  
What King so shining! or what  
Queen so fair!  
If, ceaseless thus the Fowls of Heav'n  
he feeds,  
If o'er the Fields such lucid Robes he  
spreads;  
Will he not care for you, ye Faithless,  
say!  
Is he unwise, or are ye less than  
they.



*On a BIRD, singing in a Cage.*

**H**OW, lovely Prisoner! Dost thou sing,  
And bear Captivity so well!  
Though form'd the mid-way Sky to wing,  
And where thou would'st at Pleasure dwell.

For thee fair Freedom has no Charms;  
Long Habit makes Confinement sweet;  
No Love thy little Bosom warms;  
No Beauty makes thy Heart to beat.

Each natural Impulse seems forgot!  
Unmov'd Tranquillity is thine!  
Careless thou breath'st thy cheerful Note;  
Thy Bliss, poor Bird, is more than mine.

No jealous Fears distract thy Breast;  
To thee Ambition ne'er was known;  
These dwell not with the Bird or Beast;  
No! Reason boasts them all her own.

The happy Moments as they fly,  
Pleas'd thou enjoy'st, nor dost thou fear

What Ills in Time's dark Womb may lie.

To bring far-distant Sorrow near.

Contentment, Life's most precious Bliss,  
With Life's Support to thee is given;  
And, grateful for thy Happiness,  
Thou with a Song requitest Heaven.

Yet, pretty Bird, I'll not repine,  
Nor grieve thy Happiness to see:  
The God who makes those Blessings thine;

Takes Care for all, as well as thee.

*Epigram. Imitated from Mr. DeCailly.*

**W**HAT always Gaming, Night and Day?  
Said *Silvia* to her Brother;  
Will you ne'er leave it of, I pray?  
Dear Sister, yes—some Time or other;

I'll throw the Dice and Cards aside,  
Whenever you Coquetting cease.  
Go, naughty Man, *Silvia* reply'd,  
Thou'lt be a Gamester all thy Days.  
C. D.

*On the Death of Miss Fletcher, of W—.*

**W**HY wast thou Nature's Favourite,  
Fortune's Child?  
Why on thy Cheek unnumber'd Beauties smil'd?  
Why did fair Friendship lend her sacred Fire?  
Why wast thou all that makes the World admire?  
No Parent's— Lover's Wishes must thou crown;  
The King of Terrors claims thee as his own.  
Tyrant, thy undeserv'd Prize restore,  
Or to thy Victories add one Conquest more.  
Unequal'd Virtues in her Mind I saw,  
One Solace only from her End I draw.  
Living, she gave to Life its brightest Charms,  
And dying, Death of every Sting disarms.

*The Eloquence of LOVE.*

**W**HEN aukward *Nan*, and clownish *Dick*,  
Whole Ev'nings pass'd in high Delight;  
My Lady cries, "It makes me sick;  
What can they talk of all the Night?"

"A Word of Sense, they scarce can use,

"Either the Booby, or the Sot."—  
The Knight who Nature better views,  
Here interrupts her with a Box—

"Alas! my Dear, soft Words will flow,

"Where once the Heart has learn'd to preach:

"They speak as much as Lovers know,  
And all that *Cupid* has to teach.

*My*

" *My Love, my Soul is ever true!*

" This they repeat a Thousand  
" times;

" 'Twas all that I could say to you,  
" Tho' dress'd in *Billet Doux* and  
" Rhimes.

*An Occasional EPILOGUE. Spoken  
by Mr. Downing, after a Play per-  
form'd in Norwich, for the Benefit of  
the Charity School.*

**I**F ye have Tears—for Tears give  
secret Joys——

Behold these infant Girls—these help-  
less Boys;

Nor blush to shed them—Virtue gives  
them Worth,

And Heaven itself benignly hails their  
Birth.

Descend, seraphic Choir!——with ge-  
nial Ray.

Inspire the Soul, and tune the glad-  
some Lay:

A Theme like this demands an abler  
Pen,

A Theme approv'd by Gods, approv'd  
by Men;

Approv'd where Virtue boldly leads  
the Throng,

Where radiant Angels carol forth  
their Song.

The first great Cause, by Nature's  
self design'd,

Was to fill up with Charity the Mind:  
In that soft Word what different

Meanings roll!

'Tis Virtue, Honour, Honesty of Soul!  
As yet scarce known, 'tis hidden and  
unclear,

For ev'n Religion's self is center'd  
there.

What heart-felt Rapture, could it be  
express'd!

Seizes the Soul, and warms the human  
Breast,

When Pity pictures out an Orphan's  
Need,

When Charity inspires a virtuous Deed,  
Pleas'd to have dry'd a Tear, 'have

heal'd a Woe,

The joyful Drops involuntary flow;  
Triumphant Drops that give becoming

Grace,  
That stamp intrinsic Value on the Face.

What adamant Heart can bear to see  
The tender Babe upon the Parent's  
Knee,

Pleading for Food?—lift up his pearly  
Eyes,

And stab the Mother with his hungry  
Cries?

But, lo! a different Scene presents to  
View,

A glorious Circle now appears in you;  
A Circle that both feels and aids Dis-  
tress,

That pours down Comforts on the  
Fatherless.

Oh! may that Power, to whom all  
Praise is given,

Send down Indulgence from his  
Throne in Heav'n;

Reward your Bounties in resplendent  
Show'rs,

And bless, as you have bless'd, both  
you and yours.

*The DESIRABLE WIFE.*

**T**ELL me not of Faces fair,  
Coral Lips, or jetty Hair;

Rosy Cheeks, and dimpled Chin,  
Fit to tempt a Saint to sin;

Sparkling Eyes, and snowy Breast;  
Beauties by the Nymph possess.

Fairest Faces will decay;  
Jetty Tresses soon turn Grey;

Rosy Cheeks must lose their Dye;  
Dimness seize the sparkling Eye:

All that now is sweet and fair,  
Time will wrinkle and impair.

Where he once begins to reign,  
Paint and Patches strive in vain

Pristine Splendour to renew:  
Ev'ry Toast will find it true.

I'm for Beauties more alluring,  
Charms more lasting, more enduring;

Beauties must my Heart engage,  
Which can brave the Threats of Age.

Who such Treasures hope to find,  
Mark the Beauties of the Mind:

These give Lustre to the Eye,  
Roses to the Cheeks supply.

Deck'd with these the lovely Maid  
Needs no transient Colours Aid:

These are hasting to decay;  
Those shine brighter ev'ry Day.

Meagre Time, the deadliest Foe,  
Which the blooming Features know,

Never,

Never, never can I bid  
 Charms of such a lasting Hue.  
 Time, to spoil the Face inclin'd,  
 Still adds Lustre to the Mind.

But when Nature's utmost Care  
 Forms a Nymph both wise and fair;  
 Where each Grace, and Beauty meet,  
 Making Face, and Mind compleat;  
 Where the Shape, and Sense conspire,  
 Ev'ry Breast with Love to fire;  
 Both by Nature and by Art,  
 Form'd to captivate the Hearts:  
 When we such a Charmer see,  
 Who can gaze and still be free?  
 When we hear her Mind express,  
 Who can hear and not be bless?  
 If a Nymph like this there be,  
 Surely *Della* must be she.

Could'st, *Calisto*, could'st thy Friend,  
 Prove so happy in the End,  
 As to call the Treasure his;  
 (Gods the very Thought gives Bliss)  
 Not the Sceptre's golden sway  
 Could'st entice my heart astray:  
 Not the blooming Queen of Love  
 E'er could'st make me fickle prove,  
 Shou'd she with beguiling Air  
 Give me Choice of every Fair,  
 From the Cottage to the Throne;  
 Her I'd chuse, and her alone:  
 Her the brightest of the Plain;  
 I by far the happiest Swain.

*Mr. Hedges's Will.*

**T**HIS Tenth Day of *May*,  
 Being airy and gay,  
 To Hyp not inclin'd,  
 But of vig'rous Mind,  
 My Body in Health,  
 I dispose of my Wealth,  
 To some one or other,  
 And I think to my Brother;  
 Because I foresaw,  
 My Brethren-in-Law,  
 (If I did not take Care)  
 Would come in for their Share;  
 Which I no Ways intended  
 Till their Manners were mended;  
 But of that there's no Sign,  
 I do therefore enjoin  
 And strictly command  
 (As Witness my Hand)  
 That nought I have got,  
 Might be brought to Hock-pot.

I will and devise,  
 (As much as in me lies)  
 To the Son of my Mother,  
 My own dear Brother,  
 To have and to hold,  
 All my Silver and Gold  
 As affectionate Pledges  
 Of his Brother,

*John Hedges.*

*Mr. Garrick had been one Day to hear the Rev. Mr. Frampton, of Bath, preach; and was pleas'd to say, He could not have thought it possible for any one to have deliver'd a Discourse of an Hour long, and to engage the Attention of the Audience the whole Time, till he heard Mr. Frampton. In Return to this Compliment Mr. Frampton wrote the following Lines:*

**T**HE Preacher's Looks when  
*Roscius* ey'd,  
 And on his Accents hung,  
 The Preacher's Breast first tel's a Pride,  
 A Fluency his Tongue.

Not that he caught the mighty Glow  
 That heightens *Shakespeare's* Sense,  
 Thy Thunder, or thy tender Flow,  
 Of magic Eloquence.

Remote from all the Speaker's Art,  
 He triumph'd in his Theme,  
 That struck itself the feeling Heart,  
 And met the genial Flame.

Could'st thou impart the Powers that  
 shake,  
 At Fiction's Call, the Soul;  
 The Eyes that look, the Lips that speak,  
 The Passions to controul:

Keen as the Piercings of the Steel,  
 The Priest could strike the Breast;  
 Could teach the Gallous how to feel,  
 The Wretched how to rest.

His great Revenge the *Mon* would stop,  
*Glamis* again would sleep,  
*Gloster* his reeking Poignard drop,  
 The *Dane* forget to weep.

By thee the powerful Teacher taught,  
 The wondering Crowd would teach;  
 The Crowd would catch each heart-  
 felt Thought.

For *Roscius* then would preach.

*A Cth*

*A Collection of Favourite New Songs.*

SONG LXXX.

MORGAN'S COMPLAINT.

**A**T *Llantave*, Cot ples hur, a  
Place of Renown,  
Hur was prought up and born, 'twas a  
prafe gallant Town;  
Hur Father, Cot ples hur, was keep  
a goot House,  
Where never was lack of goot Put-  
ting and Sowfe.  
Oh! the House of hur Father, hur  
Father's goot House,  
Where never was lack of goot Put-  
ting and Sowfe;  
Prafe Barra - Memmin and goot  
Barra - Chouse;  
And was it not, look ye, a plentiful  
House?

Hur Father, Cot ples hur, was prafe  
gallant Man;  
A Shentleman, look ye, and *Morgan*  
hur Name:  
Great Wonders hur did in the Wars  
of the Place,  
Which caus'd many Scars in hur  
Worship's goot Face.  
Oh! the House, &c.

So great was hur Might, hur Strength,  
and hur Power,  
Hur sprung from the Loins of great  
*Owen Glendower*;  
Hur slew many Shiants, reliev'd many  
a Maid,  
A Knight of great Valour, but a  
Cobler by Trade.  
Oh! the House, &c.

Of Dunnocks and Goats hur had goot  
Store and Plenty,  
Of Leeks a great Garden, with Cab-  
bages dainty;  
An old Woodcock's Bill for a Pipe,  
with goot Liquor,  
To comfort hur Nose, when hur sat  
on hur Wicker.  
Oh! the House, &c.

Now hur Father was tead—Oh!  
Peace to hur Resique,  
Hur was tead of the Wind in hur Guts  
and the Cholic;  
Hur House, Goots and Chattles, hur  
left to hur Son,  
Who was look'd at by all as a thriv-  
ing young Man.  
Oh! the House, &c.

But the First of great *March*, on St.  
*Taffie's* great Day,  
As thorough *Llantave* hur took hur  
pest Way,  
With hur Leek in hur Hat, to the  
Show hur was going,  
With *Shenkin*, and *Morgan*, and *Wat-  
kins*, and *Owen*.  
Oh! the House, &c.

Now as hur was passing the Folks all  
among,  
Sweet *Winnefrid's* Face hur peheld  
in a Throng;  
St. *David*! how great was poor  
*Hukey's* Surprise,  
When hur felt the sharp Nettles that  
shot from hur Eyes.  
Oh! the marfelous Eyes of sweet  
*Winnefrid Shones*,  
Which makes hur fir sobbing, with  
Sighings and Croans:  
Making hur Moans, Sighings and  
Croans!  
Oh! the marfelous Eyes of sweet  
*Winnefrid Shones*.

The very first Shaft hur receiv'd from  
hur Quiver,  
Went thorough hur Prest-pone, and  
stuck in hur Liver;  
Hur Ploot poild and puppled, and  
glow'd in a Trice;  
But *Winnefrid's*, look ye, was frozen  
as Ice.  
Oh! the marfelous, &c.

By Chesu! hur swore hur would pluck  
up a Courage,  
Hur went to hur and swore hur was  
goot as Leek Porridge;  
R r

Br

But hur Gimlet hur cock'd with an  
Eye of Disdain,  
Which pierc'd hur Heart thorough  
and thorough again.

Oh! the marfelous, &c.

Hur told hur, in many a sweet Ditty  
and Carol,

Hur Love was as great as hur An-  
cestors were all;

But in vain these sweet Ditties and  
Carols hur sang,

Unheeded hur Harp hur so often had  
strung.

Oh! the marfelous, &c.

Cot splutter! hur swore—for hur  
was in a Passion,

Hur would hate all such Jades as the  
Plagues of a Nation;

But the Slut was so cruel, hur spit in  
hur Face;

A Sign hur was lack of goot Preed-  
ing and Grace.

Oh! the tamnable Eyes of Miss  
*Winnefrid Bones*, &c.

So now hur will pack up hur Alls and  
be going,

And leave off such Pripples and Prap-  
ples as Loving;

Fairwel to *Llantave*, of fairest Re-  
nown,

Hur'll seek hur goot Fortune in *Lon-  
don* fine Town.

Then adieu to the House, Oh! hur  
Father's fine House,

Where never was lack of goot Put-  
ting and Sowse;

Prase Barra - Mennin and goot  
Barra - Chouse;

Oh! was not it, look ye, a plenti-  
ful House?

#### SONG LXXXI.

*Sung by Master Raworth, at Mary-  
bone-Gardens.*

*The Words by J. Ellis.*

**A** Busy, humble Bee am I,  
That range the Garden sunny;  
From Flow'r to Flow'r I changing  
fly,

And ev'ry Flow'r's my Honey.

Bright *Chloe* with her golden Hair,  
A while my rich Jonquil is,  
'Till cloy'd with sipping Nectar there,  
I shift to rosy *Phyllis*.

But *Phyllis*'s sweet op'ning Breast  
Remains not long my Station,  
For *Kitty* must be now address'd,  
My spicy breath'd Carnation.  
Yet *Kitty*'s fragrant Bed I leave,  
To other Flow'rs I'm Rover,  
And all, in Turn, my Love receive  
The gay wide Garden over.

Variety that knows no Bound  
My roving Fancy edges,  
And oft' with *Flora* am I found  
In Dalliance under Hedges:  
For as I am an arrant Bee,  
Who range each Bank that's sunny,  
Both Fields and Gardens are my Ec-  
And ev'ry Flow'r's my Honey.

#### SONG LXXXII.

*Sung in the new Scene of Harlequin's  
Ivocation.*

*Enter Harlequin, with a Dancing-Bear*

**G**rown Gentlemen and Lats all-a,  
Be you e'er so grown or tall-a,  
To teach a you it is my Plan-a,  
To dance like this grown Gentleman-a.  
*Doodle, doodle, do.*

Tho' you be stiff like any Bone-a,  
From Head to Foot as hard as Stone-a,  
I'll undertake to oil and grease ye,  
'Till you like him are free and easy.  
*Doodle, doodle, do.*

De *Englis* be deep Politicians,  
Philosophers, Meta-Physicians;  
But what is dat, de Vise and Vitty  
If you like him can't dance so pretty.  
*Doodle, doodle, do.*

Then come to me, I come from  
*France-a*,  
'Tis ne'er too late to learn to dance-a,  
You soon like him shall make a  
Rout-a,  
Like him be follow'd all about-a.  
*Doodle, doodle, do.*

[*He dances the Bear off, and they fol-  
low him, &c.*

#### SONG

SONG LXXXIII.

A NEW MUSICAL ADDRESS to  
the TOWN, as it is sung at Mary-  
bone-Gardens.

The Words by Mr. Samuel Boyce.

Mr. Lowe.

**D**ULL Winter is flown, and the  
Sun, from the East,  
Others gladly the Spring, to rejoice  
ev'ry Breast;  
See the Trees newly deck'd; hark!  
the Birds full in Song,  
And Cheerfulness tripping the Vallies  
along.  
Thus again we exult, borne on mu-  
sical Wing,  
To bow to the Town, and with Gra-  
titude sing.

Mrs. Vincent.

This whimsical Spot we to Courtship  
compare,  
The Public's the Lover the Garden  
the Fair.  
Possession too oft may Affection dis-  
place,  
But You, by your Smiles, have inverted  
the Case,  
And kindly espousing our innocent  
Scheme:  
Our highest Ambition's to boast your  
Esteem.

Miss Davies.

From Roots Winter-wither'd fresh  
Blossoms arise,  
But I, Nature's Flow'ret appear to your  
Eyes:  
Hope prompts Inclination, tho' Genius  
be weak,  
But You are to judge—spare the Blush  
on my Cheek.  
As *Phœbus* the Bud to its Excellence  
draws,  
So our Pride is to bloom by your Sun  
of Applause.

Master Ratworth.

What Nature imparts us, with Art  
we'll unite,  
Attentive at once to the Ear and the  
Sight;

Here Decency, Humour, and Wit,  
shall combine;

Here *Bacchus* rejoice at Libations of  
Wine;

And Virtue, of Beauty the Guard and  
the Care,

Shall stretch out her Pinions to shelter  
the Fair.

Mr. Taylor.

When set tow'rd the West by Degrees  
steals away,

Our Sports we begin, ever blithe,  
ever gay,

The Ev'ning's soft Moments with Joy  
to improve,

Thro' Harmony, Friendship, the Boc-  
tle, and Love.

Oh! long may your Presence thus  
*Marybone* crown!

It 'rose at your Smile, and would sink  
at your Frown.

SONG LXXXIV.

ME and MY BASKET.

By a Jeweller, on receiving a Present from  
a Lady of a Quadrille-Basket.

**W**HILE C——— sits a moping and  
courting the *Muses*,  
Or cons crabbed *Greek*, which his  
Noddle confuses;  
My Business is better—I'll tell, if you  
ask it———

'Tis adoring the Goddess that gave me  
my Basket,

*Derry down, &c.*

She's a Wag, I am certain—her Pur-  
pose was plain;

A Tyrant for ever she means to remain:  
'Twas nought but her Cunning, how-  
e'er she may mask it,

To tilt at my Heart with her Weapon,  
a Basket.

*Derry down, &c.*

'Tis her Day came an Order from wan  
Lady Betty,

For Stones of great Price, which make  
Old Maids look pretty:

Her

Her Ladyship's Custom would fill up  
a Casket—  
But who can mind Money, that has  
such a Basket.

*Derry down, &c.*

Young Fellows that feel not true  
Love's tender Woe,  
To *H-dd-ck's*, and *D-rr-ck's*, and  
*G-bf-n's* may go ;  
In the Season of Sleep let them ramble  
and flask it,  
I'm sober at Home by myself and my  
Basket!

*Derry down, &c.*

O**Cbde**, thy Image is never away,  
'Twill abide in my Bosom for ever  
and aye.  
For seizing a Dwelling I oftentimes  
task it ;  
But I answer myself, when I think of  
the Basket.

*Derry down, &c.*

Were once *Chloe's* fair Flesh and Blood  
in my Arms,  
Like my Soul, did my Body but feast  
on her Charms ;  
Though the Ills of *Pandora* should fly  
from a Casket,  
No Harm could come near me, with  
her and my Basket.

*Derry down, &c.*

#### SONG LXXXV.

#### L I B E R T Y.

**I**N vain I wish'd for Liberty,  
And struggled with my Yoke ;  
Till *Sikida's* Falshood set me free,  
And all my Fetters broke.

Now all which I admir'd before,  
I view secure from Harm ;  
Her radiant Eyes can wound no more,  
Her Face no longer charm.

†\*† *Gentlemen or Ladies, who are possess'd of any Pieces which may contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them inserted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal Exchange, for the Authors of The Jester's Magazine.*

☞ The Ninth Number will be publish'd the First of JULY.

On all the Beauties of that Face,  
Which kindled first the Fire,  
Pleas'd, yet unmov'd, I still can gaze,  
Without one warm Desire.

The Sailor thus, with Looks sedate,  
When safe upon the Shore ;  
With Pleasure sees the Billows beat,  
And hears the Tempest roar.

#### SONG LXXXVI.

*Sung by Mrs. Baker, in Midas.*

**I**F you can caper as well as you modulate,  
With the Addition of that pretty  
Face ;  
*Pan*, who was held by our Shepherds  
a God of late,  
Will be kick'd out and you sit in  
his Place.

His Beard so frowzy his Gestures so  
awkward are,  
And his Bagpipe has so drowsy a  
Drone,  
That (if they find you as I did no  
backwarder)  
You may count all the Girls as your  
own.

#### SONG LXXXVII.

*Sung by Miss Brent, in Artaxerxes.*

**M**ONSTER, away !  
From cheerful Day,  
To the gloomy Desert fly ;  
Paths explore  
Where Lions roar,  
And devouring Tygers lie.  
Tho' for Food  
They wade in Blood,  
All to save their Young agree ;  
Ev'ry Creature,  
Fierce by Nature,  
Harmless is, compar'd to thee.

# THE JESTER'S MAGAZINE: OR, THE MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER. For *June* 1766.

*Being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the  
Kind or Price.*

Containing (*among many other curious Particulars*)

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
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| <p>I. A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &amp;c.</p> <p>II. The <i>Welchman's</i> Petition.</p> <p>III. Letter V. concluded.</p> <p>IV. A Receipt for a Consumption.</p> <p>V. The Generous Brother, concluded.</p> <p>VI. Of Love and Beauty.</p> <p>VII. A Collection of Conundrums. Riddles, Rebusses, Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epiraphs, &amp;c. &amp;c.</p> <p>VIII. As You Like It: A Tale. By Mr. <i>John Oakman</i>.</p> <p>IX. A Mirror.</p> <p>X. Ode for His MAJESTY'S Birthday, <i>June 4, 1766</i>.</p> <p>XI. An Occasional Prologue.</p> <p>XII. Love Symptoms.</p> <p>XIII. The Old Maid.</p> <p>XIV. Wrote in <i>Richmond-Gardens</i>.</p> <p>XV. On the Death of a Dove.</p> | <p>XVI. The Miller and his Wife. A Fable. By Mr. <i>John Oakman</i>.</p> <p>XVII. The Fire-Side. By Mr. <i>John Oakman</i>.</p> <p>XVIII. Favourite New Songs, viz. The Countryman's Ramble. By Mr. <i>John Oakman</i>. A favourite Song: Sung by Mr. <i>Raworth</i>, at <i>Marybone-Gardens</i>. A favourite Song: Sung by Mr. <i>Lowe</i>, at <i>Marybone-Gardens</i>. The Milk Maid: Sung at <i>Sadler's-Wells</i>. The Span: Sung by Mr. <i>Dearle</i>, at <i>Finch's-Grotto-Gardens</i>. The Words by Mr. <i>John Oakman</i>. Ode to <i>Venus</i>: Sung by Miss <i>Young</i>, at <i>Vauxhall</i>. A favourite Song. By Mr. <i>John Oakman</i>. A favourite Song: Sung at <i>Sadler's-Wells</i>.</p> |
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*Ride sè Sapit.*  
Laugh, if you are Wise.

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Numb. IX. *To be continu'd Monthly.*

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L O N D O N :

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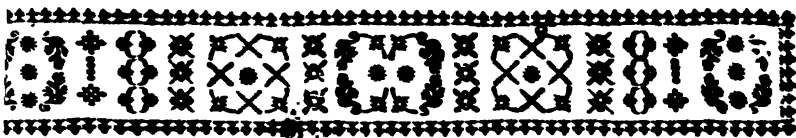
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|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
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☞ The Letters sign'd *W. W.* and *E. H.* are receiv'd, and will be  
inserted in our next; and so will all those which may contribute to  
the Entertainment of the Publick.



THE  
**ESTER'S MAGAZINE,**  
 For *June* 1766.



*A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

*A* *Spanish* Soldier, who was an extravagant, unlucky Rogue, had deserted several Times; but having very good friends, and being a droll Fellow, his General was kind enough to pardon him: However, at length he was condemn'd to die. The Day before he was to be executed, he begg'd, as he was a lying Man, the General would grant him one Request, and he should lie in Peace. The General reply'd, That provided it was not to beg his Life, he would grant it. He assur'd him it was not; for what he had to request, was something that he entreated might be perform'd after he was dead. *Then*, said the General, *I will grant your Request. Promise me on your Honour, Sir*, said the Soldier, *and I shall die contented. Upon my Honour*, reply'd the General, *I will grant it you. Then*, said the arch Rogue, *it is only, after I am dead, that your Honour would be so obliging as to—kiss my A—*. The General reply'd, with a Smile (at being

so artfully catch'd) *You Rogue, I had rather grant you a Reprieve, than kiss your A— after you are dead: And so order'd him to be set at Liberty.*

Mr. 2— thought Angling a barbarous Diversion; and on being asked why, gave this Reason: *Suppose some superior Being should bait a Hook with Venison, and go a Quining, I should certainly bite; and what a Sight should I be, dangling in the Air!*

A certain Priest in a rich Abbey in *Florence*, being a Fisherman's Son, caused a Net to be spread every Day, on a Table in his Apartment, to put him in Mind of his Original. The Abbot dying, this dissembled Humility procured him to be chosen Abbot; after which, the Net was used no more. Being ask'd the Reason, he answered, *There is no Occasion for the Net, now the Fish is caught.*

A late worthy Lord Chancellor, when he was under the Tuition of the Reverend —, who used to call him his little Chancellor, one Day replied, That when he was so

he would give him a good Living. One happening to fall soon after he was Chancellor, he recollected his old Master, who soon after came to his Lordship to remind him of his Promise, and to ask him for this Living—*Why really,* said my Lord, *I wish you had come a Day sooner, for I have given it away already; and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me so blame*—so putting the Presentation into his Hands, he convinced him he had not forgot his Promise.

One meeting an old Acquaintance, whom the World had a little frown'd upon, ask'd where he liv'd? *I don't know,* said he, *where I live; but I starve down towards Wapping, and that Way.*

A busy Impertinent, entertaining Aristotle, the Philosopher, one Day with a tedious Discourse, and, observing that he did not much regard him, made an Apology, That he was afraid he had interrupted him. *No really,* replied the Philosopher, *you han't interrupted me at all, for I have not minded one Word you said.*

A great King and Conqueror, shewing his Nobles and Officers what vast Heaps of Treasure he had gained from his Enemies, was highly applauded by all around him; and one among the rest, said, *What a prodigious Happiness this would be, if a Man was to live for ever. That's a foolish Saying,* answer'd the Monarch; *for, bad Men been immortal, I had never been a King.*

A Sea-Officer, who, for his Courage in a smart Engagement, in which he had lost a Leg, was promoted to the Command of a good Ship, in the Heat of the next Fight,

a Cannon Ball took away his Wooden Supporter, so that he fell upon the Deck. A Sailor, thinking he had been fresh wounded, called out for the Surgeon: *No, no,* said the Captain, *the Carpenter will do.*

Three young Sparks going into a Tavern, saw an elderly Gentleman sitting by himself. One of them went up to him, and said, *Father Abraham, I am glad to see you.* The second entered the Room, and said, *Father Isaac, I hope you are well.* The third followed them, and said, *Father Jacob, shall we drink a Glass with you?* The old Gentleman look'd at them a short Time with an Air of Contempt, and then reply'd, *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob; but Saul, the Son of Cis, who was sent to seek his Father's Asses; and having found them, left them*—So went out of the Room, and shut them in it.

The Cryer of *Ross*, being order'd to cry an Heifer that was missing, perform'd the Principal Part after this Manner: *Lost last Saturday, from Marcle, a Coal-black Heifer, with three white Legs and a bald Face.*

Henry the Fourth of France, reading the following ostentatious Inscription on the Monument of a Spanish Officer; *Here lies the Body of Don, &c. &c. who never knew what Fear was.* Then, says the King, *he never smelted a Candle with his Fingers.*

A Countryman in the Street enquiring the Way to Newgate, an arch Fellow that heard him, said, *He'd shew him presently. Do but go cross the Way,* said he, *to you Goldsmith's Shop, and move off with one of those Silver Tankards, and it will bring you thither presently.*

One Evening a Watchmaker, being in Company with some Gentlemen at a Tavern, the Conversation turn'd on the Regularity of Time; which the Watchmaker discours'd on in a very copious and learned Manner. When he had done, a merry Gentleman reply'd, That he must beg to be excus'd from being of his Opinion; for he thought Time was so far from being regular, that he travels in divers Paces with various Persons. Being desir'd to explain himself; he said, *Time ambles with some, trots with others, gallops with many, and with some it stands still.* For, continu'd he, *Time ambles with a rich Man, that hath not got the Gout; for he lives merrily, because he feels no Pain. Time trots hard with a young Maid, between the Contract of her Marriage and the Day it is solemnized; for if the Interim be but a Week, Time's Pace is so hard that it seems the Length of seven Years. Time gallops with a Thief to the Gallows; for tho' he goes as softly as Foot can fall, yet he thinks himself too soon there. Time stands still with those that sleep, for then they perceive not how Time moves.*

A Farmer's Son, just come from his first Term at the University, was willing to give his Parents a Specimen of his Improvement there. Father, says he, *I can chop Logic.* Aye, says his Father, *how is that, Tom?* Why, says Tom, *here de we, Father, are a Couple of Fowls at Table, I can prove they are three Fowls.* How's that? quoth the Father. Why, there's one, says Tom; and there's two, pointing to the Dish; and don't one and two make three, Father? Well, Dame, says the Father, *Tom's a Conjuror. You take one Fowl, and I'll eat the*

*other, and let Tom have the third for his Logic.*

An old Gentleman ask'd a young one, What was the Name of his Sweetheart? He answered, *Maddlin.* I do not like her Name, says the old Gentleman. Sir, replies the other, *there was no Thoughts of pleasing you when she was christen'd.*

An Italian was accused for marrying five Wives; when, being carried before the Judge, he was ask'd, Why he had married so many? He answered, *In order to meet with a good one, if possible.*

A poor silly Fellow bid his Master's Cook give him some Victuals, for he was very hungry. The Maid, being busy, told him there was a Leg of Beef just come from the Baker's in the Closet, he might go and eat some of that. The Fellow went; and, having a surprising Appetite, eat it all. Some Time after, going to take a Bit of the Beef out of the Pan for her Master's Supper, and finding he had left only the Bones, she roar'd out, *Oh! you confounded Dog! how could you eat up the whole Leg of Beef? You may thank yourself for that, said the silly Fellow; you gave me no Candle, and how could I see when my Belly was full?*

An English Gentleman ask'd Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, what was the Reason his Countrymen were so remarkable for Blundering, and making Bulls? Faith! says the Knight, *I believe there is something in the Air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.*

A humorous Fellow had a Disference with a Man, and at length they were going to fight. When the

the other had unbutton'd his Coat, the Wag saw his Regimental Waistcoat. Upon which he said, *Do you belong to the Army? You see I do,* says the Man, pointing to his Waistcoat. *Why, what a Puppy was I then!* reply'd the other, putting on his Coat: *Fighting is your Trade, and I never contend with a Man in his own Profession.*

An Irish Footman was packing up his Master's Cloaths, and some other Things; but putting them down all in the Middle, they rose above the Edge of the Trunk, so that he could not shut over the Cover, while the Sides and Corners were almost empty. *Pugh, the Devil bang the Trunk,* said he; *upon my Shoul I have put more into it than it will hold, and it is not full yet.*

A certain Couple going to *Dunmow* in *Essex*, to demand the *Fliuch* of Bacon, which is to be given to every married Couple, who can swear they have had no Dispute, nor once repented their Bargain, in a Year and a Day; the Steward, ready to deliver it, ask'd where they would put it? The Husband produced a Bag, and told him in that: *That,* says the Steward, *is not Half big enough. So I sold my Wife,* answer'd the good Man, *and I believe we have had an Hundred Words about it. Aye!* said the Steward, *then I must again bang up the Bacon.*

An Irishman having a Looking-Glass in his Hand shut his Eyes, and placed it before his Face; another asking him, Why he did so? *Upon my Shoul,* says Teagut, *it is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

Mr. Amner, going through a Street in *Windfor*, two Boys look'd out of a one Pair of Stairs Window,

and cry'd, *There goes Mr. Amner, that makes so many Bulls!* He hearing them, look'd back, saying, *You Rascals, I know you well enough; if I had you here, I'd throw you down Stairs.*

An ill-natur'd old Gentleman ordered his Servant to go a long Way, on a trifling Errand, on a rainy Night. The Fellow muttered and grumbled, and wanted to defer the Journey 'till the Morning. *Pox take the Puppy!* says the old Gentleman, *what do you grumble at! don't I feed you?* No, replies the Fellow. *Why not?* says his Master. *The House-keeper buys the Viſuals,* says his Man, *and I feed myself.*

A Beggar asking *Moliere* for Alms, he gave him through Absence of Mind or Mistake, for a less valuable Piece, a *Lewis d'Or*. The poor Fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him, and told him of it; upon which *Moliere* return'd it to him, with another *Lewis d'Or*, as a Reward for his Honesty, exclaiming, *Oh! what a Lodging Virtue has taken up with there!*

It being prov'd on a Tryal at *Guilt-hall*, that a Man's Name was really *Inc*, who had taken the Name of *Linc*. *I see,* said the Judge, *the old Proverb is verified in this Man, who, being allow'd an Inch, has taken an L.*

A Ship being in a violent Storm, among others on Board was a poor Irishman; who, hearing one of his Fellow-Passengers most piteously bemoaning, and desiring every Body to kneel down to Prayers, for the Vessel was just sinking. *Arrah,* says Paddy, *if I live 'till I die, which I don't know whether I shall or not, I don't despair of seeing myself safely buried in Cork Church-Yard for all this.*

To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

By inserting the following Petition in your Magazine, which is taken from the Original, you will oblige one on whose future Correspondence you may depend.

Westminster.

T. K.

## The WELCHMAN's PETITION.

Sheweth, <sup>1</sup>

THAT hur Countrie of *Wales*, being antiant Nurserie for *Pristish* Ploot, ascending from antike Families; and having, to hur creat Disgrace, suffered many Injurgies from hur cunning Enemies; and having, on due and haffie Considerations, many Times penned and published hur Griefs, together with hur Protestations, in Hopes to have coot Answers and Satisfactions to the same from hur coot Cosens at \*\*\*\*\*; and contrary, look ye, to hur Expectations and to hur farther Reproaches, have cot nothing but Contumelies and Divisions: Wherefore hur Ploot being hot, and hur Head full of politick Puffinesses and learned Knowledges in all Points, hur is proposed, in the Names and Appellations of all hur Shires, to dissemble and call a creat Company of hur politick Shentlemen of *Wales*; who, being gathered together in Sessions like a \*\*\*\*\* shall lay about them in Jodicatures, and Sentences, and Revenges, bring to Punishments, hur creat Malefactors and Defenders, and have more Votes and Shudgements passed, and repassed upon hur Enemies, than out of hur coot Nature and creat Compassions hur could desire.

And moreover, hur would have (among hur Cosens and own Shentlemen) all hur Pills and Petitions read, to the End and beyond the End, and without jeering, look ye, notwithstanding hur pad Inditings and Orthographies: And wareas, hur Countries pay creat Store of Rents for peggary Cottages, to hur creat Landlords and politick Shentlemen, pefide Shillings and Pennies to B—ts and Shudges, hur would have publick Laws contrived in coot Fashions, that neither hur Shudges or politick Shentlemen carry away hur Shillings, or run up to *London* to be made Mockeries and Derisions, and be sent pack in peggary Fashions to hur own Countrie, without Pennies in hur Pocket or Prains in hur Pate; and this hur Purpose shall be first agreed by hur *Pristish* Shentlemen.

Next hur do mean, that hur Purse be not pigg, to make Taxations and Easements upon all hur Shires, to get creat Stock of Monies, for building pigg Houses, as well as in all hur Towns to sell hur Sheefe and Leeks in, as in all hur Countries for Receptions of Shentlemen, who come to see hur Cosens in *Wales* out of Love and Affections; and there to be put to lodge as prafe Shentlemen and hur losing Friends, and nor in peggary Cottages and ruined Parns, with Hole for *Long-Tail* and

## The Jeffer's Magazine,

*Robin-Little-Eyes* to creep in, eat up the Sheefe and Putter hur loseing Cosen, to the Shames, Vaxations and Dis of all *Wales*: And hur d have Taid Easements, and tions, and Store of Monies pit Hands of hur own Cosen *Ap* *al*, to see and take Heed with coot Discretions and politick ivents, to build p~~er~~ Houses hall Costs; and to retire hur *Ap Shomes*; after building Houses, to take remaining Stores onies, and with the same to hire Workmens to make Alterations or Mountains, look ye, where Coats and Runts take bare neth and Dyet together; And ur was resolve hur Cosen *Ap* s do bring to Defeats and Pur with Shofels and Pill-Hooks, r creat Mountains be as plain Table and turn to creen Mid and hur Coats and Runts may ir Pellies, and make creiter f Sheefe and Putter then was Knowledge or Memories of and this hur Resolve shall to Consultations by hur Shentlemen.

noeover, Part of hur Coun- l *Pritish* Oceans being in ind-Prospects of *Ireland*; sometimes fear, that by rnts; and troubled Oceans, Floods, *Ireland* may be hur, or hur to *Ireland*, *Wild Irish* come in creat n Foot, look ye, instead and tread down hur t up hur Sheefe, to the troction of hur Coot and it is in all Humilities totest to the politick Wis- ur *Pritish* Shentlemen, over and over by St. r and agen, that hur will

never acree, consent, or in hur Con- figurations and Compliances be re- solved, that *Ireland* be plown over to *Wales*; and, tho' hur love hur *Irish* Cosen, yet pe Coot hur loses hurself a little petter

And hur pray hur *Pritish* Shen- tlemen to make Orders to coot Fashion, that no L—. *Faputy* of *Ireland* pass or repass thro' hur Oceans or Countries of *Wales*; till hur first make Resolutions and Pro- testations before hur politick Shen- tlemen, that hur will not consent that *Ireland* come over to *Wales*, either by Sea or by Land, to the utter Construction of hur *Welsh* Shentlemen, as well as *Irish* Keam, who will be worse Vagabond hear than an Home.

And wateas in all hur Countries of *Wales* are Abundance of pleasant Prooks and clear Riffers, with coot Store of Trout, and Fry, and Salmon, but no Herring; hur shall make hur Request in all Humilities, and for the Coot of hur Common- Whealth and Shires, that creat Store of Red Herrings, with Pellis about hur Neck, be put into Prooks and Riffers, to make creat Generations; that hur may go to the Prooks and Riffers and hear the Pellis ring, and with hur Angle take Red Herrings at Plasure, and not be beholden to hur Cosen in *Sherland* for White Her- rings, which hur could never apide; and this being Matter of creat Note and Concerns, hur *Pritish* Shen- tlemen shall have in crave Consider- tions.

Moreover, hur *Pritish* Shen- tlemen shall provide that coot Order be taken with *Robin-Little-Eyes*, hur Uncle *Long-Tail*, who make tevilish Ruin of hur Sheefe, get in to hur Pocket with hur sharp Teeth; Tiffi! and his Tam, how sharp

and spide her Blood, get thro' hur  
ingers away to Hole, to be safe  
om hur Cholers and Revenges.  
fur *Prittish* Sheatlemen shall pro-  
vide, that creat Store of coot Leek  
e sowed in Peds in all hur Shires,  
at hur may have fine tall Leek to  
ut in hur *Monmouth* Cap on St.  
*Taffie's* Day, in Memories and  
honours of hur prafe *Taffie*, who  
n bloody Pattle, in *Pangor* stick  
Leek in hur Cap, and cry, " Fol-  
low, prafe Poys, and kill hur  
Enemies."

And lastly, especially it should  
be ordered, notwithstanding the  
Cholers and Intignations of Sir  
*Jeskin*, the Curate of *Therwin-  
trud*, that if any of hur Countrie-  
men go to ride a Wooing, out of  
imorous Affections to hur Cosen *Ap,  
Pries*, or hur Cosen *Ap Williams*,  
Daughter, and by hur coot Action  
and playing on the Welch Harp,  
shall get hur Cosen into Tunes of  
Marrimonies, and Consents, and

Consummations; and it afterwards  
happen that hur like petter of hur  
Cosen *Ap Porwels* or *Ap Margan*,  
Daughters, who shall be Heirs to  
creat Lands, and Coots, and pigg  
Houses, it may be necessary, for hur  
to commig Marrimonies agen with  
hur Cosen *Ap Margan*, for why may  
hur not have a Pair of Wifes, as  
well as a Pair of Poots? and consert  
with one for hur Likings and Af-  
fections, and with the other for hur  
creat Portions, and may not be made  
Fellonies for hur coot Measures to  
both hur Cosen, or be put to hur  
Pook, because hur is pad Reader of  
*English* Pooks and Languages; and  
for Grounds and Points of Religion,  
hur will not have creat Disputations  
or Destinacions with Sir *Jeskin*, but  
hur will be a coot Protestant and  
spend hur Ploot to maintain hur  
Pible: And all these Petitions and  
Resolutions shall be record in hur  
*Prittish* \*\*\*\*\* to be called in  
creat Hastie and Expeditions.

\*\*\*\*\*

*A Series of* LETTERS *from a Gentleman in Syria*  
*to his Sister in London.*

LETTER V. *concluded.*

THE next Year *Darius* turn'd  
his Force against the *European*  
*Scythians*; but was oblig'd to re-  
tire, with the Loss of eighty Thou-  
sand Men. The *Ionians* revolted  
from *Darius*, at the Instigation of  
*Histius*, who knew the King's Se-  
crets, but betray'd him, by sol-  
liciting *Aristagoras*, Commander at  
*Nicetum*, to assert the Liberty of  
*Ionia*. But this proving unfortu-  
nate to the *Grecians*, *Darius*, urg'd  
on by *Hippias*, an *Arbenian* Exile,  
determin'd to be reveng'd on them,

and to subdue all *Greece*. The  
Management of this Enterprize was  
given to *Mardonius* and *Hippias*,  
who ravag'd *Thrace*, and Part of  
*Macedon*; but were entirely de-  
feated in the Plains of *Marathon*,  
by the Bravery of *Miltiades*, who  
had but eleven Thousand Men,  
against two Hundred Thousand.  
*Darius*, griev'd at this Loss, was  
providing to repair it, but died in  
the thirty-sixth Year of his Reign.

After the Death of *Darius*, the  
Right of Succession was disputed  
between



## *The Jester's Magazine,*

en *Xerxes* and *Artabanes*; it being the Son of *Darius's* Wife, before he was King, and 's after. However, the Dis- was manag'd without the least osity, and their Uncle *Ar- nes* was chosen Arbitrator, determin'd in Favour of *Xerxes*; e was not a Jot exalted, and ther' so little concern'd, that he had paid Homage to his er, he took him by the Hand ed him to the Throne\*. With own *Xerxes* inherited a double One with *Byzant*, which he d, and made his Brother *Ar- nes* Governor; the other with e, as terrible in the Preparas ridiculous in Success. Ten were spent in preparing for grand Expedition; and the y was so numerous f, that all e was not able to quarter it. ver'd the *Hellepont* with his ; and, by a Bridge of Boats, l *Asia* to *Europe*. The Army over in seven Days, which he d from a high Place in the of *Abydos*. They march'd to in call'd *Thermopile*; where das, King of *Sparta*, main- his Post with four Thousand ns and three Thousand *La- nians*, defeating two Hundred and *Persians*. In the Sea-

Fight at *Salame*, near *Attica*, they lost three Hundred Ships; by the good Conduct of *Themistocles*, the *Grecian* Admiral. *Xerxes*, for whom they brought a golden Throne, on seeing this bloody Slaughter from the Coast, fell into Despair; and, by the Advice of *Mardonius*, return'd Home in a Fishing-Boat, leaving with him the Command of his Army, still consisting of four Hundred Thousand; which *Pau- sanias* attack'd with eleven Thou- sand *Grecians*, kill'd three Hundred and seventy Thousand, and with them their General *Mardonius*; the rest were put to Flight.

Now, dear *Charlotte*, having paid you a long Visit, I shall take my Leave for this Time, with putting you in Mind to remark' herein, the Security of *Craesus*; the Mag- nanimity of *Cyrus*, in his Behaviour to him; the Indiscretion of *Spar- gabiser*; the Bravery of Queen *Sarepta*; the Artifice of Queen *Tomyris*; the Resolution of *Zo- pyrus*; the Perfidy of *Hestius*; the Equanimity of *Artabanes*; the glorious Conduct of *Leonidas*, *Ther- mistocles*, *Miltiades* and *Pausanias*; the Vain-glory of *Darius*; and the slippery State of Princes. Being

*Most affectionately your's, &c.*

To

is indeed was a Miracle, to see two great Princes dispute the Pos- of great Kingdoms with such Temper and Moderation. *Ro- manians* don't agree in Particulars; but *Cornelius* says, the least makes to consist of one Thousand two Hundred Ships of War, and two d Transports; and that he had seven Hundred Thousand Foot, and thousand Horse, in his Land Army.

To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,  
*Our last Magazine contains a Receipt for a Consumption, which I believe to be a very good one; I have therefore enclos'd one for the same Disorder, from which I have receiv'd surprizing Benefit. I make no Doubt of your inserting it in your next; and am convinc'd, that whoever labours under that dreadful Distemper, and will give this Remedy a fair Trial, will find great Relief, even beyond their Expectation.*

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your sincere Well-wisher,

D. T.

### *A Receipt for a CONSUMPTION.*

**T**AKE three Calf's Feet, and put them into two Quarts of Milk. Put into the Milk, of Cloves, Cinnamon, Mace and Nutmeg (of each a like Quantity) altogether to weigh a Quarter of an Ounce. This Spice will serve twice. Then add to them Half a Quarter of an Ounce of beaten Isinglass; put these Ingredients into a Pan together, and bake them all Night.

In the Morning skim off all the Fat, and strain the Bones from it.

Warm a Quarter of a Pint going to Bed; sweeten it with some fine Sugar, and drink it. Take the same Quantity, in the same Manner, in the Morning, and fast an Hour after it. Continue so to take it in this Manner for a considerable Time.



### *The GENEROUS BROTHER, concluded.*

**M**R. *Worthy's* kind Offer was very readily embrac'd by *Frederick*. He declar'd, in strong Terms, the great Obligations this Gentleman's Goodness had laid him under; and entreated Mr. *Worthy*, as he hated a Life of Idleness, to permit some of his Affairs to fall under his Management. This was agreed to, and Mr. *Worthy* had the Pleasure of seeing his Business conducted with the utmost Diligence and Care.

The excellent Qualifications which *Frederick* was endow'd with, and the Skill and Address with which he conducted all Mr. *Worthy's* Concerns, gave that Gentleman a high

Opinion of his Integrity and Honour. Through the Assiduity of *Frederick*, he found his Fortune greatly increase; and he determin'd to reward him by bestowing on him his only Daughter in Marriage (whom he was convinc'd he lov'd) and giving him a Share of his Business. They liv'd for some Years the happiest Family upon Earth; and Mr. *Worthy*, at his Death, left the Bulk of his Estate to his beloved Son-in-Law and his beautiful Daughter.

*Frederick*, soon after the Death of Mr. *Worthy*, purchas'd an Estate in the West of *England*, and liv'd with his excellent *Harriot* with great Felicity, by whom he had

a nume-

a numerous and beautiful Offspring.

Let us now leave the happy *Frederick* in the blissful Enjoyment of whatever this World can bestow, and behold the Situation of *Inkle*, his unnatural Brother. We left him in the Possession of great Wealth; and obliging *Frederick*, by his cruel Treatment, to leave his House. He very unjustly applauded his Conduct, in thus artfully forcing out of his Sight a Brother he always hated, tho' he merited the utmost Tenderness from him.

For a few Years *Inkle* made a great Figure in the World. His insolent Behaviour made him fear'd by all who had the least Dependence on him, but despis'd by those who were out of his Power. At length a Series of Misfortunes reduc'd him to extreme Poverty, and he was forc'd to fly from his House, for fear of a Jail.

Unhappy in himself, hated by all who knew him, and distress'd in Circumstances, his Situation was miserable indeed. He wander'd from Place to Place, and was at length reduced to the sad Necessity of imploring that Assistance from Strangers, which he had denied to his own Brother.

One Evening he saw a Gentleman walking in the Fields, near a beautiful Seat; and, being in great Distress, gave him a brief Account of his Misfortunes, and begg'd his Assistance.

The Gentleman, who was indeed his Brother *Frederick*, soon recollected him. He desir'd *Inkle* to attend him to the House he saw before them, and he would furnish him with whatever his Necessities might require. No sooner was he arriv'd, than *Frederick* conducted

him into his own Apartment, gave him some of his Cloaths, made him sup with him and his Spouse, then led him to an elegant Chamber, and wish'd him a good Repose.

As soon as he had left his Brother, he acquainted his Wife who the unhappy Stranger was, whom he had treated so courteously; and ask'd his dear *Harriot*, if she could consent he should pass the Remainder of his Days with them? Who, being a Lady possess'd of a great Share of Sense and good Nature, very readily agreed to it.

In the Morning, when *Frederick* thought his Brother might be willing to rise, he went to his Chamber, to enquire how he had rested; and, finding him already dress'd, conducted him into the ParLOUR to Breakfast: After which, every one leaving the Room but himself and Brother, he ask'd *Inkle*, if he recollected who he was? Who reply'd, That he was not so happy as to have the least Knowledge of him.

"I am then," says the generous *Frederick*, bursting into Tears, "your Brother;" and immediately fell upon his Neck, and embrac'd him with great Tenderness.

*Inkle*, astonish'd at the extraordinary Goodness and happy Situation of his Brother, and the surprizing Reverse of Fortune they had undergone, fell to the Ground, and implor'd Forgiveness for his former Behaviour. To which *Frederick* reply'd, at the same Time raising and embracing him with great Affection, "My dear Brother, let us forget what is past. Spend the Remainder of your Days with me and my Family. Providence has bless'd me with sufficient for us both, and whatever I have you shall freely partake of."

## Of LOVE and BEAUTY.

**T**HERE is nothing more generally believ'd by all, to be known, and less understood, in Fact, than Love. As Plants receive a Tincture from the Soil in which they grow, so Love too often receives a strong Colouring from the Temper of the Lover. Hence that Variety which we see on the Theatre of the World—The Platonic and sensual; the Jealous and Indifferent; the Constant and Roving; the Overwarm and Too-cool; the Disinterested, that has the Happiness of the Object beloved, in View; and the Interested, that only consults his own.

The true, and only Object of Love, is Beauty. He, therefore (and only he) that can taste Beauty, can feel Love. But there are two Kinds of Beauty, Mental and Corporeal; whence Love of Necessity, can never be the Result of one only: A Savage may taste the last, that can have no Idea of the first; whereas none can taste the first, without having, not only an Idea of the last, but a Capability of it.

The Cue, then, that I would give my pretty Readers in general, is, not to be sed by the Eye alone. I do not offer them the Counter Caution, since they seldom take the Pains, to discover a beautiful Mind thro' an indifferent, or an ugly Mask. They generally stop at first Appearances; and unless the Prospect invite, seldom walk into the Mind: Whereas it is inconceivable what Pains they'll take to find out Beauties in a Mind prettily lodg'd; nay, some will sit down contented in the House, tho' there be no Inhabitants at all, or, what is yet worse, tho' it be haunted by an evil Spirit. As an Encouragement, however, for them to look in, tho' the Outside may not tempt the Sight, I will venture to

assure them, that the greater a Man's Sense is, the higher will his Sentiments of Love be, and his Passion the more permanent.

I shall conclude with two different Pictures of Beauty drawn from the Life. When I behold the beautiful *Miranda*, adorn'd with Youth and Innocence; when I behold the loveliest of Complexions, enrich'd with the most regular and pleasing Features, and warmed with the purest Blood, which no unbecoming Desires spread over her Face; when, in her Eyes, I read the Thoughts that swell her Bosom, and give her Soul to my View; when she lays herself more open still to my Admiration, and adds Words to Looks, that never contradict each other; when she goes yet further, and, in the general Course of her Behaviour, I see Complacency, true Regard, decent Mirth, and agreeable Sobriety, blended together in such a Manner, that an Action, which in another would be indifferent, in *Miranda* bears the Stamp of Merit—How inestimable would such a Companion be! But when I turn my Eyes on her Sister *Belinda*, and see a Form equal in Beauty to *Miranda's* animated only by a Consciousness of her own Beauty; when I see Pride, or Scorn, for ever peeping out of her Eyes, and Folly speaking out of her Mouth; when every Motion of *Belinda* is accompanied with an Affectation, visible to every Beholder, and tending to inspire Love, that she may exercise Tyranny; when every Action is ting'd with Self-Love, and Want of Regard for every one else—I cannot help being concern'd, that Beauty should act so unnatural a Part, as to turn its Arms against, and kill itself.

*A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks,  
Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.*

**SOLUTIONS to the CONUN-  
DRUMS**

*In Number VII.*

71. **B**ECAUSE it never stands still.  
72. **B**ECAUSE it's nothing without  
Cabbage.  
73. Because his Head turns round.  
74. Because he has an Indenture.  
75. Because there are so many dif-  
ferent Airs in it.  
76. Because it is next *Kew*.  
77. The Air.  
78. Because they are often presented.  
79. A Place.  
80. Because he is mounted.

**SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES**

*In Number VIII.*

15. A Mill. 16. Wind.

**SOLUTIONS to the REBUSSES**

*In Number VIII.*

17. *Carlisle*. 18. *Sally Drown*.

**CONUNDRUMS.**

81. **W**H Y is Swearing like an  
old Coat?  
82. Why is a Tavern like a Table?  
83. Why is a red-hair'd Lady like a  
Band of Soldiers?  
84. Why is a Barrel of Beer, almost  
drawn out, like a Country  
Waggon?  
85. Why is a bad Pen like a wicked  
Man?  
86. Why is a Stair-case like a Back-  
biter?  
87. Why is a Taylor like a Sprout?  
88. Why is a first Floor like a Lie?  
89. Why is a Looking-Glass very  
complaisant?

90. Why is a fortunate Man like a  
Straw in the Water.

[\* \* *The Solutions in our next*]

**RIDDLES.**

17. **I** Ngrateful Man, to use your  
Servant thus!  
I your incessant Slave, continual  
Drudge,  
Condemn'd to restless Motion, forc'd  
to move  
With heavy pond'rous Burdens at my  
Feet!  
Sometimes you curse my heavy toil-  
some Pace,  
And then condemn me 'cause too fast  
I move;  
When I have almost reacht my Jour-  
ney's End,  
Compulsively you hale me back again,  
And urge me then my Journey to  
re-go.  
Yet oft your soft Compassion I im-  
plore,  
Above one hundred fifty Times a Day  
I do remind you of my Slaveries;  
But you inexorable Wretches hear,  
With Pleasure hear my mournful do-  
lorous Voice.  
Yet oft you smilingly my Face be-  
hold,  
That polish'd shines like lovely bright  
*Aurora's*;  
That Face that in the bleakest Winter  
Nights,  
When fierce *Aquarius* disembogues  
his Floods,  
Or blust'ring *Boreas* blows his furious  
Blasts,  
Has nothing but my slender Hand to  
shield it.  
Ye lovely Fair, ye blushing Virgins,  
say,  
How would you look was but your  
Fate like mine?  
I fear that ruddy Look would soon be  
chang'd  
Into a pallid White or deadn'd Livid;  
Or

Or when the scorching *Cancer* burn  
the Land,  
Were you like me compell'd to stand  
the Heat,  
And glare refulgent *Titan* in the Face;  
Your lilly'd soon the olive Hue as-  
sume:  
Yet both my Faces (for I'm *Janus*  
fac'd)  
Stand *Boreas*' Blasts and *Titan*'s fiercest  
Heat.

These Initials connected will quickly  
declare  
The Name of a charming and sweet-  
temper'd Fair.

J. F. G.

[\* \* The Solutions in our next.]

AS YOU LIKE IT: A TALE.

By Mr. JOHN OAKMAN.

18. **B**Y my Assistance Merchants  
speak,  
Tho' many Seas asunder;  
And yet I'm dumb, and soft, and  
weak,  
And is not that a Wonder?  
[\* \* The Solutions in our next.]

A R E B U S S.

19. **A** Disorder that's hot, when a  
Person's not well;  
What an Object is call'd, when it is  
not real:  
These added together, you plainly  
may see,  
The Name of a Town, near *Canter-*  
*bury*.

S — L S — S.

AN ACROSTIC REBUSS.

20. **A** BIRD that for Stature is  
frequently nam'd,  
A Beast both for Strength and for  
Majesty fam'd,  
The primary Person in grammatical  
Rules,  
The Philosopher who founded the  
Stoical Schools,  
The City where Learning long flour-  
ish'd and reign'd,  
The Place where the *English* great  
Honour obtain'd,  
The Island where Freedom and  
Liberty dwell,  
And the Name of a Statesman who  
few Things did well,  
A Bird that with Wisdom is said to  
abound,  
And the Name of a River in *Italy*  
found:

**T**WO Brothers, *Jack* and *Tom*  
by Name,  
To try their Luck, to *London* came:  
Their Fortunes were indeed but small;  
Some Forty Shillings! that was all,  
Which they as frugally bestow'd,  
In their Expences on the Road;  
And many a scanty Meal they made,  
Nor were to Drinking yet betray'd,

One Day the Elder thus began,  
" 'Tis necessary that some Plan  
" We fix on, Brother, as we go;  
" How we're to act, and what to do:  
" *London*, I've heard my Father say,  
" Is full of Sharpers, who betray  
" The artless Stranger—Let us then  
" Be wary in our Choice of Men.  
" Let's manage all we get with Skill,  
" Prudence anticipates each Ill;  
" In Womens Company be nice,  
" For Wenching is a horrid Vice!  
" I own, if Fortune crown my Life,  
" I mean to make some Girl my Wife;  
" Some innocent industrious Fair,  
" Who'll make her Home and me her  
" Care;  
" Whose Brain has ne'er been set a  
" madding,  
" For ever after Pleasure gadding,  
" Occasion'd by superior Breeding,  
" And the curs'd Itch of Novel-read-  
" ing.  
" That Home can ne'er be happy sure,  
" Where Coxcombs loiter round the  
" Door:  
" Yet such the Cafe with all these  
" Asses,  
" Who marry high-flown, Town-  
" bred Lassies.  
" Let me have one with rosy Lips,  
" Who'll fight and struggle e'er be  
" kill'd;

U u 2

" Who"

" Whose Education is but small,  
 " The better—if she's none at all ;  
 " In Family-Affairs proceed——  
 " What need a Woman learn to  
 " read ?"

*Tom* heard him out, and thus re-  
 ply'd,

" I shall not chuse for you a Bride ;  
 " And, if it e'er should be my Fate,  
 " To venture on a married State,  
 " I do expect, dear *Jack*, that you  
 " In that Case will be silent too :  
 " Then be our Fate, or Bliss or  
 " Shame,  
 " We cannot one another blame.  
 " The Advice you give I don't de-  
 " spise,  
 " Nor doubt your Conduct will be  
 " wise.  
 " My Temper long you've known  
 " to be  
 " Compos'd of too much Levity ;  
 " One Thing I always have design'd,  
 " In what I can to please my Mind."

Thus as they talk, to Town they  
 come ;  
 To Town, their long-intended Home :  
 Some Days they spent in seeing Sights ;  
 Strange Things, that every Clown de-  
 lights ;  
 The *Abbey*, Wax-work, and the Rest,  
 Too much to be in Rhime express'd ;  
 Then bade adieu to all such Toys,  
 And Business now each Mind em-  
 ploys.

*Jack* was industrious at his Trade,  
 Pursu'd the very Plan he laid ;  
 Early and late he ply'd his Work,  
 And toil'd like any Galley-Turk ;  
 Spent little, hoarded up his Pelf,  
 Thought none so—prudent as him-  
 self.

*Tom* he pursu'd a different Way ;  
 Would sometimes work—and some-  
 times play :  
 Kept Company, would drink and sing,  
 Would toast his Mistress, or—the  
 King :  
 Where'er he go, with Ease he spent,  
 Yet liv'd a Life of great Content.

*Jack*, as he had before design'd,  
 Meeting a Female to his Mind,  
 With great Dispatch the Business  
 carried,  
 And in a little Time was married.

Nor was *Tom* long behind-hand  
 found,  
 But in the Chains of *Hymen* bound.

Suppose the Honey-Moon is o'er ;  
 A Month, or two, perhaps, or more :  
 Let's pay to each a Friendly Visit,  
 And ask the Lads, in Turn, *How is it ?*

*Jack* swears he's had a precious  
 Catch,  
 The Devil himself made up his Match :  
 His Wife is sortish, sluttish, proud ;  
 Her Tongue, like any Mill-clack,  
 loud !  
 She horns him, scorns him, robs him,  
 beats him ;  
 And every Way that's bad, she treats  
 him ;

While he, t' avoid continual Strife,  
 And all the Plague of such a Wite,  
 Flies to the Bottle for Relief,  
 And drowns his Senses with his Grief.  
 A Course he never thought to take,  
 He lives—a Drunkard, and a Rake !

*Tom* has a different Method took,  
 His former Follies all forsook ;  
 He does not even wish to roam,  
 But finds Contentment all at Home :  
 The Girl allotted to his Care,  
 Is prudent, sensible and fair ;  
 A Foe to all domestic Strife ;  
 A loving, gentle, frugal Wife,

But what's all this to me, I pray ?  
 Methinks I hear the Reader say :  
 What's *Tom*, or *Jack*, to you or I,  
 What Moral does your Tale imply ;  
 To what can all this Rhiming tend ?  
 Have Patience, and I'll tell you, Friend.

*Jack*, who took Prudence for a Guide,  
 Was yet unhappy in a Bride ;  
 And all his plodding Schemes, you see,  
 Produc'd him nought but Misery :  
 While careless *Tom* is blest by Fate,  
 And truly happy in a Mate.

Extend

Extend the Subject thro' all Life,  
Not only in one Thing—a Wife ;  
In all, 'tis so—the Man who strives  
To do the best, still badly thrives ;  
While he, who does not Care a Pin  
Whether in Life he lose or win,  
Without the famous Wishing-Cap,  
Shall have Dame *Fortune* in his Lap.  
From this, I think, my Friend, you'll  
find  
That *Fate* and *Fortune* both are blind.

A M I R R O R.

WHILST other Poets more ex-  
alted shine,  
And round their Brows th' imperial  
Laurel twine ;  
Mine be the arduous Task——be it  
my Care  
To picture all that's lovely, all that's  
fair.

My *Lucy* moves with Dignity and  
Grace,  
While thousand *Cupids* revel in her  
Face ;  
Each, in his Turn, to please their  
Mistress tries,  
And darts his Arrows from her lovely  
Eyes :  
Roses and Lillies, ev'ry beauteous  
Flow'r  
That springs in Wood, or Mead, or  
sweetest Bow'r,  
Shew them her Cheeks—they'll,  
*dying*, own her Pow'r.  
Ambrosial Sweets are center'd in her  
Breath ;  
Pressing her Lips, I'd calmly smile  
at Death.  
Her lovely, snow-like, well-turn'd  
Neck—but hold !  
The Attempt to paint those Beauties  
is too bold ;  
His, who *Jove's* Thunder grove to  
emulate,  
Was not so arduous, not so truly  
great,  
To Beauty, Wit she joins with happy  
Ease,  
And where she levels it, ne'er fails  
to please :

*Venus* and *Pallas*, sure, their Pow'rs  
combine,  
To make my Fair the Wonder of her  
Time.

W. W.

A P A S T O R A L.

By Mr. John Cunningham.

HER Sheep had, in Clusters,  
crept close to the Grove,  
To hide from the Rigours of Day,  
And *Phyllis* herself, in a Woodbine  
Alcove,  
Amongst the fresh Violets lay,  
A Youngling, it seem'd, had been stole  
from its Dam,  
(\*Twixt *Cupid* and *Hymen* a Plot !)  
That *Corydon* might, as he search'd  
for his Lamb,  
Arrive at the critical Spot.

As thro' the gay Hedge, for his Lamb-  
kin he peeps,  
He saw the sweet Maid, with Sur-  
prize ;  
Ye Gods ! if so killing, he cry'd,  
when she sleeps,  
I'm lost, if she opens her Eyes !  
To tarry much longer would hazard  
my Heart,  
I'll onward my Lambkin to trace ;  
In vain honest *Corydon* strove to de-  
part,  
For Love had him nail'd to the  
Place.

Hush—hush'd be these Birds ! what  
a Bawling they keep !  
He cry'd—You're too loud on the  
Spray !  
Don't you see, foolish Lark, that the  
Charmer's asleep ?  
You'll wake her as sure as 'tis  
Day.  
How dare that fond Butterfly touch  
the sweet Maid !  
(Her Cheeks he mistakes for a Rose !)  
I'd put him to Death if I was not  
afraid,  
My Boldness would break her Re-  
pose.

You



## *The Jeffer's Magazine,*

*Phyllis* look'd up, with a languishing Smile,  
 Shepherd, she cry'd, you mistake;  
 myself down for to rest me awhile,  
 rust me, have long been awake.  
 Shepherd took Courage—advanc'd with a Bow—  
 plac'd himself close to her Side,  
 anag'd the Matter—I cannot tell how,  
 Yesterday made her his Bride.

### *An ELEGY.*

*Calliope, quæ hæc mihi cantas Apollo,  
 ut nobis ipsa puella facit.*

Propert. L. 2. E. 1, 3.  
*que le Cœur seul parle dans l'Elegie.*  
 Boil. l'Art Poet. Chaut. 3. 57.  
 A Y, my Friend—the pious Toil's in vain,  
 can your Suit my steadfast Bosom move;  
 me hug in Peace the servile Chain,  
 bow me down before the Throne of Love.  
 I'll studious range the painted Field,  
 ditative stray the Mead along;  
 nor Nature, now, can Pleasure yield,  
 use neglected, and the tuneful Song.

He in Triumph mounts his golden Car,  
 As I view his Retinue around;  
 He calls his Subjects from the court,  
 careful hasten at the silver sound.

He Train—Come bring your rosy Bands—  
 dom here, with Rapture, resign;  
 Flow'ry Wreaths my con-d Hands,  
 and my Temples let the myrtle twine.

Forget my *Delia*, would my Friend persuade,  
 Nor longer seek the Transports of her Arms!

Go, first, and bid the Love-inspiring Maid,  
 Forego her Beauty, or destroy her Charms.

Thou bid'st me banish hence an empty Care,  
 And let my Front a Heart at Ease display;

Thou bid'st me from my Breast drive out the Fair,  
 And chase the dear Inhabitant away.

But, thoughtless Man! know all Attempts were vain—  
 As easy could I still the Tempest's Roar,

Or stop the Winds, when raging o'er the Main,  
 They roll the surging Billows to the Shore.

No—let me live in this inglorious Ease,  
 Nor breathe one Sigh for Liberty the while;

Be all my Study how my Fair to please,  
 And catch the Omen of each yielding Smile.

And when the Stream of Life no more shall flow,  
 May you your dying Friend's Request receive;

'Twill be—Upon my Tomb this Line bestow:  
 "That when I ceas'd to love, I

"ceas'd to live." J. M.

*The M I S E R.*

*From Characters. By Francis Gentleman.*

**C**URS'D with a Plumb, the Fruit of famish'd Years,  
 Plunder of Orphan's Cries, and Widow's Tears,

*Acorns* see, amidst his golden Store,  
 Worship the shining God, and pray for more;

Thirsty as Ocean, hungry as the Grave,  
 To Fears and Wishes an eternal Slave—

Would

Would you present to Pity's melting Sight;  
A seeming Butt of Fortune's utmost Spite;  
This Son of starving Opulence produce,  
Shame of his kind Humanity's Abuse;  
Upon his bloodless Cheeks pale Famine lies;

And glares a Spectre in his haggard Eyes;  
Squalid and lank his hoary Locks fall down,  
From the chill Circle of his hairless Crown;

His care-worn Front unnumber'd Furrows mark,  
Life seems declin'd to its expiring Spark;  
His useless Teeth have long forsook their Seat;

And to his Pocket made a snug Retreat;  
His Nose most prominent, and aquiline,  
Politely bends to meet the curved Chin;

His pallid Head a constant Motion feels,  
One whither'd Hand from t'other flyly steals;  
His sapless Trunk, of more than common Length,

His Spindle-Shanks devoid of needful Strength;  
And thread-bare Garments pervious to the Cold,  
Conjoin'd, such perfect Wretchedness unfold,

That all must own, who such a Portraiture scan,  
He's more a living Skeleton, than Man.

His wakeful Eyes ne'er feel the Balm of Sleep,  
But constant miserable Vigils keep;  
The half-starv'd Mouse, which o'er his Chamber crawls,

Alarms his Heart, 'till—Murder! Thieves!—he bawls—  
Each whispering Breeze his anxious Spirit shocks;

And seems a Midnight Robber bursting Locks;

The Bird of Fate, which flaps portentous Wings,  
Such are his Fears, a Peal of Thunder rings;

Not that his callous Conscience is dismay'd,  
More for his Treasure than his Soul afraid.

Tormented thus with never-ceasing Care,  
He spares to torture, and exists to spare;

Denies to Nature what she simply craves,  
And to himself becomes the work of Slaves;

Pregnant with Fears, a For declin'd to Hope,  
At length he seeks Contentment in a Rope;

Falls a lean Sacrifice to darling Self,  
Concludes the thrifty Scene—and hangs himself.

### The SPECTACLES

ROBIN, who to the Plough was bred,  
And who could neither write or read,

Seeing the good old People use To read with Glasses cross the Nose;  
Which they for ever wore about them,

And said they could not read without them;  
Happen'd one Day to come to Town,  
And as he saunter'd up and down,

He spy'd a Shop, where such-like Things Hung dangling in a Row on Strings:  
It took him in the Head to stop,

And ask the Master of the Shop, If he could furnish Folks that need With Glasses that could make 'em read;

Or sell'n a Pair of What d'ye call 'em Would fit his Nose, and would not gall it?

The Man his Draw'r in one Hand took,  
The other opens a Bible-Book: The

The Draw'r contain'd of Glasses  
 Plectry,  
 From three Times one to Three and  
 Twenty;  
 Some set in Horn, and some in Leather,  
 But *Robin* could approve of neither;  
 And when an Hundred Pairs had  
 try'd,  
 And still had thrown 'em all aside,  
 The Man grew peevish, *Bob* grew  
 vex'd,  
 And swore he could not read the  
 Text.

"Not read! confound you, for a Fool;  
 "I'll hang if e'er you went to School:  
 "Could you e'er read without the help  
 "Of Spectacles?" "Why no, you  
 "Whelp.  
 "Do People, who can walk without,  
 "Buy Wooden Legs to stump about?"

\* \*

## AN EPITAPH on a CHILD.

WRAPT in the Shroud of Death,  
 here lies enshrin'd  
 A Mother's early Hope—her Peace  
 of Mind;  
 Nipt in the Bud, e'er Reason knew to  
 sway,  
 He soar'd to Regions of eternal Day.  
 Oh, happy Innocent! how few like  
 thee  
 Quit this vain World, this State of  
 Misery!  
 Unknown to Sin, an Alien to Offence,  
 Thy Life one Scene of spotless Inno-  
 cence.

Holborn.

R——LL.

ANACREON, ODE 34,  
*paraphras'd.*

NAY, fly me not, alluring Fair,  
 Nor scorn these Locks of  
 silver Hair;  
 Tho' Youth now lends thee ev'ry  
 Grace,  
 And blooming Beauty paints thy Face;  
 Tho' Nature o'er thy Cheeks hath  
 spread  
 The smiling Morning's purest Red;  
 Tho' all that's lovely dwells in thee,  
 Yet fly not thus from Love and me.

How do those Wreaths delight the  
 Eye,  
 Compos'd of Blooms of various Dye:  
 See, Nymph, how fair the Lilly shows,  
 Entwin'd around the blushing Rose.  
 G. T——.

## On an EPIGRAM.

ONE Day in *Chelsea* Meadows  
 walking,  
 Of Poetry and such Things talking,  
 Says *Ralph*, a merry Wag,  
 An Epigram, if smart and good,  
 In all its Circumstances should  
 Be like a Jelly-Bag.

Your Simile, I own, is new;  
 But how wilt make it out, says *Hugh*?  
 Quoth *Ralph*, I'll tell thee, Friend:  
 Make it at Top both wide and fit  
 To hold a Budget-full of Wit,  
 And point it at the End.

## In Imitation of SPENCER.

WHEN I was young, and wanted  
 Wit,  
 Love thus contriv'd himself to  
 please;  
 He bade me for his Mother get  
 Some Honey, from a Hive of Bees:  
 And when he found my Hand was  
 rung,  
 He smiling cry'd — Alas! you're  
 young.

## AN EPIGRAM.

MY *Chloe*'s as fickle, and light  
 as a Feather,  
 Yet I love her to Death; prithet,  
*Dick*, should I wed her?  
 That a Feather should tease you,  
 quoth *Dick*, is not strange;  
 T'other Day, as I happen'd to pass  
 thro' the Grange,  
 I saw Master *Cupid* from Doves and  
 from Sparrows,  
 A piffering Feathers to stick in his  
 Arrows.  
 The Urchin thus shoots you, then  
 plucks out his Dart,  
 And leaves you the Feather to tickle  
 your Heart.

ODE

O D E for His MAJESTY'S  
Birth - Day, June 4, 1766.

**H**A I L to the Man, so sings the  
Hebrew Bard,  
Whose numerous Offspring grace  
his genial Board!

Heaven's fairest Gift, Heaven's best  
Reward,  
To those who honour, who obey  
his Word.

What shall He fear, tho' drooping Age,  
Unnerve his Strength, and point-  
less sink his Spear:

In vain the Proud, in vain the Mad  
shall rage;

He fears his God, and knows no  
other Fear.

Lo! at his Call, a duteous Race  
Spring eager from his lov'd  
Embrace,

To shield the Sire from whom their  
Virtues rose;

And fly, at each rever'd Com-  
mand,

Like Arrows from the Giant's  
Hand,

In Vengeance on his Foes.

So *Edward* fought on *Cressy's* bleeding  
Plain,

A blooming Hero, great beyond  
his Years.

So *William* fought—But cease the  
Strain;

A Loss so recent bathes the Muse  
in Tears.

So shall hereafter every Son,

Who now with prattling Infancy  
relieves

Those anxious Cares which wait upon  
a Throne,

Where, ah! too oft, amidst the  
Myrtles weaves

The Thorn it's pointed An-  
guish—So

Shall every Youth his Duty know,  
To guard the Monarch's Right, and  
People's Weal:

And Thou, great *George*, with just  
Regard

To Heaven shalt own the *Hebrew*  
Bard;

But sung the Truths you feel.

Blest be the Day which gave Thee  
Birth!

Let others tear the ravag'd Earth,  
And fell Ambition's Powers appear  
In Storms, which desolate the Year.  
Confer thy milder Virtues shine,  
Thou rul'st indeed, our Hearts are  
Thine.

By slender Ties our Kings of old  
Their fabled Right divine would  
vainly hold,

Thy juster Claim even Freedom's Sons  
can love,

The King who bends to Heaven, must  
Heaven itself approve.

To the Author of BEAUTY:

A Poetical Essay.

**W**HILST other Youths, in this  
licentious Age,

In every trifling, low Pursuit engage,  
Whilst Wine and Riot form their  
darling Joy,

And Beauty's only notic'd to destroy;  
Dar'st thou to trace her to her great  
First Cause,

And sing of Nature and of Virtue's  
Laws?

O! ne'er may Fashion taint thy ge-  
n'rous Mind,

To teach exalted Thought so well  
inclin'd;

With fix'd Aversion turn from spe-  
cious Wrong,

And make thy Life an Emblem of thy  
Song.

Go on, proceed, the glorious Plan  
pursue,

Whilst Fame immortal opens to thy  
View.

Long as thy *Stensone's* should thy  
Numbers live,

And Envy's Self-unwilling Praises  
give;

And may the Maid, thy Heart shall  
most approve,

With equal Fondness meet thy vir-  
tu-ous Love.

May'st thou in her thy fav'rite Beau-  
ties trace,

Her Soul all Goodness, and her Form  
all Grace.

## To a LADY. A PARODY.

WHILST other Females, in this  
*precious* Age,  
 In every trifling, low Pursuit en-  
*gage*,  
 Whilst Routs and Ranelagh's their  
 darling Joy,  
 And Time is only thought of to  
 destroy;  
 Dar'st thou of Vice to treat the great  
 First Cause,  
 And sing of him, who sings of Vir-  
 tue's Laws?  
 O! may no vain Pursuit e'er taint thy  
 Mind,  
 To Cares superior far, by Heaven  
 design'd.  
 With fix'd Aversion shun the giddy  
 Throng,  
 And, by Example, teach them they  
 are wrong.  
 Go on, be firm, this glorious Plan  
 pursue,  
 And lasting Happiness shall wait on  
 you,  
 Long as thy Heart can wish; then  
 shalt thou live,  
 And Age itself shall certain Pleasures  
 give.

X.

On seeing Mr. GARRICK,  
 in the Character of Kitey, when  
 Every Man in His Humour was  
 perform'd, for the Benefit of decay'd  
 Affairs.

IF ev'ry Talent, ev'ry Power to  
 please,  
 Sense join'd with Spirit, Dignity with  
 Ease;  
 If Elocution of the noblest Kind,  
 Such as at once inflames and melts the  
 Mind;  
 Looks, strongly piercing as the Bird  
 of *Jove*,  
 Address, insinuating, soft as Love;  
 Politene's, such as Art can ne'er be-  
 flow,  
 And from the well-turn'd Mind alone  
 must flow;

Action by no mechanic Rules re-  
 strain'd;  
 Passion, that strikes the Soul, because  
 unfeign'd:  
 If these can form a Character com-  
 plect,  
 All these in Garrick, you are sure to  
 meet.

CL 10.

## LOVE SYMPTOMS.

WHEN two Hearts discreet and  
 tender  
 Always yield to one another,  
 And all jarring Thoughts do  
 smother,  
 Being never found asunder:  
 In no Secret when they glory,  
 But what's common made to either;  
 When with Joy they come together,  
 But at parting they are sorry:  
 When they Pleasure take in writing  
 To each other, yet inditing  
 Still much less than is desir'd:  
 Fairest, what's this call'd, pray own it,  
 'Twixt us two? Tho' we've not  
 known it,  
 Sure our Breasts with Love are fir'd!

## The OLD MAID.

A Character from the Life.

BY Nature form'd of perfect  
 Shape,  
 By Prudery turn'd a Female Ape;  
 By Nature fram'd of double Mind,  
 By canting Principles retin'd;  
 From the bleak Regions of the North,  
 The mild *Prudentia* sallies forth:  
 In Gesture starch, reserv'd, and flat;  
 In Thought—in Action—Mum  
 for that!—  
 Severely plagu'd with Envy's Phlegm,  
 Ready by Wholesale to condemn;  
 With ev'ry Neighbour's Works ac-  
 quainted,  
 Whether they Sinner it or Saint it,  
 Slander becomes her ready Tongue,  
 And round the tattling World is  
 rung.

In younger Days, too proud to own  
 Submission to the *Paphian* Throat;  
 Too

Too grave to listen to the Pain  
Of any heart-afflicted Swain;  
Too modest to submit to Laws,  
Which *Hymen* from Affection draws!  
But Years slide on; and now, too late,  
She mourns her solitary Fate:  
Poor, peevish, antiquated Virgin!  
The Men she finds no longer urging!  
In vain each Stratagem is try'd,  
The mean Resource of baffled Pride;  
In vain the Cobweb-Net is spread,  
Lovers, *sometimes*, with Caution tread;  
And her re-iterated Toil,  
At *most*, excites a cruel Smile!  
Distraction now to Care succeeds,  
With fiercest Rage her Bosom bleeds;  
Prone to detract, with fatal Skill  
To turn and wind e'en Good to Ill;  
To ev'ry candid Thought estrang'd,  
To a mere Lump of Malice chang'd;  
At either Sex alternate rails,  
As Spleen or Calumny prevails;  
Thinks ev'ry Nymph a base Coquette,  
Paints ev'ry Swain as black as Jet;  
The purest Flame, licentious deems,  
And Wedlock's holiest Rite blas-  
phemes:  
Advices all, with just Decorum,  
To wait—as she has done before 'em.  
In youthful Friends, to gender Strife,  
Is the chief Pleasure of her Life;  
And, should the deep-laid Plot suc-  
ceed,  
Triumphant at the mighty Deed,  
Laughs at the simple Fool she cheats,  
And flies to study new Deceits:  
Is there a Nymph whom this can fit?  
Yes!—*Sally* justly answers it.

*The New Theatre at Bristol, which,  
for Elegance and Conveniency, equals  
any in Europe, was open'd Friday,  
May 30, with the Play of The Con-  
scious Lovers. The following Pro-  
logue was spoken by Mr. POWELL,  
and said to be written by Mr. G——.*

PROLOGUE for the Opening of the  
Bristol Theatre.

**B**Efore you see, one of your Stage  
Directors;  
Or, if you please, one of those strange  
Projectors,

Whose heated Brain in fatal Magic  
bound,  
Seeks for that *Stone* which never can  
be found:  
But in *Projection* comes the dreadful  
Stroke,  
The Glasses burst, and all is Bounce  
and Smoke!  
Tho' doubtful still *our* Fate—I bite  
my Thumbs,  
And my Heart fails me—for Pro-  
jection comes.  
Your Smiles would chase our Fears—  
still I could dream,  
Rich as a *Nabob*, with my golden  
Scheme!

That all the World's a Stage, you  
can't deny:  
And what's our Stage?—a Shop—I'll  
tell you why —  
You are the Customers, the Trade-  
men we;  
And well for us, you pay, before you  
see:  
We give no Trust, a ready Money  
Trade;  
Should you stop Payment, we are  
Bankrupts made.  
To feast your Minds, and sooth each  
worldly Care,  
We *largely* traffic in Dramatic Ware;  
Then swells our Shop, a Warehouse  
to your Eyes,  
And we from small Retailers, *Mer-  
chants* rise!  
From *Shakespeare's* golden Mines, we'll  
fetch the Ore,  
And land his Riches on this happy  
Shore!

For we Theatric Merchants never quit  
His boundless Stores of universal Wit?  
But we in vain shall richly laden  
come,  
Unless deep Water brings us safely  
Home;  
Unless your Favour in full Tides  
will flow,  
Ship, Crew, and Cargo, to the Bot-  
tom go!  
Indulge us then, and from our Hearts  
receive  
Our warmest Wishes, *all* we have  
to give.

May honour'd Commerce, with her  
Sails unfurl'd,  
Still bring you Treasures from each  
distant World;  
From East to West, extend this City's  
Name,  
Still to her Sons encreasing Wealth  
with Fame:  
And may this Merit be our honest  
Boast,  
To give you Pleasure, and no Virtue  
lost.

An Occasional PROLOGUE to  
the Fair Penitent and the Deuce in  
in Him; which were perform'd on  
Saturday, June 7<sup>th</sup>, by a Company  
of Young Gentlemen, at the Little  
Theatre in James-Street.

Written by Mr. Portinger, and spoken  
by the Young Gentleman who play'd  
Horatio.

WITH rising Doubts and new-  
born Fears oppress,  
Behind these Scenes heaves many an  
anxious Breast.  
New to the Stage—untaught in all  
its Arts,  
We make, this Night, a Trial of our  
Parts:  
"Before our Judges dare these Boards  
"to tread,  
"With all our Imperfections on our  
"Head."

Whilst Rowe's soft Scenes your fix'd  
Attention claim,  
Let our Calista soar, thro' him, to  
Fame:  
Let gentle Altamont your Pity move,  
Curs'd in a more than disappointed  
Love:  
True Friendship's Force in bold Ho-  
ratio see;  
To Rowe his Virtues—give his  
Faults to us.  
Excuse one farther Liberty I take,  
And spare Lucretia, for Horatio's sake.  
To sum up all our Hopes in one Re-  
quest,  
Spare all the

bits of those who  
see.

In ev'ry Breast erect Compassion's  
Throne,  
And deign to weep for Sorrows not  
your own.

The Buskin laid aside——our  
Comic Pow'r,  
The Deuce is in Him, tries, for Half an  
Hour.  
If well we mimic, let a gracious  
Smile,  
And Hands applauding, all our Fears  
beguile;  
But if unnatural still we rant and  
bawl,  
If ye don't hiss—the Deuce is in ye  
All.

Occasion'd by reading the Rev. Dr. Ro-  
theram's Essay on Faith.

WHILE wild Enthusiasts, with  
mistaken Zeal,  
The Workings of the Spirit seem to  
feel;  
The happy Hour of their Conversion  
tell,  
And make their very Faith a Mi-  
racle;  
Boasting new Light, in Terms so  
darkly penn'd  
As puzzle Common-sense to compre-  
hend;  
Benighted thus, blest be the friendly  
Hand,  
Held forth to lead us to the promis'd  
Land.  
Thou, Rotheram, bred in true Re-  
ligion's School,  
With the warm Heart, can boast the  
Judgment cool.  
Taught by thy Rules to shun each er-  
ring Sect  
No supernatural Aids we dare ex-  
pect.  
From Scripture Evidence, our surest  
Light,  
We learn to think, believe, and act  
aright.  
On Reason's Basis see Faith's Struc-  
ture rise,  
Like Jacob's Ladder, reaching to the  
Skies,

The MILLER and his WIFE.

A F A B L E.

**H**E who, with Certainty, would find  
The Depth and Scope of Woman's Mind,  
Must judge not by external Shew,  
From what they say or what they do;  
But he who'd construe all their Airs,  
Must do't as Witches say their Prayers.

A Miller, once an honest Man!  
(That's honest as a Miller can)  
Had a smart Wife of goodly Parts,  
In homely necessary Arts;  
Could wash and scower, and brew and bake,  
Pies, Puddings, Tarts, and Custards make;  
Would smile and cursey to her Neighbours,  
And speak so sweetly, "speed your  
" Labours "

While every Gossip in the Vale  
Admir'd her cleanly Fardingale;  
The Village, all alike, consented,  
To think the Miller liv'd contented;  
But, did he so? Have Patience, Friend,  
And form your Judgement by the End.

The Morning rose, serene and clear,  
She hasted to the River near,  
To bleach and whiten some new Linnen,  
Reported of her own Hands spinning:  
Somehow or other in the fell,  
The Truth no one alive can tell;  
For want of Aid departed Life,  
So honest *Joseph* lost his Wife.

What could he do in such a State,  
But calmly own the Will of Fate?  
For we are taught, and should believe,  
'Tis insignificant to grieve;  
And once resign'd, once lost our Breath,  
Nothing can open the Jaws of Death;  
With Good, or Ill, we must dispence—  
'Tis all the Will of Providence.  
Now mark—to find the Body drown'd,  
The Miller cast his Eyes around;  
And what, no doubt, most strange may seem,  
Direct contrary to the Stream:

Of all he met Enquiry made,  
When thus a Clown his Progress said:  
" Sure the Mon's mad, or else a Foal,  
" To find her go's against all Rule;  
" The Way the Current flows go seek,  
" She'll scarcely float this Way this  
" Week."

The Miller cry'd, " thou simple Oaf,  
" Give o'er thy sneering, cease to scoff;  
" Thou wert ne'er married in thy  
" Life—  
" The Corse I seek was once my Wife;  
" And, surely, with all Deference due,  
" I knew her better far than you.  
" From the first Hour she was my  
" Bride,  
" She went against both Wind and  
" Tide;  
" Noisy, untoward, sulky, sly,  
" Pleasant when any one was by:  
" From whence she gain'd the Name  
" of civil,  
" But I alone still found her Devil;  
" Conceited, discontented, vain,  
" Her only Pleasure others Pain,  
" She'd prove, disprove, swore Wrong  
" was Right,  
" What now was Black, anon was  
" White;  
" Yet, as it pleas'd her Inclination,  
" To foment Broils and breed Vexa-  
" tion ;

" To tell her dogged Humours clear,  
" Would take me up at least a Year.  
" Then think not I am mad or dream,  
" To seek her now against all Streams:  
" I know it, from her Ways in Life,  
" This is the Way to find my Wife."  
The astonish'd Clown at length con-  
fess'd,

That Way to find her was the best;  
But cry'd, " if all be true you've said,  
" I'd seek her not, alive or dead."

J OAKMAN.

The FIRE-SIDE.

**W**HILE others ask for Wealth  
or State,  
Think to be happy's to be great,  
And vainly swell with Pride,  
Give me, ye Gods! I ask no more,  
Of Riches a sufficient Store,  
To enjoy my Fire-Side.

Le



Let *Temperance* my Butler wait,  
*Prudence* stand Porter at my Gate,  
 With *Charity* ally'd;  
 A Friend to cheer away an Hour,  
 To cheat old *Time's* encroaching Pow'r,  
 By a happy Fire-Side.

Let smiling *Delia* too be there,  
 No Friend so pleasing as the Fair,  
 With *Tenderness* supply'd;  
 How sweet, where no domestick Strife,  
 The faithful Husband, gentle Wife,  
 By a happy Fire-Side.

My Offspring, if such Heaven permit,  
 In smiling Innocence to sit,  
 My Pleasure and my Pride:  
 While in each Infant's glowing Face,  
 Their Mother's Sweetness all I trace,  
 By a happy Fire-Side.

Let Malice shoot her poison'd Darts,  
 While social Love entwines our hearts,  
 No Slander shall divide;  
 Thro' Life I'll steal without a Sigh,  
 Our Love shall every Wish supply,  
 By a happy Fire-Side.

J. OAKMAN.

To a Gentleman, who requested of the  
 Author to know whether she had fixed  
 her Affections.

O H' *Damon*, urge me not to tell  
 What tain I would conceal:  
 That I the tender Pangs of Love  
 Too long have learnt to feel.

He who the gentle Passion taught  
 Is form'd by Heav'n alone;  
 The Darling of our doting Sex,  
 The Envy of his own.

So lov'd by all, that to his Faults  
 E'en Slander's Self is blind;  
 And Censure quickly melts to Praise—  
 A Heart so good and kind.

Say, can I view and not admire,  
 Whene'er the Swain appears?  
 Say, must I check the rising Flame,  
 That thus a Friend endears?

No: Reason must its Guidance yield,  
 Remonstrances are vain;  
 My Heart no longer can behold  
 Lov'd \*\*\*\*\* with Disdain,

Too weak my Pencil's Art to paint  
 A Picture that's so fair;  
 But, *Damon*, view thy Glass, and see  
 The perfect Copy there.

STELLA.

FLAVIA: A Character.

Then she would smile upon me.  
 Shakespear.

SPRUNG from the Virtues of a  
 Country 'Squire,  
 And rais'd by Marriage to a Something  
 higher;

*Flavia* each easy, open Heart beguiles,  
 Not by the Craft of Wisdom, but of  
 Smiles;

Your Friendship gain'd——like a  
 young Lover cloy'd,

She quits the Prize, for new ones un-  
 enjoy'd;

What she so warmly fought, with  
 Care she shuns

And flies your Walks, as Debtors  
 'scape from Duns.

Should titled Fools appear, as such  
 there are!

Adieu to *Flavia*——they engross her  
 Care:

Adieu to Hope——the short-liv'd  
 Passion's o'er;

Adieu to Smiles——she speaks to you  
 no more.

Yet still 'tis Kindness, tho' the Mode's  
 revers'd,

For her last Favour's greater than the  
 first,

SEMPER IDEM.

Wrote in Richmond-Gardens.

HERE Majesty unbends the  
 thoughtful Brow,  
 From Care Imperial tastes the rural  
 Calm:

While Love and Friendship soften  
 that wish'd Life,

To Royal *Charlotte*, and to Nations  
 dear,

*Colonia's* Hope and Joy, Father of  
 each,

For whom incessant Pray'rs ascend the  
 Skies;

Not

or vain those Pray'rs, where innate  
Virtue dwells;  
lessing and blest'd he rules in ev'ry  
Heart,  
and Liberty and Love join Hand in  
Hand.  
ft, oft, may this his natal Day return,  
rest blooming he as those gay Roses  
deck,  
vernal Pride, this Season of the Year,  
that gave Great George to Britain's  
welcome Arms,  
Whom Fame to distant Worlds aloud  
proclaims  
concenter'd Virtues all——Bene-  
volence.

*Settage. Wandsworth,  
June 4, 1766.*

E. J.

*In the Death of a DOVE, purposely  
shot by a Gentleman.*

OF T on yon Beach, which thro'  
the Glade is seen,  
Hast thou, *Columbo*, tun'd the plain-  
tive Lay,  
And oft I saw thee flit across the  
Green,  
Borne on Love's Pinions at depart-  
ing Day.  
With tender Haste to meet thy fav'rite  
Mate,  
Who watch'd thy Coming with a  
Lover's Eye;  
But now, alas! how chang'd her hap-  
py Fate!  
What Sorrow seems to rise in  
every Sigh!  
Let stoic Hearts alone her Woes de-  
ride,  
Those Breasts which ne'er one soft  
Sensation knew;  
My pining Heart, in Spite of human  
Pride,  
Shall ever feel for Lovers fond and  
true.

And let not Man, with fancied  
Strength elate,  
View with Disdain the Warblers of  
the Grove;  
For Nature form'd them Strangers  
unto Hate,  
And made their Bosoms beat to  
nought but Love.

Ah, cruel Wretch! to part so fond a  
Pair.

In this sweet Month, when only Joy  
should reign!  
Why didst thou not, my dear *Columbo*,  
spare?  
Why wast thou Victim of the  
tuneful Train!

But thou canst bear unmov'd a Scene  
of Woe;  
Canst view Distress, yet form no  
Wish to save;  
Nor from those Eyes does Pity's Tri-  
bune flow,  
To see *Columbo* in his leafy Grave.

Yet shalt thou never know a real  
Joy,  
For real Joys alone from Love  
arise;  
And not that Bliss which does thy  
Thoughts employ,  
The echoing Horn, and the shrill  
Huntsman's Cries.

Think not with these that Pleasure-  
e'er will dwell,  
Far off she flies from Riot's noisy  
Train;  
Distant from these as from the Her-  
mit's Cell,  
She gives her Charms to some lone  
Village Swain.

Not that the Nymph forsakes the fes-  
tive Band,  
Where Reason rules she gilds the  
social Scene;  
Fair Health and Cheerfulness join'd  
Hand in Hand,  
Precede her Steps, and lightly tread  
the Green.

With these, Oh! seek the Goddess,  
these alone,  
And all the Bliss which she bestows  
you'll find;  
Her beauteous Offspring, now to thee  
unknown,  
Shall sooth thy Day, and calm thy  
ruffled Mind.

Then

Then wilt thou own she well thy  
Search repays,  
And bless the Hour which gave  
her to thy Arms;  
Confess that she enlivens all thy Days  
And find that Happiness attends her  
Charm.

*An ODE, which was perform'd at the Cas-  
tle of Dublin, on Wednesday the 4th of  
June 1766, being the Birth-Day of  
His most Excellent and Sacred Majesty  
King GEORGE the Third.*

*By the special Command of his Excellency  
the Earl of Hertford, Lord Lieutenant  
General, and General Governor of  
Ireland.*

*The Musick composed by Matthew Du-  
bourg, Esq. Chief Composer and Mas-  
ter of the Musick attending His Majesty's  
State in Ireland, and Master of the  
Royal Family's Chamber Concert.*

#### RECITATIVE.

**W**HERE e'er *Hibernia's* tuneful  
Lyre is strung,  
Let Royal *GEORGE's* Birth be sung;  
By honest Gratitude inspir'd,  
Let every loyal Heart be fir'd,  
And with an undissembling Voice  
Awak'd by Duty and by Choice  
Let all the Sons of Liberty rejoice. }

#### AIR.

Heavenly Muses tune your Lyres,  
Let each loyal Heart be gay;  
The pleasing Theme new Life inspires,  
To Joy and Pleasure give the Day.  
*Da Capo.*

#### RECITATIVE.

The happy Monarch, truly wise,  
Our Welfare makes his own;  
Justice, and Courage, awful rise  
The Columns of his Throne.

#### AIR.

Pond to swell the publick Voice,  
Proud with Nations to rejoice;  
Warbling to the vocal Strings,  
Lo! the Muse delighted sings;  
Sings her Sov'reign Good and Great,  
Sings the Guardian of the State,

Chaunting loud in every Strait  
All the Glories of his Reign.

*Da Capo.*

#### RECITATIVE.

But see, that Name immortal to adorn,  
What future Crowds shall yearly  
Tribute pay;  
Think, Mighty Prince, what Numbers  
yet unborn  
Shall bless the Dawn of this auspicious Day.

#### AIR.

Fir'd with the Thought, the Muse  
transported flies,  
Thro' the bright Scenes of Ages yet  
to rise,  
In ev'ry Region charm'd to find  
Her King enroll'd  
With Chiefs of Old  
The great Deliverers of Mankind.

#### RECITATIVE.

Hear, gracious Heav'n, our pious Pray'r,  
Long be our Monarch's Life thy Care.

#### DUET and CHORUS.

Prais'd for ever be the Day  
Which propitious  
To our Wishes  
Calls forth the tributary Lav,  
Heav'n preserve to our possessing }  
Still secure the mighty Blessing,  
Happy thus beyond expressing, }  
Ever let us hail the Day.

*Da Capo.*

*A Gentleman's Apology for having stoln  
a Kiss.*

**B**Elinda, see from yonder Flow'rs  
The Bee flies loaded to its Cell;  
Can you perceive what it devours?  
Are they impair'd in Show or Smell?  
Sp, tho' I robb'd you of a Kiss,  
Sweeter than their ambrosial Dew;  
Why are you angry at my Bliss?  
Has it at all impoverish'd you?

'Tis by this Cunning I contrive,  
In spite of your unkind Reserve,  
To keep my famish'd Love alive,  
Which you inhumanly would starve!

*A Cal-*

*A Collection of Favourite New Songs.*

SONG LXXXVIII.

be COUNTRYMAN'S RAMBLE.

By Mr. JOHN OAKMAN.

**G**OOD People be silent, Ize come  
from the West,

rick'd out, as you see, in my Holiday  
Vest;

The Cause of my Journey, Ize quickly  
unfold,

My Journey, that's cost me Five Pounds  
of hard Gold:

From Coachmen——and People of  
greater Renown,

had heard many Stories of *London*  
fine Town.

They talk'd of the Playhouse, the  
Wells, and all that,

The *Tower*, St. *Paul's*, and the Lord  
he knows what;

Of Shows and of Sights, of Queens and  
of Kings,

Of the *Abbey*, the Wax-work, and other  
fine Things:

While I, in their Company, look'd  
like a Clown,

because I knew nothing of *London*  
fine Town.

Oddsniggers, thought I, but this must  
not be so,

Let it cost what it will I to *London* will  
go;

So I saddled old *Dobbin*, zet out a  
smart Trot,

Determin'd to go while my Fancy was  
hot;

And when I return, Zirs, Ize bet you  
a Crown,

Ize talk with the Best of *London* fine  
Town.

My *Dobbin* and I in six Days got safe  
in,

Tho' tir'd and dirty I car'd not a Pin;

I rested refresh'd, then boldly set out,  
To see and be seen, and to gaze all  
about;

Yet, Ifacks, many Times I'd like to  
have been down,

They poss'd me about 20 in *London*  
fine Town.

Howe'er I went on, and beheld in my  
Range

Many wonderful Things, that were  
strange, very strange!

Yet, under the Rose, among many  
Things good

There be some that by me are not  
quite understood:

Zuch Gaming! zuch Wenching!——  
I am but a Clown,

And these may be common in *London*  
fine Town.

At last I have finish'd my Fancy's De-  
fire,

The Tumbler I've seen, and the Man  
on the Wire;

The *Harlequin* too, all so nimble and  
neat,

And the Zingers that are more than  
Nightingales sweet;

So Ize mount my old *Dobbin* and trot  
away down,

And send you some others——to see  
*London* Town.

SONG LXXXIX.

Sung by Mr. Raworth, at Marybone-  
Gardens.

**T**HE Bird that hears her Nest-  
lings cry,

And flies Abroad for Food,  
Returns impatient thro' the Sky,

To nurse the callow Brood.

The tender Mother knows no Joy,

But bodes a thousand Harms,

And sickens for the darling Boy,

While absent from her Arms.

Such Fondness, with Impatience join'd

My faithful Bosom fires;

Now forc'd to leave my Fair behind,

The Queen of my Desires.

The Pow'rs of Verse too languid prove,

All Similies are vain,

To shew how ardently I love,  
Or to relieve my Pain.

Y y

The

The Saint with fervent Zeal inspir'd  
 For Heav'n and Joys divine,  
 The Saint is not with Raptures fir'd  
 More pure, more warm than mine.  
 I take what Liberty I dare,  
 'Twere impious to say more;  
 Convey my Longings to the Fair,  
 The Goddess I adore.

## SONG XC.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-  
 Gardens.

**Y**E dull-thinking Souls, who by  
 Troubles are prest,  
 That are Strangers alike both to Joy  
 and to Rest,  
 Adhere to my Maxims, I'll teach you  
 the Way  
 To be ever contented, good-humour'd  
 and gay;  
 No Remedy's surer to drive away Pain,  
 Than a Bumper of Claret, or sparkling  
 Champaign.  
 Than a Bumper, &c.

**Y**e Lovers, who live by the Smiles of  
 the Fair,  
 Whom a Frown from your Mistress  
 can drive to Despair,  
 Should the chance to be peevish, ill-  
 natur'd, and shy,  
 Why leave her alone, and ne'er flat-  
 ter nor sigh;  
 Despise all her Arts, and forget her  
 Disdain,  
 In a Bumper of Claret, or sparkling  
 Champaign.  
 In a Bumper, &c.

When the Husband proves jealous, or  
 dull, or unkind,  
 Let his Spouse give him this, and she'll  
 speedily find  
 His Mind 'twill enliven, his Care  
 'twill remove,  
 And wake in his Bosom the Transports  
 of Love.  
 At a Change so inviting what Wife  
 could refrain  
 From blessing the Virtues of sparkling  
 Champaign.  
 From blessing, &c.

In short, for all Ills which Mankind  
 can endure,  
 This, this is the surest, the pleasantest  
 Cure:  
 Then let us agree, since this Life's but  
 a Span,  
 To enjoy the dear Blessing as much as  
 we can:  
 For me, while I've Breath, I will  
 never refrain  
 From singing the Virtues of sparkling  
 Champaign.  
 From singing, &c.

## SONG XCI.

The MILK MAID.

Sung at Sadler's - Wells.

**C**OMING Home with my Milk, the  
 young 'Squire I met,  
 Says he, *Polly*, Love, set down your  
 Pails,  
 I have long been a Kiss or two, Child,  
 in your Debt,  
 If I pay you—you must not tell  
 Tales.  
 'T' oblige him, and 'cause that I  
 wou'dn't be cross,  
 I presently quitted my Pails;  
 He pull'd me down gently on a Bed  
 of green Moss,  
 And kiss'd me—I shou'dn't tell Tales.  
 I strove to get up, but he still kept me  
 down;  
 I begg'd to go Home with my Pails:  
 He vow'd to such Pitch his fond Pas-  
 sion was grown,  
 He'd wed—but I mustn't tell Tales.  
 So gently he woo'd, and so warmly he  
 prest,  
 That I little more thought of my  
 Pails;  
 'Till beyond all escaping, I found him  
 possess,  
 Of my Heart—but I shou'dn't tell  
 Tales.  
 He solemnly swore that he'd make me  
 his Wife,  
 And ease me the Carriage of Pails;  
 If he don't—why as sure as a Mule  
 has Life,  
 I'm silent—there's one will tell Tales.

SONG

SONG XCII.

The SPAN.

*Sung by Mr. Dearle, at Finch's Grotto-Gardens.*

*The Words by Mr. John Oakman.*

THE Philosophers, Moralists,  
Poets, and those  
Who have left their Opinions in Verse  
and in Prose,  
Fine Lessons have taught, tho' not all  
understood,  
Yet entirely meant, I dare say, for  
our Good;  
The chiefest of which we may readily scan,  
That our Time here below is no more  
than a Span.

The Assertion is just, if with Reason  
we view,  
Mortality constantly shews us 'tis true;  
Then to fill up this Trifle of Being below,  
Is a Doctrine, I think, which we all  
ought to know:  
For a Moment attend to my Song, if  
you can,  
And I'll teach the best Method to fill  
up the Span.

Leave the Parson to preach, and the  
Pedant to prate,  
The Poet to scribble, the Statesman  
to Fate;  
The Bully to bluster, the Valiant to  
fight,  
The Lawyer to wrangle of Wrong  
and of Right;  
Their Business is not in the Course of  
my Plan,  
With Matter more pleasing I'll fill up  
the Span.

Mirth, Beauty and Wine, shall pre-  
pare ye a Feast,  
And smiling Good-humour bid wel-  
come each Guest;  
'Tis a Banquet suits only the Jovial  
and Gay;  
Let the Grave, the Morose, and the  
Dull keep away:

Insipid by Nature, they'll like not the  
Plan;

So just as they chuse—let them fill up  
the Span.

To a Couch deck'd for Pleasure let  
Beauty be led,  
With Roses and Lilies all careless  
o'er spread;  
Let the soft breathing Flute to her  
Murmurings join,  
When Love melts on her Bosom in  
Raptures divine:  
That this is true Pleasure, deny it who  
can;  
And this is the Method to fill up the  
Span.

Let Good-humour, as President, sit in  
the Chair,  
And ruddy-fac'd Bacchus, with *Munus*,  
appear;  
Let the full flowing Goblet go cheer-  
fully round,  
And the heart-lifting Song to the  
Heavens resound;  
Let all in full Chorus approve of the  
Plan,  
And own this the Method to fill up  
the Span.

SONG XCIII.

ODE to VENUS.

*Sung by Miss Young, at Vauxhall.*

LOvely *Venus*, Goddess bright,  
Fairer than meridian Light;  
To thy Vot'ry's Suit attend,  
As a Goddess be a Friend,  
As a Goddess, &c.

*Strepson*, thy peculiar Care,  
Thou hast made divinely fair;  
Modesty and heavenly Truth,  
Form the gen'rous blooming Youth.

In each Grace you see him move,  
Like the very God of Love:  
Hear then *Venus*, hear my Pray'r,  
*Strepson* shall my Passion share.

Then with Love the Youth inspire,  
Raise his Soul to soft Desire;  
And let the happy Object be,  
The Nymph who now addresses thee.

SONG

## SONG XCIV.

**A**s yet a Youth, and unbetray'd;  
I sought the rural Throng;  
The purling Stream, the cooling  
Shade,

Inspir'd my artless Song.  
How happy then each Moment past,  
No Envy, Passion, Strife,  
Till Folly's Cloud my Mind o'ercast,  
And whisper'd thus—*See Life!*

Adieu the Grove! adieu the Plain!  
Adieu the purling Stream!  
No more your Charms can entertain,  
No more must be my Theme:

The Town a different Scene will  
prove,

Where Pleasure's always rife;  
Where Bucks and Bloods, and Wine  
and Love,

Fill up the Span of *Life*.

Hark! *Cornus* calls to Midnight Joys,  
Where *Circé* fills her Cup;  
This Thought alone each Mind em-  
ploys,

"Kill Time, and keep it up."  
For this the Cit his Counter quits,  
And lonesome leaves his Wife,  
With *Sow* and noisy would-be Wits,  
For what?—for— *seeing Life*.

Yet, ah! how vain this strange Desire!  
How vague the Joys they share!

The Bowl ensables Nature's Fire,  
And Folly brings forth Care,  
A thousand Ills attendant wait,  
The Pistol, Sword, or Knife,  
And all the Hours of future Fate  
Are kill'd by *seeing Life*.

Adieu the Town! such Joys I leave  
To Spendthrifts, Knaves and Cheats;  
For decant Mirth can ne'er deceive,  
And Prudence has more Sweet.

The Grove, the Shade, I'll seek again,  
And chide an artless Wife,  
Content to grace my Cot shall deign:  
*Adieu to seeing Life.*

J. OAKMAN.

## SONG XCV.

*Sung at Sadler's - Wells.*

**T**WAS underneath a *May* blown  
Bush,  
Where Violets bloom and sweet  
Primroses;  
With Voice melodious as a Thrush,  
Young *Johnny* sung, collecting  
Poles:  
Those to the Breast must be convey'd,  
Of her who sways my warmest  
Fancy;  
The tender, blushing, blooming Maid,  
My smiling, mild, good-natur'd  
*Nancy*.

I know that some her Youth will fear,  
And call me witless Auff and Zant;  
But I, from constant Heart, declare,  
I ne'er will wed, except my *Nanny*;  
I envy them nor Pomp, or Dress,  
Nor Conquest gain'd o'er Hearts of  
many;  
The Study of my Life's to bless,  
And please my dear, my grateful  
*Nanny*.

How much unlike my Fair to those,  
Whose wanton Charms are free to  
any;

I'd give the World could I disclose,  
A fiftieth Part the Worth of *Nanny*.  
Let Bucks and Bloods in burnt Cham-  
paign,

Toast *Lucy*, *Charlotte*, *Poll* and *Fanny*;  
At Newport to abound and vain,  
I smile, and clasp my blameless *Nanny*.

\*†† Gentlemen or Ladies, who are possess'd of any Pieces which may contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them inserted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal Exchange, for the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

➤ The Tenth Number will be publish'd the First of August.

# THE ESTER'S MAGAZINE: OR, THE MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER. For July 1766.

being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the  
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*Ride si Sapis.*  
Laugh, if you are Wise.

Numb. X. To be continu'd Monthly.

L O N D O N :

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**TO** The Letters sign'd *E. H.* and *E. T.* are receiv'd, and will be inserted  
in our next. The Continuance of those Gentlemen's Correspondence will  
be esteem'd a Favour. Several other Letters will be inserted likewise.  
Our Correspondents are requested to send their Letters as early in the  
Month as they conveniently can. We shall be oblig'd to *E. H.* for  
the Remainder of the History.

T H E

# JESTER'S MAGAZINE,

## For July 1766.

*A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

Very deserving young Gentleman, who had long endeavour'd, tho' in vain, to get a Place, happen'd to be at an Assembly where the Lady was present, whose Husband had the Disposal of the Place he wanted. At the very Instant the Lady accidentally let a F—t, the Gentleman was standing close by her. By an extraordinary Presence of Mind, he took it upon himself; begg'd Pardon of the Company for the Indecency he had committed, in a very genteel and complaisant Manner, and thereby deliver'd the Lady from the Apprehensions of Shame and Confusion which threaten'd her. Her Ladyship took no Notice to the Gentleman that Evening, tho' she knew him well; having seen him several Times at her House, and was no Stranger to the Business he came about: But, when she went Home, acquainted her Husband with the Affair. His Lordship was charm'd with the Gentleman's Conduct, sent the next Morning to desire to speak with him, and made him a Present

of the Place he wanted; saying, at the same Time, *You see, Sir, it is an ill Wind indeed that blows Nobody Good.*

*I'll swear,* says a Gentleman to his Mistress, *you are very handsome.* *Pboo,* said she, *so you'd say, tho' you did not think so.* And so you'd think, answered he, *tho' I shou'd not say so.*

When the Mother of the late King of Spain was on her Road towards Madrid, she pass'd through a little Town in Spain, famous for its Manufactory of Gloves and Stockings. The honest Magistrates of the Place thought they could never better express their Joy for the Reception of their new Queen, than by presenting her with a Sample of those Commodities, for which alone their Town was remarkable. The Major-Domo, who conducted the Queen, receiv'd the Gloves very graciously; but when the Stockings were presented, he flung them away with great Indignation, and severely reprimanded the Magistrates for this egregious Piece of Indecency. *Know,* says he, *that a Queen of Spain has no Legs.*

The

The young Queen, who at that Time understood the Language but very imperfectly, and had been often frighten'd with Stories of Spanish Jealousy, imagined that they were to cut off her Legs. Upon this she fell a crying, and begged them to conduct her to Germany; for that she could never endure that Operation: And it was with some Difficulty they could appease her. Philip V. is said next in his Life to have laughed heartily, but at the Recital of this Story.

A Gentleman complaining of a Misfortune, said, *It was along with that drunken Sot, his Man, who could not keep himself sober. With Respect to your Worship, said the Fellow, I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themselves sober.*

The Standers-by, to comfort a poor Man, who lay on his Death-Bed, told him, He should be carried to Church by four proper Fellows; *I thank ye, said he, but I had much rather go by myself.*

A Gentleman having bespoke a Supper at an Inn, desired his Landlord to sup with him. The Host came up, and thinking to pay a greater Compliment than ordinary to his Guest, pretended to find Fault with the laying the Cloth, and took the Plates and Knives, and threw them down Stairs. The Gentleman, resolving not to baulk his Humour, threw the Bottles and Glasses down also; at which the Host being surprized, enquired the Reason of his so doing. *Nay, nothing, replied the Gentleman, but when I saw you throw the Plates and Knives down Stairs, I thought you had a Mind to sup below.*

One said of a young Woman, whose Chastity was violently assailed by a handsome young Fel-

low, *That she was in as fair a Way to be ruined, as a Boy was to be a Rogue, when he was first put Clerk to an Attorney.*

A Countryman returning from London into the Country, was ask'd by a female Neighbour, what News was at London? He told her, all the News he heard was, that there was a Press for Cuckolds. *Is there so?* said she; *then to avoid the worst, my Husband shall not stir out of Doors until the Press be over.*

A Parson in his Sermon having vehemently inveighed against Usury, and said, That lending Money upon Use was as great a Sin as Wilful Murder; having some Time after an Occasion to borrow Twenty Pounds himself, and coming to one of his Parishioners with that Intem; the other ask'd him, If he would have him guilty of a Crime he had spoke so much against, and lend out Money upon Use? No, said the Parson, *I would have you lend it Gratis.* Aye, reply'd the other, *but in my Opinion, if lending Money upon Use be as bad as Wilful Murder, lending it Gratis can be little better than Felo-de-se.*

*Give me, a Man without a Fortune, said a sensible young Lady, rather than a Fortune without a Man.*

An honest Welsh Carpenter, coming out of Cardigan-shire, got Work in Bristol, where, in a few Months, he had saved, besides his expences, about Twelve Shillings; and with this prodigious Sum of Money, returning into his own Country, when he came upon Mill-Hill, he looked back on the Town. *Oh! poor Prisoner, said he, if one or two more of our Countrymen were to give but such another Shake as our boys do, it would be poor Prisoner indeed.*

A Lady,

A Lady, who was very vain of her Charms, ask'd a Gentleman his Opinion of her Picture, which she had got set in the Top of her Snuff box. The Gentleman said, He thought the Painter had not done her Justice. She (expecting a Compliment) desired to know where the Fault lay? *I think it, reply'd he, too good for the Original.*

One telling Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, just before the Battle of Narva, that the Enemy was three to one: *I am glad to hear it, answered the King, for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take Prisoners, and enough to run away.*

A certain Person often bidding People kiss his A——, and using the same Word very frequently; was told by a Wit, that he put him in Mind of the Picture of the Snake in the Almanack, that always carried his Tail in his Mouth.

A Scholar of Dr. Busby's, coming into a Parlour where the Doctor had laid down a fine Bunch of Grapes for his own Eating, takes it up, and says aloud, *I publish the Banns between these Grapes and my Mouth; if any one knows any just Cause or Impediment why these Two should not be joined together, let them declare it.* The Doctor being but in the next Room, overheard all that was said; and, coming into the School, he order'd the Boy who had eaten his Grapes to be taken up, or, as they call'd it, hors'd on another Boy's Back: But before he proceeded to the usual Discipline, he cried out aloud, as the Delinquent had done, *I publish the Banns between my Rod and this Boy's Breach; if any one knows any just Cause or Impediment why these Two should not be joined together, let them*

*declare it. I forbid the Banns, cried the Boy. Why so? said the Doctor. Because the Parties are not agreed, reply'd the Boy.—Which Answer so pleased the Doctor, who loved to find any Readiness of Wit in his Scholars, that he order'd the Boy to be set down.*

A droll Fellow being told, That a silly Fop had declared he had been very familiar with his Wife: He answer'd, *It was not impossible, for the Ladies were in general fond of Monkeys.*

A poor ingenious Lad, who was a Servitor at Oxford, not having wherewithal to buy a new Pair of Shoes, when his old ones were very bad, got them capp'd at the Toes; upon which being barrer'd by some of his Companions, *Why should they not be capp'd, said he, I am sure they are Fellows.*

A Gentleman, who was commonly pretty much in Debt, walking one Day with two or three other Gentlemen in the Park, was accosted by a Tradesman, who took him aside for a Minute or two; and, when he rejoined his Company, he seemed to be in a great Passion; which his Friends taking Notice of, ask'd him what was the Matter? *Why the Rascal, said he, has been dunning me for Money I have owed him these seven Years, with as much Impudence as if it was a Debt of Yesterday.*

When poor Daniel Button died, one of his punning Customers being at his Burial, and, looking on the Grave, cried out; *This is a more lasting Button-Hole, than any made by a Taylor.*

A Doctor of Physick gave a Gentleman the Lye; who reply'd, *I would even rather take your Lye, than your Physick.*

One said to a Drunkard, 'Twas only he should drink more than was sufficient. The other reply'd, *I never do; for tho' I am continually drinking, I am always dry.*

*John Tayler*, the Water-Poet, being on board the Ship *Hector*, the Captain making him merry with Punch, he began to be very poetical, and saluted the Captain with these Lines:

*Most noble Hector, and thou Son of  
Priam,  
I wish thou wer't but Half so drunk  
as I am.*

A Gardener complained to his Lord of a Hare which came every Day and eat his Cabbages. This Lord took upon himself the weighty Charge of exterminating the Animal. He accordingly came with ten Huntsmen, followed by thirty Dogs, and made more Spoil in a Moment, than the Hare would have done in a Thousand Years. They pursued the Creature about the Garden; but, in Spight of the Dogs, the Hare escaped thro' a Hole in the Wall, and gave them the Farewel. Then the Gentleman advised the Gardener to stop up the Hole, and so congratulated him on the Departure of the Enemy.

A Lady was saying, she had overthrown her Adversary; at which one of her Servants said, *Aye, be took a wrong Sow by the Ear when be meddled with your Ladyship.*

As some Fishermen were drawing the River at *Chelsea*, a Gentleman came thither in the Afternoon, and offered to buy their Draught. They were willing for Thirty Shillings, but the Gentleman would give but Ten; which they refused. *Why then*, says the Gentleman, *I will be only a Looker-on.* They grew, and caught nothing. Says

the Gentleman, *Are not you nst. Fellows now, that might have had an Angel in your Pocket to have made merry withal, and now you must go Home with nothing? Aye*, but says the Fishermen, *we had Hopes to make a better Gain of it. Hope is a good Breakfast*, says the Gentleman, *but a bad Supper.*

One seeing on a Coffee-house Sign painted, *Here is Coffee and Mum to be Sold*; said, It was good Rhyme, *How can that be?* said the other, *Why thus*, said he:

*Here is Coffee  
And Mum to be  
S, O, I, D.*

A Lady told a simple Gentleman, That his Wit was pretty. *Why so*, says he? *Because*, says she, *you have so little, and all that's little is pretty.*

A Fellow walking in the Street in a Winter Night, and seeing a handsome Lanthorn hung out with a Candle in it, thought to secure it for himself; but having climbed up, and going to take it, one of the Servants seeing him, asked him, What he meddled with the Lanthorn for? *I crave Mercy*, says he, *I was only going to snuff the Candle, that I might see to go along.*

A Gentleman told his Friend, that a certain Person of his Acquaintance had been very free with his Character, and reported many ill Things of him. He reply'd, *I am glad of it, for his good Word can do no Man any Good.*

An Irishman getting on a high mettled Horse, it ran away with him; upon which, one of his Companions call'd to him to stop him: *Arrah, Honey*, cried he, *how can I do that, when I have got no Spurs.*

*A Series*

*A Series of LETTERS from a Gentleman in Syria  
to his Sister in London.*

LETTER VI.

*The History of Asia, continu'd.*

*Dear Sister,*

**M**Y last ended with the surprizing Victory which *Pausanias* obtain'd over that prodigious Army of *Persians*, which *Xerxes* had brought into *Greece*. I must next inform you, that *Artaxerxes* succeeded his Father; who, by his Lieutenants *Artabazus* and *Megabizus*, reduc'd the revolted *Egyptians*. He also engag'd in War with the *Grecians*, whose General was *Cimon*, Son of *Miltiades*; who beat *Artabazus* by Sea, and *Megabizus* by Land, thereby recovering the Island of *Cyprus*. Hereupon the *Persians* were oblig'd to conclude a Peace on dishonourable Terms. *Xerxes* II. succeeded, but was kill'd by his Brother *Sogdianus*, who reign'd seven Months. This Prince meditated the Ruin of another Brother nam'd *Darius*, Governor of *Hyrcania*, who being inform'd of his Design, declar'd War against him; and, having drawn him to a Treaty, seiz'd his Person, had him strangled, and burnt his Body to Ashes. *Darius* was succeeded by *Artaxerxes Memnon*, his Son; who, being told that his Brother *Cyrus* intended to kill him, he seiz'd him in the Temple, and sentenc'd him to die, but afterwards pardon'd him. This Clemency had little Effect upon *Cyrus*; he thought of nothing but the Crown, villify'd his Brother, rais'd Forces under false Pretences, got the *Lacedemonians*

to join him, and marched against *Artaxerxes*, who retreated to *Babylon*. Here they came to a terrible Engagement, the *Persian* Army consisting of four Hundred Thousand Men. In this Action *Cyrus*, who had Courage and Ambition to prompt him on, kill'd the Governor of the *Cadusians* with his own Hand, slew *Artaxerxes's* Horse under him, and wounded the King in his Breast; but his Horse running away, he was wounded in the Temples by a *Persian*, and kill'd by the Blow of a Partizan. *Ochus* possessing himself of the Crown, on the Death of *Artaxerxes*, assum'd his Name, and subdu'd the *Cadusians*, a People who lay between the *Euxine* and *Caspian* Seas. I shall pass over the next Reign, and come to *Darius* the Less, who was also call'd *Arfack*.

*Alexander*, King of *Macedon*, rais'd an Army of thirty Thousand Foot and four Thousand five Hundred Horse, and march'd them into *Asia*, against *Darius*; and, having pass'd through *Lesser Phrygia*, he came to the Plain of *Adrastra*, thro' which the River *Granicus* runs with great Rapidity: And though *Darius's* Army, consisting of one Hundred Thousand Foot and twenty Thousand Horse, were drawn up on the other Side to oppose him, he pass'd the River, contrary to the Advice of his Generals, with thirteen Troops of Horse only, sustain'd the Onset, and when the Intanry was got over, push'd on with such Bravery and Resolution, as crown'd

him with Victory, killing of the *Persians* twenty Thousand Foot and two Thousand Horse, and putting the rest to Flight. On this Defeat *Darius* was sensible too late that *Alexander* was more to be fear'd than he was aware of, who having now open'd himself a Passage into *Asia*, took several very considerable Places. To stop his rapid Success, *Memnon* of *Rhodes*, who had defended *Halicarnassus* with great Courage and Prudence, rais'd Forces in all Parts; and, imagining that the only Way to force *Alexander* to quit *Asia*, was to carry on the War in *Macedon* and *Greece*, *Darius* made him his General; and he having first taken the Islands that were but ill guarded, died before the City of *Mitylene*, which must soon have surrendered. *Darius*, greatly concern'd for the Loss of so experienc'd a Commander, encamp'd before *Babylon*, thence march'd to *Mesopotamia*, enter'd *Cilicia*, and sought *Alexander*. Here the two Armies met, and came to a general Engagement. *Darius's* Army consisted of four Hundred Thousand Foot and one Hundred Thousand Horse; of which one Hundred

Thousand Foot were kill'd; and forty Thousand taken Prisoners: *Darius* himself, fearing he should be discover'd, threw off his Regain, and fled. Every Thing here succeeding to *Alexander's* Wish, he detach'd *Parmenion* to *Damascus*, being inform'd that *Darius* had sent an incredible Treasure thither before the Battle, with the principal Ladies of his Kingdom. This City surrendering without Resistance, they took in it thirty Thousand Prisoners; among whom were three Princesses, the Daughters of King *Ochus Artaxerxes*, and *Barsena*, the Wife of *Memnon* \*, with a vast Treasure in Plate and Money. *Alexander* having given the Charge of the Captives and Riches to *Parmenion*, march'd into *Syria*, depriving all that oppos'd him of their Dominions, and adding Provinces to the Territories of such as voluntarily submitted to him. On his Entrance into *Phœnicia*, *Biblos* surrender'd; and the Inhabitants of *Sidon* oblig'd their King *Strato*, though he was in the Interest of *Darius*, to give up that noble City: But *Tyre* † refus'd him Admittance, sustain'd a Siege of seven Months, when it was taken by

\* This Lady, as soon as she came in Sight of *Alexander*, made a Captive of him, for he fell in love with her; and, taking her to his Bed, had a Son by her call'd *Hercules*, who at the Age of Eighteen was call'd by the *Macedonians* to be their King; but, to prevent it, was murder'd by the Treachery of *Cassander* and *Polypercon*.

† *Tyre* was surrounded with a strong Wall one hundred and sixty Feet high, which was built on the Bank of the Sea, and stood in an Island Half a Mile from any Shore, the old Town having been demolish'd by *Nebuchadnezzar*. *Alexander* having, with great Labour, got Timber from Mount *Lebanon*, with these Ruins made a Causeway from the Continent to the Island, to take it, which is remaining to this Day. In this City was a large brazen Statue (or Colossus) of *Apollo*, of which the *Carthaginians* had made them a Present; and, during the Siege, some Person dreaming that *Apollo* was about to leave them and go over to *Alexander*, they chain'd the Statue with a golden Chain to the Altar of *Hercules*, to detain this false God, though the Oracle of the true God had designated them to Destruction. *Isaiah* xxiii. *Ezek.* xxvi. a. *was* iii. 4, &c.

by Storm; and *Alexander*, enrag'd at the Obstinacy of the *Tyrians*, slew eight Thousand Inhabitants in the Sackage, caus'd two Thousand to be crucified, and sold thirty Thousand for Slaves, burning the Town down to the Ground. After this he took *Gaza*, and march'd to *Jerusalem*, where *Jaddua*, the High-Priest, accommodated Matters with him, and he remitted them all the Tribute which the former Kings of *Persia* had impos'd on them \*. Next Year he march'd into *Egypt*; at that Time subject to the *Persians*; and, before he reach'd *Mempbis*, *Maxaces* (whom *Darius* had sent thither to guard that City) met him, and offer'd an immense Sum for the Ransom of his Master's Family, with his Daughter *Suptia* in Marriage; and all the Countries between the *Hellespont* and the *Euphrates*; adding, that *Alexander* should detain his Son, as the most valuable Pledge of his Friendship. *Alexander* reply'd, "That he did not come into *Asia* to receive

" Presents; the Countries his Master offer'd he had already conquer'd; that *Darius* had endeavour'd to corrupt his Soldiers to betray him, and his Servants to poison him;" Adding, that "As the Heavens had but one Sun, the Earth ought to have but one King; and *Darius* might very well be content to be the Second, for on no other Terms he could obtain his Desire." These Conditions were rejected; and another Battle, with dreadful Slaughter, ensu'd; in which, notwithstanding the Bravery of *Darius*, he was forc'd to save himself by Flight. This is call'd the Battle of *Arbela*, and on this Victory that City surrender'd, in which the Conqueror found immense Riches, and from thence march'd to *Babylon*; which, being deliver'd up to him, he enter'd it as in Triumph, and with incredible Fatigue hasten'd to *Persepolis* †, at that Time the Metropolis of the *Persian* Empire, in Pursuit of *Darius*. Now *Bessus* ‡ and *Narbazanes*,

\* *Jaddua*, the High-Priest, direct'd by a Vision of the Night, went to an Eminence without *Jerusalem*; and, seeing *Alexander* coming, made forwards to meet the Conqueror in his pontifical Robes, with the Priests attending in their proper Habits, and all the People dress'd in white Garments. *Alexander*, aw'd at the Spectacle, bow'd down to him. Being, by *Parmenion*, ask'd the Reason of it; answer'd, he did "Not pay that Adoration to him, but to that God whose Priest he was;" Then added, "When I was at *Dia*, in *Media*, deliberating how to carry on the War against the *Persians*, this very Person appear'd to me in this very Habit in a Dream, telling me that "I should conquer *Darius*." He then embrac'd *Jaddua*, enter'd into *Jerusalem* with him, offer'd Sacrifices to God there, and granted his Request. *Prid. Connett.*

† At this Time *Lais*, an *Athenian* Strumpet, then Mifs to *Ptolemy*, who was afterwards King of *Egypt*, propos'd to him the burning down this City and Palace, in Revenge for the burning of *Athens* by *Xerxes*. The whole Company being drunk, *Alexander* and all the rest took lighted Torches in their Hands, and set fire to the City and Palace. Thus, at the Motion of a drunken Strumpet, was destroy'd, by a drunken King, one of the finest Palaces in the World. *Prid. Connett.*

‡ *Bessus* was afterwards deliver'd bound to *Alexander*; who gave him to *Oxatres*, the Brother of *Darius*, to die such a Death as his Treason deserv'd.



*eanes*, who had the Command of the *Persian* Army, knowing *Alexander* was in Quest of *Darius*, in Hopes of meriting his Favour, seiz'd the King, and laid him in Chains, with Design to deliver him up to the Victor. The Armies drawing near one another, the barbarous Traitors threw their Javelins at their King, for refusing to follow them, and having assassinated him fled; *Narbazanes* to *Hyrcania*, and *Bessus* to *Bactriana*. *Alexander*, taking Advantage of the Enemy's being put into Disorder, by the Flight of the Traitors, kill'd three Thousand, and dispers'd the rest. In the Pursuit, a *Macedonian* stopping at a Fountain to drink, espied poor *Darius* wounded, lying in a pitiful Waggon, and begging a little Water; which he no sooner drank, but expir'd. *Alexander*, inform'd of this, hasten'd to the Place, lamented his Misfortune, cover'd him with his Cloak, order'd his Body to be embalm'd, and sent him in this sad Condition to *Sisigambis* \*, to be buried with his Ancestors. On his Death the Fate of the *Persian* Empire was determin'd; and the Foundation of the *Greek* Monarchy in the East laid by *Alexander*, who now march'd into *Parthia*, pursuing his Conquests; and, having defeated the *Scythians*, bent all his Thoughts on subduing *India*, and marched thither; where most of

the Kings came to meet him, and submitted †. After this, he went into *Parthalia*, pass'd the Islands that are form'd by the *Indus*, and sail'd into the Ocean. When Winter was over, he went with his Army by Land, encountering Famine and Plague, to the Frontiers of *Gedresia*, continuing his March into *Persia*, where he form'd vast Schemes for conquering several Kingdoms in *Europe*; but, by excessive Drinking, fell into a Fever, which prov'd his Death.

I shall here, *Charlotte*, for this Time, leave you: And methinks I see you struggling betwixt Sorrows and Indignation, exasperated at the Treason of *Bessus* and *Narbazanes*, but pitying the unhappy Fate of *Darius*, by sympathizing with the Conqueror, sprinkling a few Tears over that Monarch's Herse, and lamenting the Misfortunes of his Royal Family. Such Reflections as these may serve to curb the Pride of all human Grandeur, and put you in Mind that there is no solid Happiness in this Life, but that you should make it your chiefest Care to secure a blessed Eternity; in which good Course that you may always persevere, are the daily Prayers of,

Dear Sister,

Your's entirely, &c.

(To be continu'd.)

To

\* *Sisigambis* was *Darius's* Mother, and a Captive.

† Here *Cleopbis*, Queen of the *Assacans*, a People on this Side the River *Indus*, being a beautiful Woman, redeem'd her Kingdom, by prostituting her Body to *Alexander*, whereby she incur'd such Infamy among the *Indians*, that they ever after call'd her "The Royal Whore." *Prid Connect.*

To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,  
The enclos'd Novel is an Original. If you think it will contribute to the Entertainment of your Readers, please to give it a Place in your next Magazine, and you will oblige

Your constant Reader,

S. M.

## LACEO and LAVINIA: Or, Love and Friendship.

### A NOVEL.

IN the famous City of *Venice* liv'd  
Placco and Lavinia, both descended from very ancient and illustrious Houses, and both lov'd and honour'd by all who knew them. A long and uninterrupted Friendship had subsisted between their families, and the Union of this amiable Pair was intended to give the greater Strength.

Lavinia had an Uncle in the Island of *Rhodes*, who was a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour. It was agreed by both Families to pay a Visit to this Gentleman, and to have the Nuptials solemnized in that Island, in the Presence of all their Relations.

Great Preparations were made for the Voyage and Marriage, and a Vessel engag'd to convey them to *Rhodes*. They set sail with cheerful Countenances and a serene Sky, and enjoy'd all the Happiness that Affluence and Friendship were capable of bestowing. But, alas! how uncertain is the Duration of human Felicity! In a short Time the beautiful Prospect was entirely chang'd, and nothing was to be seen but Horror and Confusion. The Clouds gather'd, the Wind rose, the Sea ran Mountains high, and all the Skill of the Pilot and Mariners was

not sufficient to make the Vessel keep her Course.

The Storm continu'd for several Hours, during which every one expected the Ship would go to the Bottom. At length it abated, and their Fears began to subside; but, how great was their Surprise soon after, on seeing a large Vessel making up to them with all the Sail they could crowd. They soon discover'd she was a *Tunisian*, and prepar'd to make a vigorous Defence.

The Engagement was desperate; and Placco, fearing he should lose his beloved Lavinia, did Wonders. During the Fight, a *Neopolitan* Vessel came to their Assistance. This gave Placco fresh Courage, and he leap'd, Sword in Hand, on board the Enemy.

The *Tunisian*, thinking he should be over-power'd, at that Instant gave Orders to steer off; and Placco, surrounded by the Infidels, was disarm'd, put in Irons, and carry'd into *Tunis*.

The Pirate, on his Arrival (enrag'd at losing so fine a Prize) order'd Placco to be cast into a Dungeon, and treated him with great Barbarity: But, at length, Rage giving Way to Interest, remov'd

mov'd him from that dreadful Situation, us'd him with more Humanity, and set a large Ransom on his Head. For some Time he was confin'd to his Chamber, then had

the Liberty of the Garden at certain Hours, and afterwards was permitted to go into the City, in the Company of one of the *Tunisian's* Servants.

(*To be continu'd.*)



## OF CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATION is either the most pleasing or most displeasing Thing in the World: It gives us Opportunities to be improved by Men of Sense, and lays us open to the Impertinence of Fools.

To converse with our Inferiors, tho' it is not always the most eligible, yet it is the most easy; because then by the Deference that is paid us, we command the Subject, and change it whenever we please; so that we lead the Company from one Topic to another, 'till we arrive at one we are the best vers'd in.

The Conversation with our Equals is not so easy; they will claim an equal Liberty, and there must be a proper Respect shewn them; for it would be downright ill Manners to continually engage them in those Subjects only which we relish best; we must, in their Turns, give them their Choice, and follow them in a Discourse which may neither be so agreeable, nor so well understood by us. But to maintain a Conversation with our Superiors, is still more difficult; for we must hold our Peace, or understand well what it is we are to speak of. We cannot change the Subject; and whenever they change it, we must follow them, and have a good Stock of Knowledge upon all the Subjects they offer, which is seldom to be met with. To come off with Credit in the Conversation

of People of Quality, there requires a great deal of Caution to speak to the Purpose, and not with too much Learning, lest we make our Parts appear to be greater than the rest of the Company have. This offends their Self-Love, and soon grows troublesome; and our too great Knowledge may be hurtful to us, as our too little would be a Reproach. A young Nobleman of *Italy* lost himself by speaking too well before an old Cardinal, concerning the Government of the Church: For this Cardinal being made Pope, would never give him the Hat, "Because," said he, "I am resolv'd never to admit into the sacred College a Man who is more able, and knows more than myself."

As for our common Conversation with our Equals or Inferiors, it requires a great Mildness, Decency, and obliging Behaviour; for to please our Company, we must make them believe that we ourselves are pleased at what we hear, and that we value what they say. Our Discourse must not be too positive, or with too much Passion; it may be set off with genteel Raillery, but Scurrility and Buffoonry will gain us more Enemies than Admirers.

There is nothing more troublesome in Conversation than to meet with those who are continually off-sending others with a ridiculous Jargon,

Jargon, with Novelty of Expressions and cant Phrases, which comes from no one's Mouth but their own, and which by a continual Use is become their natural Dialect. *Belinda* in all Companies speaks much, but her Meaning can only be guess'd at; her most common Incidents she dresses up in the most pompous Phrases;

*To glaze the Lakes and crystallize the Floods,  
And Perewig with Snow the bald-pate Woods,*

would be a proper Phrase with her for Winter.

It is equally ridiculous in Discourse for People to speak without Thinking, and to think for every Word they say. We are troubled with the incoherent Follies of the first, and must wait 'till the latter have determined on the Propriety of a Monosyllable. Their For-

mality is impertinent, nothing comes from them easy, all is Affectation; they may perhaps talk properly, but are very heavy and tiresome.

A Mildness and Decency in arguing among Company, is the Characteristick of a Man of Sense and Good-Manners; and it is a surer Mark of Wisdom, to speak modestly, with Reason to prove a Thing is bad, than with a positive Tone say, this is dull, execrable Nonsense. Nothing can offend more in Conversation than such dogmatic Arguing, except confirming the Force of the Argument with horrid Oaths and Imprecations.

In fine, to be agreeable in Conversation a Man must have Vivacity, Wit, and above all, Discretion; must observe the Propriety of Time, Place, and the Quality of the Persons to whom he speaks, without which he will be either censur'd for his Formality or his Impertinence.



### *In Praise of the FIRE-SIDE.*

THE antient Poets, who are generally suppos'd to be the greatest Masters of Thought, attributed their happy Exercise of it to their great Patron the Sun; that they might enjoy his kind Influences the freer, we find them quitting the Smoke and Riches of the City, for some Country Retirement, where they might temper the directer Rays with cooling Breezes, shady Groves, purling Streams, and Melody of Birds; where they might behold Nature without Disguise, and copy her without Interruption; where they might at once earn their Laurels and gather them.

Our Northern Poets think themselves warranted to follow those great Originals, who yet from the Difference of Climate, &c. seem to stand in little Need of such cooling Refreshments. It would make one smile, to see them, beyond even poetical Fiction, invoking the gentle Gales, while they are shivering under the bleak North-East, or at best, when

*Lull'd by Zephyrs thro' a broken Pane.*

According to their own System we have not above four poetical Months in the Year, and yet we have

Verse, as well as Peas, in all Seasons; and 'tis an Imposition upon our Taste and Judgment to make us believe, that either of them are the Effects of a natural Shade, and Sun. In short, an *Italian* Genius may be produc'd by a happy Mixture of both, but a *British* one must be owing to some other Cause: And what can that be but the invigorating Warmth of the Chimney-Corner? Here the Poet may indulge the Overflowings of his Nature, and satisfy the Wants of it; instead of bubbling Streams he is delighted with the Galloping of the Pot, and may first earn his Dinner and then eat it.

I have often wonder'd why our Writers should not sometimes lay the Scene of their Poems where in Reality they took their Rise. The Fire is surely capable of the most surprising Imagery, by being diversify'd (if the Poet pleases) with Serpents, Crackers, Rockets, and the like short-liv'd gay Creation of Combustibles. These, Mr. *Aldison* has somewhere observ'd, are abundantly capable of Fable and Design, and to our modern Poets are no less full of Moral. Those that have not *Italian* Fancy for fine Prospects and latent Ruins, may, by this Means, perpetuate their Names (like the wiser *Dutch*) in some overglowing Night-Piece. I myself, methinks, am enamour'd with my Subject, and ready with Sir *John Denham* to make it an Example of just Writing, as well as the Theme: For, to my Chimney affords me

*A happy Temperature of Heat and Light;  
Warm without Rage, and without  
glaring bright.*

But I confine not my Observations to the Poets alone; I appeal to Com-

posers of all Denominations; whether a brisk Fire and a clean swept Hearth, has not brighten'd their Imaginations, produced Ideas, like a Kind of Hot-bed, and made them amaz'd at their own Fecundity.

'Tis farther observable, in Confirmation of my Hypothesis, that the Press labours most with the Production of the Brain in the Winter Season, which seems to be the Seed-time of Wit, and at once (so quick is its Growth) the Harvest of it.

The robust, the busy or unthinking Part of the World, perhaps are little sensible of the Attractives of the Hearth; but the Men of Speculation, the only Men of Authority in the Point before us, look upon it as their most comfortable Retreat. Wearied with the Fatigues, or, what is worse, the Impertinences of the Day, they retire to their own Home, as the Mind does into her own Breast, and solace themselves in the most chearful Part of it. Disguise and Restraint are here laid aside, and the Soul as well as the Body appears the more beautiful for its Dishabille. That Quintessence of earthly Happiness, which in warmer Climates was express'd by sitting under one's own Vine, is with us more sensibly felt by one's own Fire-Side.

The *Romans*, tho' they receiv'd less Benefit from culinary Fire than we do, yet paid to it the greatest Veneration; they had not only a publick Temple dedicated to the Goddess of it, but the Hearth in each House was peculiarly sacred to the *Penates*. Our old Women retain still some Marks of that Superstition; who read the Fates of Families from a Coal, and see a Coffin or Parle jump out just as their Fears or their Hopes are uppermost; all which,

which, tho' it shews the Weakness of their Brain, yet proves how much adapted the Fire-Side is to promote Contemplation.

But the Fire is not only a Friend to us in Solitude, it is noted to a Proverb to be always so in Company; it brings us to a nearer Conversation with one another, by which Means it promotes Reconciliation between Enemies, and Mirth and Society between Friends. The, it's a Sort of Sullenness in the Tempers of the *English*, which the Fire softens as it does Metals, and renders them fit for Use. How often has there been a Room full of Visitants, who could not furnish out an Hour's Conversation, for no other Reason but because they were at too great a Distance from one another? The same Assembly brought into closer Order, has prov'd wonderful good Company; it has reminded me of the Dogs in a Chase (I hope I shall be pardon'd my Comparison) who open with less Frequency when they spread round the Field at first setting out, but when the Game is started, and they have all one Point in View, they run united in full Cry. While I am speaking in Praise of a sedentary Life, I am not afraid to draw Comparisons from the Pleasures of the most active. Our Fire-Side dispels no less the Gloominess

of the Brow, and throws upon the Countenance not only the glowing Ruddiness of Youth, but its Chearfulness. Here I have seen a gay Semicircle of Ladies resemble the Beauties of the Rainbow without its Tears; and at other Times, a Galaxy of white Aprons more enlivening than all the Blue in the brightest Sky. United with that Sex by the Fire-Side, how serene are our Pleasures, and how innocent? We have Laughter without Folly, and Mirth without Noise: There, by reflecting the Beams of the sunny Bank before us, we make the Chimney-Corner, I will not say in *Cicero's* Expression, the Forge of Wit, but in our modern philosophical Term, the *Focus* of it.

I know very well I speak in Behalf of the Fire-Side to some Disadvantage, at this Time, when we are less sensible of its Charms; but our Inclinations towards it discover themselves very visible at Parting. How late in the Year do we bring ourselves to forego so endearing a Sight? Is not that Month generally most fatal that threatens us with a Divorce from it? And how chearfully, after four Months Absence which we ill sustain, do we run again to the Embraces of our truest, our Winter Friend?

F. S.

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## The History of TOPAL OSMAN.

Translated from the FRENCH.

*Topal Osman* was born in the Year 1673. He receiv'd his Education in the Seraglio; and, when he was Twenty-five Years of Age, was sent with the Sultan's Orders to the Bashaw of Cairo. He travelled by Land to *Said*, and embarked on board a *Turkish* Vessel bound to *Damietta*, a City on the Nile, lest he should fall into the

Hands of the *Arabs*, who are continually roving about, in order to plunder Passengers and Caravans.

Though the Passage is but short, they were met and attacked by a *Spanish* Privateer, with whom they had a bloody Engagement. In this Action *Topal Osman* gave the first Proofs of that Intrepidity, by which he was afterwards so often signalized. Animated by his Example, the Crew fought with great Bravery; but, at length, superior Numbers prevail'd, and *Osman*, after being dangerously wounded in the Arm and Thigh, was taken Prisoner.

The brave Defence *Osman* made, induc'd the *Spanish* Captain to treat him with great Respect. His Wounds continu'd in a bad Way when he arriv'd at *Malta*, where the Privateer put in to rest. That in his Thigh was very dangerous, and he was lame of it during the Remainder of his Life; on Account of which he was called *Topal*, or *Cripple*.

The Commander of the Port at *Malta*, at that Time, was *Vincent Arnaud*, a Native of *Marseilles*; who, as his Duty requir'd, as soon as the Privateer came to Anchor, went on board her. No sooner did *Osman* see *Arnaud*, than he said to him, "Can you do a noble and generous Action? Ransom me, " and be assur'd you shall lose Nothing by it."

This was an uncommon Request from a Slave in Chains, but it was deliver'd in so striking a Manner that it made an Impression upon the *Frenchman*; who, turning to the *Spanish* Captain, ask'd him, What he demanded for *Osman's* Ransom? He reply'd, "One Thousand Sequins" (near Five Hundred

Pounds.) The *Frenchman*, turning to *Osman* said, "I am an entire Stranger to you; and therefore how can you expect I should venture One Thousand Sequins on your bare Word?" "Each of us act in this," reply'd the *Turk*, "with Propriety. I am a Slave, " and in Chains, therefore use every Means to recover my Liberty; " and you may have Cause to distrust the Word of a Stranger. At present I have Nothing, but my Word, to give you; nor shall I assign any Reason why you should rely upon it. All I shall say, " is, that if you are inclin'd to act with Generosity, you shall hereafter have no Cause to repent."

Upon this *Monf. Arnaud* went to make his Report to *Don Perellos*, the Grand-Master. He was so sensibly touch'd with the Air with which *Osman* deliver'd himself, that he return'd immediately on board the *Spanish* Vessel, and agreed with the Captain for Six Hundred Sequins, which he paid as the Price of *Osman's* Liberty. *Monf. Arnaud* then put *Osman* on board a Vessel of his own, provided him with a Surgeon, and with every Accommodation that was necessary for the Voyage.

*Osman* had inform'd his Benefactor, that he might write to *Constantinople* for the Sum he had advanc'd; but, as he found himself in the Hands of a Man who had rely'd so much on his Honour, he was determin'd to ask another Favour; which was, that he would leave the Payment of the Ransom entirely to him. *Arnaud* was sensible, in such a Case, Things were not to be done by Halves. With a good Grace therefore he agreed to the

the Proposal, and treat'd him in a very friendly and generous Manner: And *Osman*, as soon as he was able, set out again upon his Voyage.

*Osman* was now protected from the Privateers by the *French* Colours; and, in a short Time, reach'd *Damietta*, and sail'd up the *Nile* to *Cairo*. Upon his Arrival there, he deliver'd One Thousand Sequins to the Master of the Vessel, to be paid to *Arnaud*, his Benefactor, together with some rich Furs; and he made the Master a Present of Five Hundred Crowns. After he had executed the Orders of the Sultan with the *Basha* of *Cairo*, he set out for *Constantinople*, and was the first who brought the News of his being made a Slave.

The Favours *Osman* had receiv'd from *Arnaud*, in such Circumstances, made too deep an Impression on his generous Mind to be eradicated; and he testify'd his Gratitude, by Letters and other Acknowledgements, during the whole Course of his Life.

War was declared between the *Venetians* and *Turks*, in the Year 1715; and the Grand Vizir, who had projected the Invasion of the *Morea*, assembled the *Ottoman* Army near the Isthmus of *Corinth*, being the only Pass by which this Peninsula can be attacked by Land. *Osman* was charg'd with the Command to force the Pass; which he not only executed with Success, but soon after took the City of *Corinth* by Assault. He was rewarded for this Service, by being made a *Basha* of Two Tails.

*Osman* serv'd the next Year as Lieutenant-General under the Grand Vizir, at the Siege of *Corfu*, which the *Turks* were oblig'd to abandon; Nevertheless he staid three Days before the Place, in order to secure

and conduct the Retreat of the *Ottoman* Troops.

*Osman* was appointed Seraskier (General in Chief) in the Year 1722, and had the Command of the Army in the *Morea*. When the Consuls of the different Nations came to pay their Respects to him on his Elevation, he distinguished the *French* by peculiar Marks of Friendship and Protection. "Let *Vincens Arnaud* know," said he, "that I am the more pleas'd with my new Dignity, as it enables me to serve him. Let me have his Son in Pledge of our Friendship, and I will charge myself with making his Fortune." *Arnaud's* Son went into the *Morea* accordingly, and the Seraskier not only made him Presents, but granted him many Privileges and Advantages in Trade, by which he soon acquir'd a handsome Fortune.

The Seraskier's Parts and Abilities rais'd him, in a short Time, to a greater Command. He was made a *Basha* of Three Tails, and Begierbeg of *Romania*, one of the greatest Governments in the Empire, and, by its Vicinity to *Hungary*, of the greatest Importance.

During his Government he resided at *Nyssa*. *Arnaud* and his Son waited on him there in the Year 1727, and were receiv'd with the utmost Tenderness. He laid entirely aside the *Basha* and Governor, embraced them, caused them to be served with Sherbet and Perfumes, and made them sit upon the same Sopha with himself; which is an Honour very seldom bestow'd by a *Basha* of the first Order, and hardly ever to a Christian: And, after these extraordinary Marks of his Distinction, he sent them away loaded with Presents.

The



The Grand Vizir *Ibrahim* perished in the great Revolution which happen'd at *Constantinople*, in the Year 1730. The Times were so tumultuary, that one and the same Year had seen no less than three successive Vizirs. *Topal Osman* was called from his Government to fill this Place in September 1731; which, being the highest in the *Ottoman* Empire (and, perhaps, the highest that any Subject in the World enjoys) is always dangerous, and was greatly so at that Time. No sooner did he arrive at *Constantinople* to take Possession of his new Dignity, than he desir'd the *French* Ambassador to inform his old Benefactor of his Advancement; and that, while Things remained in the present Situation, he should hasten to *Constantinople*: Adding, that a Grand Vizir seldom kept his Station long.

*Arnaud* and his Son arriv'd at *Constantinople*, from *Malta*, in January 1732. He brought with him Variety of Presents, and twelve *Turks*, whom he had ransomed from Slavery. By Command of the Vizir, these were ranged in Order before him. *Arnaud*, now Seventy-two Years of Age, with his Son, was brought before *Topal Osman*, Grand Vizir of the *Ottoman* Empire. He receiv'd them with the highest Marks of Affection, in the Presence of the Grand Officers of State: And, turning to those about him, he pointed to the ransomed *Turks*; "Behold," says he, "these your Brethren. They lately groaned under the most cruel Slavery; but now happily enjoy the Sweets of Liberty. This *Frenchman* is their Deliverer. I was myself a Slave; loaded with Chains, streaming in Blood, and cover'd with Wounds. This is the Man who redeemed and saved me.

"This is my Master and Benefactor.  
"It is to him I am indebted for Life,  
"Liberty, Fortune, and every Thing  
"I enjoy. Without the least Knowledge of me, he paid for me a large Ransom, sent me away on my bare Word, and provided a Ship to carry me. Where can we find a *Mussulman* capable of such Generosity!"

Every Eye was fixed upon *Arnaud*, while *Osman* was speaking, and he held the Grand Vizir's Hands closely locked between his own. The Vizir then asked *Arnaud* and his Son several Questions, concerning their Situation and Fortune. He heard their Answers with Kindness and Attention, and then concluded with an *Arabic* Sentence, *Allah Kerim*, the Providence of God is great. He distributed, before them, the Presents they had brought, the greatest Part of which he sent to the Sultan, the Sultana Mother, and the Kishar Aga, Chief of the Black Eunuchs: After which *Arnaud* and his Son made their Obeisance, and withdrew.

This Ceremony being over, the Son of the Grand Vizir took them to his Apartment, where he treated them with the utmost Kindness: And they had, before they left *Constantinople*, a private Conference with the Vizir, who divested himself of all State and Ceremony. He gave them to understand, that the Nature of his Situation would not permit him to do as he could wish; since a Minister always appears, in the Eyes of many, to do nothing without a View to his own particular Advantage: Adding, that a *Basha* was Lord and Master in his own Province, but that the Grand Vizir at *Constantinople* had a Master superior to himself.

Before

Before their Departure *Osman* caus'd them to be amply paid for the Ransom of the *Turks*; and he also procur'd them the Payment of a considerable Debt, which they had little Hopes of recovering. He likewise made them large Presents in Money, and gave them an Order for taking a Loading of Corn at *Saronica*; which was then likely to be very profitable, as the Exportation of Corn from that Port had been prohibited for a long Time.

As *Osman's* Gratitude was without Bounds, so was his Liberality. The Greatness of his Soul display'd itself in every Action of his Life, but was eminently conspicuous in his Behaviour to *Arnaud*; Which will appear the more extraordinary and generous, if it be considered, that the Prejudices of Education create in a *Turk* against *Christians* the utmost Aversion and Contempt.

D. T.

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*A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks, Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.*

SOLUTIONS to the CONUNDRUMS

In Number IX.

81. **B** Because it is a bad Habit.
82. **B** Because it has Drawers in it.
83. Because she bears Fire-locks.
84. Because it is tilted.
85. Because, he wants mending.
86. Because it rails against you.
87. Because he will cabbage.
88. Because it is a Story raised.
89. Because it always does as the Company does.
90. Because he goes on swimmingly.

SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES

In Number IX.

17. A Church-Clock.
18. A Pen.

SOLUTIONS to the REBUSSES

In Number IX.

19. *Feverham.*
20. *Eliza Hebet.*

CONUNDRUMS.

91. **W**HY is a good Cook like a Woman of Fashion?
92. Why is a Play-Bill like a Coward?
93. Why are Sharpers like Sparrows?
94. Why is a Pack of Cards like a *Meagare*?
95. Why is a Book like a Fruit-Tree in Spring?

96. Why is a Boon-Companion like a Red-Herring?
97. Why is a good Adviser like a lighted Lamp?
98. Why is a leaky Barrel like a Coward?
99. Why is a drunken Man like a *Wales*?
100. Why is a Wig like a blind Beggar?

[\*.\* The Solutions in our next.]

RIDDLES.

19. **W**HAT is more constant than the Turtle Dove?
- What is more beautiful than the Girl I love?
- What is more fickle than the Wind which blows?
- What is more gaudy than the Dress of Beaus?
- What strikes with Dread the honest-Tar?
- What you may call your own, my Ladies fair?
- What charms me more than Woman can?
- What Ladies love above a Man?

20. **E**Ver eating, never cloying;  
All devouring, all destroying;  
Never finding full Repast,  
Till I eat the World at last.

[\*.\* The Solutions in our next.]

R. E.

## REBUSSES.

21. **T**ake Three-fourths of Harm,  
and where Justice is done,  
And you'll name my dear Charmer as  
sure as a Gun.

22. **T**AKE the Devil's short  
Name,  
And much more than a Yard,  
You've the Name of the Dame  
I shall ever regard.

[\* \* The Solutions in our next.]

**AN ACROSTIC, on Miss**

**P**ARNASSIAN Maids! ye tuneful  
Nims!

O aid me with your Art divine;  
L et Grace and Harmony appear,  
L et pleasing Verse describe the  
Fair,  
Y oung, blooming, wise, yet de-  
bonair.

R ail on, ye Cynics! 'tis in vain,  
O f Pleasure's oft producing Pain;  
B left with her Charms, what can af-  
fright?

E ver affording new Delight!  
R ail on, ye Cynics! I declare,  
T hat while I've Eyes and she is  
fair,  
S uch Worth must claim my ten-  
derest Care.

LOVELL.

**EPITAPH for the Earl and Countess**  
of Sutherland.

**H**OW vain are Riches, Honours,  
Titles, Birth!

The empty Themes of monumental  
Pride;

How vain, alas! unknown to inward  
Worth,

Are all the Joys that Grandeur can  
provide.

Whate'er of Fortune's partial Bliss  
we share,

Death soon deprives us of the tran-  
sient Claim,

And bids us learn of this lamented  
Pair,

" 'Tis only Virtue yields immor-  
tal Fame."

E. G.

ne,

## P I T A P H.

*in a Country Church-Yard.*

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[\* \* Explanation in our next.]

TIT

IT for TAT: Or, The DOCTORS.

A TALE.

A Doctor, in a Country Town,  
Whose Skill both far and near  
was known,  
To learn his Art had took a Lad,  
With whom a good round Sum he  
had.  
The Youth had Parts, and soon by  
Rote  
could all the *Latin* Rubric quote;  
The Dispensatory got by Heart,  
and acted very well his Part;  
Was always ready with his Quill,  
Could make, at LARGE, a Doctor's  
Bill;  
Cover'd his Head with Periwig;  
And look'd, as Doctors do—quite  
big.

At length his seven Years Servi-  
tude  
Was out; and he, as others wou'd,  
Made himself ready to be gone,  
And seek for Business of his own.

The Master fain wou'd have him  
stay,  
Thinking that if he went away,  
His great Acquaintance in the Place,  
Might make, in Time, his Busi-  
ness  
less;  
Therefore with Words quite smooth  
and supple,  
He artfully address'd his Pupil.

"That I'm your Friend, dear Jack,  
"you know;  
"I think you've always found me so;  
"There is a Secret in my Breast,  
"Superior to all Art confess;  
"Which, if you'll stay, shall be your  
"own;  
"At present it is mine alone."

The Lad, like other Slaves set free,  
Was grown too fond of Liberty;  
Told him, he thought it was his Part  
To learn, without Reserve, his Art:  
Said, he had paid a Sum sufficient  
And ought not now to be deficient;

That what he'd shewn, with Care and  
Pains,  
He long had treasur'd in his Brains.

When thus the Master—"Was it  
"Art,  
"I'd tell it now with all my Heart;  
"But 'tis not in our Art or Science,  
"Yet to all Med'cine bids Defiance:  
"Galen, and all the Physic Schools,  
"When this is known, will prove  
"mere Fools:  
"The Secret still what you deserve  
"is,  
"And if you needs will leave my Ser-  
"vice,  
"Give me a Hundred Pounds in  
"Gold,  
"And you this Secret shall be told;  
"Which, if you manage well, with  
"Care  
"Will bring a Thousand Pounds a  
"Year."

A Secret, such as this, who wou'd  
But purchase Instant, if he cou'd?  
The Money was directly down,  
And all the Secret, straight was known:  
*Concoit can kill, Concoit can cure,*  
Were all the mighty Secret—sure!  
"And is this all!" reply'd the Youth;  
"All, on my Word, my Faith, my  
"Truth;  
"Which I to none but you wou'd  
"sell;  
"Use it thar' as you ought—Fare-  
"wel."

The Youth with Rage and Mad-  
ness burn'd,  
And vow'd the Trick should be re-  
turn'd.  
To travel first he bent his Mind,  
Travel suits Arts of ev'ry Kind,  
In France, in Rome, and ev'ry where,  
Knowledge he sought with Pains and  
Care.

Some Time being past, now Home  
he came;  
First having chang'd his Drefs and  
Name,  
To the same Place he took his Rout,  
From whence at first he did set out;  
3 C And,

And, like a Quack, around the Town  
His Bills were posted up and down,  
Shewing his vast Renown and Skill;  
Where been, and where cur'd ev'ry  
Ill:

Then on a Stage in Public mounts,  
The same in foreign Voice recounts.  
Amaz'd stand round the gaping  
Croud,  
And echo his Applause aloud:  
Amidst them all his Master stood,  
This happen'd rightly, as it shou'd.

When thus the Quack began—

"See here

"This Powder; 'tis of Virtue rare;  
"If I but throw a Pinch away,  
"I'll tell you who shall die To-day:  
"For Instance" (here he let it fly)  
"That old Man ere To-night will  
"die."

The Master laugh'd at what he said,  
Yet went immediately to Bed;  
Thought came on Thought—his Pulse  
beat high,  
And Death he fear'd indeed was  
nigh.

The Quack was sent for—shook  
his Head,  
Told him indeed—that he was dead,  
Unless a proper Price he'd give,  
A Thousand Pounds, and he might  
live.

A Thousand Pounds! too much he  
thought;  
Howe'er, a Thousand Pounds were  
brought:  
Money he lov'd, but Life much more;  
Money is nought, when Life is o'er.

The Quack immediate took the  
Fee;

Then lock'd the Door, that none but  
he

Might know the Means that he pre-  
par'd.

First he pull'd off his Gown and  
Beard:

"Now, Sir," he cried, "you're well,  
"I'm sure;

"*Conceit can kill, Conceit can cure.*

"Doctor, you find I am no Fool,

"But prove the Goodness of your  
"Rule.

"Farewel, dear Sir; this Rule, I

"swear,

"Is worth a Thousand Pounds a Year."

A. T.

### To a FRIEND.

FREE from the Bustle, Care, and  
Strife,

Of this short, variegated Life,

Oh! let me spend my Days

In rural Sweetness, with a Friend,

To whom my Mind I may unbend;

Nor Censure heed, or Praise.

Riches bring Cares—I ask not  
Wealth;

Let me enjoy but Peace and Health,

I envy not the Great:

'Tis these alone can make me blest,

The Riches take of East and West;

I claim not those, or State.

Tho' not extravagant, not near,

But thro' the well-spent, chequer'd  
Year,

I'd have enough to live:

To drink a Bottle with a Friend,

Assist him in Distress—ne'er lend—

But rather freely give.

I too would wish, to sweeten Life,

A gentle, kind, good-natur'd Wife,

Young, sensible, and fair;

One who could love but me alone,

Prefer my Cot to e'en a Throne,

And sooth my ev'ry Care.

Thus happy with my Wife and Friend

My Life I cheerfully would spend,

With no vain Thoughts oppress:

If Heav'n has Bliss for me in Store,

Oh! grant me this!—I ask no more;

And I am truly blest.

W. W.

### To S I L V I A.

*Presented with a Lilly.*

NO common Present do I send,

Tho' small it may appear;

Yet, trust me, more it will befriend,

If you'll but lend an Ear.

And

And hark ! it speaks, or seems to say, Not doubting but their Stock would  
 " Like you, I fair am made ; hold  
 " Like you, I'm courted but a Day ! 'Till the last Sheet around them roll  
 " And soon our Charms shall fade ! No Chimney-side but learnt to tell  
 Strange Tales of happy *Dick* and *Nell*  
 To know the Truth, one Day the  
 " Unspotted thus we both alike Squire  
 " From Virtue's Paths ne'er stray ; Call'd in and warm'd him at their  
 " Tho' none there are that us dislike, Fire ;  
 " Yet most will us betray !

" The fav'rite Flow'r of Beauty I ;  
 " Of Virtue, Emblem fair :  
 " Beauty and Virtue both will fly,  
 " If Men should us ensnare.

" Let this then warn you Men to  
 " shun ;  
 " Th' impending Evil see ;  
 " And never (when your Virtue's  
 " gone)  
 " In Sadness think of me !"

The Words severe,  
 I seem to hear,  
 Yet do not cruel prove !  
 In Wedlock's Bands,  
 We'll join our Hands,  
 And everlasting Love !

E. H.

*Extempore, on a young Lady's playing on  
 the Harpsichord.*

**R**egardless of the Female Pow'r,  
 I, like a Bee, sip ev'ry Flow'r,  
 Roving from Fair to Fair ;  
 But when my *Delia* strikes the Lyre,  
 My Heart's all Transport, Joy, and  
 Fire,  
 She reigns triumphant there.

ROVEWELL.

*The CRUEL SQUIRE: Or, Home  
 is Home however homely.*

**I**N Cot of Mud, instead of Brick,  
 Liv'd an old Couple, *Nell* and *Dick* ;  
 Hard they labour'd while they cou'd,  
 To rest in Age, when rest all shou'd.  
 Their honest Handy-work was sped,  
 And *Dick* their only Child was dead.  
 So, frugally, and not the best  
 They eat and drank, and took their  
 Rest,

Eat toasted Cheese, and drank some  
 Ale,

Not like his own, 'twas small and stale,  
 But how it touch'd his Soul to find,  
 In such a Pair, such Peace of Mind !  
 Not touch'd him, as it ought, to raise,  
 At once, his Wonder, and his Praise ;  
 Wonder that Bliss should dwell so  
 low,

And Praise, that Heav'n ordain'd it so.  
 The marrow-piercing Thought was  
 this,

" Wealth pines ! and Poverty has  
 " Bliss !"

" My Friends," quoth he, " with art-  
 " ful Guile,

" Thus Age and Honesty shou'd smile ;  
 " You lead your Lives as sweetly  
 " here,

" As I, with all I boast a Year :  
 " Yet, if you'll come, and with me  
 " spend

" A Month or so, my Chaise I'll  
 " send ;

" You shall be welcome, I protest,  
 " I would not wish a worthier Guest."  
 They knew not what to think or say,  
 But thank'd him, in their home-bred  
 Way.

" May-hap," said *Nell*, " the Squire's  
 " in Joke :"

He vow'd he most sincerely spoke,  
 And they should find it.—Home he  
 went ;

And Chaise, indeed, next Morning  
 sent,

Said *Nell*, " The Favour's vast and  
 " high !

" We dare no other than comply."  
*Dick* said, " We'll risque it, *Nell*,  
 " d'ye see :

" Nay, what's the Squire to you and  
 me ?"

A second Thought the first confutes,  
 So quick they don'd their Sunday Suits,

## *The Jester's Magazine,*

w'd away—drest at his Door,  
 wire receiv'd them.—When  
 efore,  
 its like these, was Mansion  
 ide!  
 oms had don'd their utmost  
 'ride;  
 vants waited gay and thick,  
 said Madam; Sir, to *Dick*.  
 in'd and supp'd, on twenty  
 dishes,

—Oh! far beyond their  
 Vishes!  
 ore a Week, the 'Squire so  
 ind!

ey knew not Half his Mind!  
 fatigu'd, and so was *Nell*:

*Dick*, "I'll feign myself not  
 well;

ill the Thing be feigning  
 quite,

k at Heart, and you're not  
 ght."

ely *Dick* forbore to name  
 ill advis'd the Day they  
 me.

s, upbraiding Husbands all;  
 past Fallings ne'er recal.

kness to the 'Squire they  
 ld.

They might die, for they  
 were old,

vas their Wish, an' pleas'd  
 he Sky,

they had liv'd, in Peace to  
 lie.

e agreed, but with a Sneer,  
 Oh! you're discontented  
 ere!"

em going, but how pain'd,  
 ife End was yet ungain'd!

was viler, for 'twas this,  
 his Anguish for their

ic fancy'd must ensue,  
 pen'd on their View,

gay Affluence quite un-  
 w.

ic would prompt to wish  
 own.

as far from them, their

ive and not depend.

That Night, said *Dick*, as round the  
 Fire

They sat, "Heaven's Blessing crown  
 the 'Squire!"

"But not his Greatness to partake,  
 "Wou'd I this little Cot forsake.

"Our Ale beats all his sparkling  
 "Wine,

"For that's the 'Squire's, and this is  
 "mine.

"There, when behind their Master's  
 "Back,

"Cou'd I command or *Tom*, or *Jack*?  
 "No; this would laugh, and that

"would snigger,  
 "And cry, Good luck! that awkward

"Figure!  
 "Here, when I please, to *Nell* I say,

"Do this, or that, and she'll obey;  
 "Obey with such Concern to please,

"As easy, but when I'm at Ease;  
 "And what I value more than Life,

"*Nell*'s all mine own! my All! my  
 "Wife!"

Quoth *Nell*, and round his Neck she  
 flung

Her Arms, "I loy'd thee less when  
 "young!

"You're all to me! no more we'll  
 "roam!

"However homely, Home is Home."

In this let Men of Fortune rest,  
 That Heav'n impow'rs them to be

blest;  
 For Cots of Mud, with'd well or ill,

Whene'er they can be happy, will:  
 Still, still, my Vice, to Heaven's high

Praise,  
 But crush herself, and Virtue-raife!

### AN EPIGRAM.

Metaphysical *Tom*, in a Study one  
 Night,

Cry'd, "I wonder how some can  
 "assert, *That all's Right*:"

"I've been without Money the L—d  
 "knows how long;

"And, say all they can, *I am sure*  
*that is Wrong*.

J. O

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

*Spoken at the Opening of the New Theatre at Bristol, by Mr. ARTHUR, one of the Managers.*

**I**N Days of Yore it was a constant Rule,  
That ev'ry Knight should have his 'Squire and Fool:  
When forth the Hero went, they follow'd after;  
One bore his Shield, the other rais'd his Laughter:  
The Stage would have 'em all—but prudent we  
Join 'Squire and Fool in one—and I am he!  
Our Hero in the Prologue took his Rank,  
Don *Quixote* he, and I, his *Sancho Panca*.  
If ours should prove a Windmill Scheme!—alas!  
I know, and I will tell you, what will pass;  
We all—each Son of *Thespis*, and each Daughter,  
Must, for sweet *Bristol Milk*, drink *Bristol Water*;  
Which, tho' a 'Cure for some, who fall away,  
Yet we, poor Souls! shall feel a quick Decay.  
The wisest Face amongst us will look silly,  
And mine will change its *Roses* for the *Lilly*:  
But how prevent this terrible Condition?  
There is one Way—be you our kind Physician;  
For you with other Doctors disagree,  
And when you make your Visits, give a Fee.  
Hold, cries a Prude (thus rising from her Seats)  
"I hate a Playhouse and their wicked Plays:  
"Oh! 'tis a Shame to suffer such an Evil!  
"For seeing Plays is dealing with the Devil!"

I beg your Pardon, Madam—'tis not true;  
We Play'rs are moral Folks—I'll prove it too.  
Man is a froward Child—naughty and cross,  
Without its Rattle, and its Hobby-Horse.  
We Play'rs are little Master's Bells and Coral,  
To keep the Child from Mischief—A'n't we moral?  
In such a happy, rich, and crowded Place,  
What would become of the sweet Babe of Grace,  
Should not you set unkindly to refuse it,  
This little, harmless Plaything to amuse it?  
Good Plays are useful Toys—as such enjoy 'em—  
Whene'er they make you naughty—then destroy 'em.

AN ODE ON FRIENDSHIP.

*By Miss WILLIAMS.*

**F**riendship, peculiar Gift of Heav'n,  
The noble Mind's Delight and Pride,  
To Men and Angels only giv'n,  
To all the lower World deny'd:  
While Love, unknown among the Blest,  
Parent of Rage and hot Desires,  
The human and the savage Breast  
Inflames alike with equal Fires.  
With bright, but oft destructive Gleam,  
Alike o'er all his Lightnings fly:  
Thy lambent Glories only beam  
Around the Fav'rites of the Sky.  
Thy gentle Flows of guiltless Joys  
On Fools and Villains ne'er descend;  
In vain for thee the Monarch sighs,  
And hugs a Flatterer for a Friend.

When

*! Were so call'd,*



When Virtue, kindred Virtues, meet,  
And sister Souls together join,  
Thy Pleasures, permanent as great,  
Are all transporting, all divine.

Oh! shall thy Flames then cease to  
glow,  
When Souls to happier Climes re-  
move?

What rais'd our Virtue here below  
Shall aid our Happiness above.

VERSES written by a LADY upon  
an old rusty Regimental Coat of Sir  
W. C——'s, which she had per-  
suaded him to leave off.

A Faithful Servant I have been,  
As all who view me plainly  
see;

And, napless as I am, if clean,  
A Fav'rite still might chance to be.  
But Time, that cuts the strongest  
Thread,

And causes all alike to mourn,  
His Sable made my pristine Red,  
And Dirt to Dirt must now return.  
Lo, I with humbled Pride retreat  
(No more the Terror of our Foes!)  
And some Gard'ner's vile Deceit,  
Slight the kindred Crows.

EPIGRAM on the late Mary,  
Earl and Countess of Merland,  
who died at Bath, on the 16th, 1766.

Together here in social Sleep  
there rests,  
Low in the silent, hallow'd Womb of  
Earth,

A matchless Pair——whom Love and  
Labour join'd  
In silken Bands, by Truth and Virtue  
wove,

But Death, being amorous of the  
Charms

Of Beauty, Youth, and Goodness in  
thine

Oh! Mary, sought to kiss thy lovely  
Lips,

And kill'd thee, struggling in the  
dire Embrace.

To part such Friends the grisly  
Monarch paus'd:  
For once soft Pity reach'd his horrid  
Breast;  
For once he shed a Tear——then  
sch'd his Dart  
And sent the Husband to his much-  
lov'd Spouse.

AN ACROSTIC, on Miss

Beauty and Wit command with-  
out Controul,  
Escape no Eye, but pierce thro' every  
Soul;  
True Love inspires the Heart of  
them that gaze,  
Such is the Maid, whom most I wish  
to please:  
Youthful and blooming, free from  
every Care,

Since Helen none so delicate and  
fair:  
Nature indulgent, gave her every  
Grace,  
Exalting her above this earth-born  
Race.  
Ye Powers above, I here invoke  
your Aid,  
Defend from every Harm this lovely  
Maid.

Shrewsbury.

FIDELIO.

A MORNING ODE

To CELIA.

RISE from her Orient Bed,  
Grey-ey'd Morning lifts her  
Head;

Ope's the rosy Gates of Light,  
And dispels the Gloom of Night:  
Sweetly smiles the new-born Day,  
Rise, my Fair One, rise, and play.  
Now the Lark, in airy Flight;  
'Bove the misty Mountain's Height,  
Wings aloft her rapid Way,  
Warbling forth her melting Lay;  
Herds, that graze the dewy Lawn,  
Joyful at the Approach of Dawn,  
Sportive frisk it o'er the Dale,  
And with lowing fill the Vale;

Feather'd

Feather'd Songsters all around,  
 Echoing far the cheerful Sound,  
 Gladly hail the rising Day;  
 Haste, my Charmer, haste away.  
 Fields in vernal Beauty bright,  
 Gayly tempt the ravish'd Sight;  
 Flow'rs that deck th' enamell'd Meads,  
 Lift their gay, luxuriant Heads;  
 Trees with op'ning Blossoms crown'd,  
 Cast their fragrant Sweets around;  
 Cloath'd with Verdure, shady Woods  
 Joyful hide the crystal Floods,  
 Gently murmur thro' the Plains,  
 Freed from Winter's icy Chains;  
 Mountains wond'ring as they rise,  
 Lift their green Heads to the Skies;  
 Deck'd with Flow'rs, the fertile Vale,  
 Breathes sweet Odours thro' the Gale;  
 All the Face of Nature gay,  
 Tells th' Approach of laughing May.  
 Clad in mild, majestick State,  
 Balmy Zephyrs round her wait,  
 And soft whisp'ring as they fly,  
 On her snowy Bosom die.  
 See! she revels o'er the Plain,  
 Numerous Graces in her Train!  
 Haste, my Fair One, haste away;  
 Taste the Sweets of blooming May.  
 Cheerful Songsters of the Grove,  
 Tune their Notes to Joy and Love;  
 Linnets perch'd on yonder Spray,  
 Warble forth their amorous Lay;  
 Whilst resounding thro' the Vale,  
 Turtles tell their love-sick Tale;  
 Like the Linnet and the Dove,  
 Hear, Oh! hear, the Voice of Love.  
 Sate beneath the cooling Shade,  
 By soft Hands of Nature made,  
 Where the Woodbine and the Rose,  
 All their blushing Sweets disclose;  
 Where slow trickling o'er the Ground,  
 Crystal Riv'lets murmur round;  
 Let my Fair One there employ  
 Smiling Hours in Love and Joy;  
 Let my Charmer there receive,  
 All the Pleasures Love can give.

AN ACROSTIC, on Mrs.

BY Heavens I vow you are such  
 a sweet Creature,  
 Each Look so engaging, so noble  
 each Feature,

That tho' Poets of *Venus* have made  
 such a Pother,  
 Should they rise from the Shades  
 they'd take you for another:  
 E'en Envy herself, which your Sex  
 most possess,  
 Your Beauty, Good - humour, and  
 Wit must confess.

Grief splits my poor Heart when I  
 think how I'm fated,  
 One Hour to be lov'd, and the next  
 to be hated;  
 When thy blue-killing Eyes gave  
 the first fatal Gance,  
 Each Pore was in Motion, and my  
 Heart seem'd to dance;  
 Raptures stole on so quick that I  
 fell in a Trance.

BEN QUILLDRIVE.

Translation of an EPITAPH in St  
 James's - Church, at Bath.

*Tho. Layson Vir mæstiss.*  
*Maria Uxorî posuit.*

Apr. 15, 1599.

These Verses thus in Grief made  
 on thee, Wife,  
 Would thou hadst made on me, to  
 save thy Life;  
 Seven Years (so long did Friends  
 cross Heaven's Will)  
 We mutual lov'd, but at a Distance  
 still:  
 Twice seven Years more we liv'd in  
 Love together,  
 Serene and calm, thy Death first  
 brought foul Weather.  
 Thou hadst my Love alone; I, only  
 thine,  
 Which now unto thy Ghost I do con-  
 sign.  
 Alive was with thee still; dead will  
 be so;  
 In Mind at present, 'till in Body too:  
 For when God please, I'll rest too in  
 thy Grave,  
 From whom this Boon in Mercy now  
 I crave.

BEN QUILLDRIVE.

The 46th Ode of Anacreon, imitated.

IF Want of Happiness may be  
 Allow'd a real Misery ;  
 How miserable must he prove,  
 That never knew the Sweets of Love !  
 Nor is he less unhappy, sure,  
 That loves : What Pains does he endure !  
 What various Fears divide his Breast,  
 And rob the Lover of his Rest !  
 But, Oh ! most wretched is the Swain,  
 That loves a Fair, but loves in vain ;  
 Where Sighs and Vows meet no Return,  
 But cold Disdain and killing Scorn :  
 Frequent Returns from ev'ry Belle,  
 They now have learnt their Charms

to sell,  
 And wisely chuse the Man, that  
 settles well.

Curst, for ever curst be  
 That wicked enterprising he,  
 Who from Earth's fruitful Womb  
 first tore

The fatal mischief-making Ore !  
 More heavy Plagues on him be hurl'd,  
 Th' ill-fated Wretch, that taught the  
 World

To use, and love the golden Earth :  
 'Twas this gave Fraud and Rapine Birth ;  
 'Twas this that arm'd the hasty Heir  
 Against his Father ; hence came War ;  
 Hence Treasons ; Thefts, and all the  
 Train

Of Mischiefs dire, whose furious Reign  
 Harrows the World, and frights  
 Mankind ;

And, Oh ! the worst is still behind ;  
 Hence, hence, alas ! it is that Love,  
 And Worth innate too feeble prove  
 The mercenary Fair to move.

The dying Passion bears no Charms  
 To raise us to the dear One's Arms ;  
 Beauty and Parts are useless grown,  
 And Merit's plac'd in Gold alone.

A PASTORAL. By J. Cunningham.

*Palemon*, seated by his fav'rite Maid,  
 The sylvan Scenes with Ecstasy  
 survey'd ;

Nothing could make the fond *Alexis*  
 gay.

For *Daphne* had been absent Half the  
 Day ;

Dar'd by *Palemon* for a Pastoral Prize,  
 reluctant (in his Turn) *Alexis* tries.

*Palemon.*

This Breeze by the River how charm-  
 ing and soft !

How smooth the Grass Carpet ! how  
 green !

Sweet, sweet sings the Lark !—as he  
 carrols aloft,

His Music enlivens the Scene.

A thousand fresh Flow'rets, unusually  
 gay,

The Fields and the Forests adorn ;

I pluck'd me some Roses—the Chil-  
 dren of May !

And could not find one with a Thorn.

*Alexis.*

The Skies are quite clouded—too bold  
 is the Breeze !

Dull Vapours descend on the Plain ;  
 The Verdure's all blasted that cover'd  
 yon Trees,

The Birds cannot compass a Strain !  
 In Search for a Chaplet my Temples to  
 bind,

All Day as I silently rove,  
 I can't find a Flow'ret, not one, to my  
 Mind,

In Meadow, in Garden, or Grove.

*Palemon.*

I ne'er saw the Hedge in such excel-  
 lent Bloom,

The Lambskins more wantonly gay !

My Cows seem to breathe a more  
 pleasing Perfume,

And brighter than common the Day !  
 If any dull Shepherd should foolishly  
 ask,

So rich why the Landscapes appear  
 To give a right Answer, how easy my  
 Task !

Because my sweet *Phyllida*'s here.

*Alexis.*

The Stream that so muddy moves slow-  
 ly along,

Once roll'd in a beautiful Tide ;

It seem'd o'er the Pebbles to murmur  
 a Song,

But *Daphne* sat then by my Side :  
 See !—see !—the sweet Maid o'er the  
 Meadows she hies !

Quite alter'd already the Scene !  
 How limpid the Stream is—how gay  
 the blue Skies !

The Hills and the Hedges how green !

A Cal-

*A Collection of Favourite New Songs.*

SONG XCVI.

the BILLINGSGATE LOVERS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE

**T**WAS where the maw-mouth'd  
Race each Morning meet,  
To fetch Sea-Dainties for the sumptuous Treat;  
Where *Thames* unwearied rolls his ample Wave,  
Where *Barges*, *Boats*, and *Skiffs* his Bosom lave;  
Where the light Vessels wait to wait ye o'er,  
And the hoarse Boatman calls out;  
*Skull, Sir, Oar?*  
Where wild Confusion holds her noisy Reign,  
And Echo speeds the Tumult to the Main:  
Thither *Picador*, fill'd with Love's soft Fire,  
Repair'd to see the Fair, his Soul's Desire,  
Known by the Name of *Moll* of *Billinggate*:  
When thus the Youth began to enquire his Fate.

AIR

Oh! *Moll!* sweet Charmer of my Heart;  
'Tis Time you cease to flout me;  
Six Weeks I've borne Love's cruel Smart;  
I'm walled to a *Trout*, see,  
Those Eyes of mine, like *Wittins* shine,  
Thy Breasts so soft and round are;  
Afford Relief, or Death with Grief,  
Will lay me like a *Flounder*.  
Thy jetty Locks like curling *Eels*,  
Sweet flowing to thy Bosom,  
Such Charms impart, that he who feels  
Must be in Pain to lose 'em:  
Like *Smelts* thy Breath, like *Pearl* thy Teeth,  
Like *Salmon* red thy Cheeks are;  
Thy Arms so round, so soft and sound,  
Beyond what I can speak are.

Then take, my Love, this Curtain Ring,  
To Church let's haste away now;  
There's *Stentor Jack* a Catch will sing,  
To grace our Wedding Day now  
From Stern to Stern, with joy I'll turn  
And cast my *Net* for Money;  
Old *Thames* so nigh, shall still supply  
Rare *Gudgeons* for my Honey.

RECITATIVE

Sly leering from her *Stair* the view'd  
the Youth,  
And, in her Mind, admir'd his Love  
and Truth:  
Rough flow'd the Accents from her  
mill-clack Tongue,  
And all seem'd list'ning while the  
Fair One sung.

AIR

My jolly Lad, no more complain;  
My Hand, my Heart shall ease your Pain;  
You please me best of all the Train,  
That catch the finny Tribe.  
Thy matted Locks, thy Cheeks so  
sweet,  
Thy picked hornpipe-dancing Feet,  
Have render'd you the most compleat;  
So *Moll* will be your Bride.

To Church let's haste away with Speed,  
Since Fate, I find, has you decreed,  
The Youth who must with me succeed,  
We'll part our Lives together.

Yet while you on the rolling Wave,  
Industrious for *Flounders* love,  
I'll aid your Toil and Money save,  
Nor fear or Wind or Weather.

Till to every Lane and Street that's  
nigh,

When Night comes on my well-known  
Cry,

Shall call the People out to Buy  
Of *Moll* some lilly-white Oysters;

O. J.

SONG XCVII.

**Y**E Fair, that would be blest in Love,  
Take your Pride a little lower;  
Let the Swain whom you approve,  
Rather like you, than adore.

3 D

Love,

Love, that rises into Passion,  
Soon will end in Hate or Strife;  
But from tender Inclination,  
Flow the lasting Joys of Life.

## SONG XCVIII.

COME, dear *Amanda*, quit the  
Town,  
And to the rural Hamlets fly;  
Behold the wintry Storms are gone,  
A gentle Radiance glads the Sky.  
The Birds awake, the Flow'rs appear,  
Earth spreads a verdant Couch for  
thee;  
'Tis Joy and Musick all we hear,  
'Tis Love and Beauty all we see.

Let us secure the gradual Spring,  
How peeps the Bud, the Blossom  
blows;  
When *Philomel* begins to sing,  
And perfect *May* to spread the Rose.  
Let us secure the short Delight,  
And wisely crop the blooming Day;  
For soon, too soon, it will be Night,  
Arise, my Love, and come away.

## SONG XCIX.

CHLOE, by all the Pow'rs above,  
To *Damon* vow'd eternal Love;  
A Rose adorn'd her sweetest Breast;  
She on a Leaf the Vow impress:  
But Zephyr, by her Side at Play,  
Love, Vow, and Leaf blew quite away.

## SONG C.

FLIRTY L L A.

Sung by Mr. Gilson, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG *Damon* perceiving *Fhr-*  
*tilla* pass by,  
Like Light'ning to kiss her he flew;  
But she with a Struggle and Frown  
made reply,  
I vow I'll cry out if you do.  
But she with a Struggle, &c.

For shou'd my Mammas, who is in the  
next Room  
But hear you she'll cause you to rue;  
She'll forbid you the House, then do  
not presume,  
I vow I'll cry out if you do.

But *Damon* was not to be terrified b;  
All Women lov'd kissing he knew;  
When he offer'd again, 'twas pray let  
me go,

I vow I'll cry out if you do.

The Youth by Resistance was still  
more inflam'd,

And Kisses he stole not a few;  
This Rudeness forbear, Sir, she softly  
reply'd,

I vow I'll cry out if you do.

Thus flush'd with Success, like a  
Woman at Whist,

The resolute Youth bolder grew;  
But still she made answer, I will not  
be kiss'd,

I vow I'll cry out if you do.

Then *Damon* resolv'd his last Effort  
to strike,

And soon made the Damsel come too;  
She sigh'd and reply'd, you may take  
what you like,

I will not cry out if you do.

## SONG CI.

B E T S Y.

Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

A WAKE, thou blythesome God  
of Day,

Invite each Songster round;  
Let ev'ry Heart be blythe and gay.  
The World with Mirth abound.  
*Bessy's* sweet, seraphic Charms  
In Raptures now I sing;  
Soon let her Prison be my Arms,  
And I'll thy Tribute bring.

Ye Regents, who the Realms above  
With God-like Sweetness guard,  
Fair *Bessy's* Heart invade with Love,  
Her faithful Swain reward:  
If not, avaunt, ye Gods divine,  
Contented let me die;  
My *Bessy's* Eyes much brighter shine  
Than all your spangled Sky.

No longer boast your Lillies fair,  
Now Russet seems your Snow;  
With *Bessy's* Skin, their White com-  
pare,

Where new-born Roses grow:

Your

Your Son that gilds the Realms above,  
At Distance Heat may give ;  
But *Bass's* Eyes will always prove  
How sweet it is to live.

Oh ! pity my Case, let my Pleading  
prevail,  
And send me but *Any Thing* rather  
than fail.

SONG CII.

ANY THING rather than FAIL.

THE Lads and the Lasses all  
jocund were seen,  
With Music and Mirth round the  
Pole on the Green,  
The Lambkins were sporting, all Na-  
ture was gay,  
To welcome the kindly Return of the  
*May* :  
When *Doll*, who was curs'd both with  
Envy and Years,  
Her Head, by old Time, silver'd o'er  
with grey Hairs,  
From the Youths and their Sports  
sought Retreat in the Vale,  
And thus pray'd for *Any Thing* rather  
than fail.

Ye Powers who saw me once blyth-  
some and young ;  
How grateful I danc'd, and how  
sweetly I sung ?  
My Charms all subduing, each Bard  
would rehearse,  
My Beauty alone was the Subject of  
Verse ;  
Each Youth, with a Sigh, would his  
Passion unfold,  
Tho' now they have left me, grown  
wrinkled and old ;  
With the Ears of Compassion attend  
to my Tale,  
And let me have *Any Thing* rather  
than fail.

How silly was I, in the Days of my  
Youth,  
My Follies forgive, since I own them  
with Truth ;  
When Lovers were plenty, I thought,  
to be sure,  
I still might be certain of one in  
a Score :  
But, ah ! as my Charms, so their  
Passions decay'd,  
And greatly I fear I shall die an old  
Maid ;

Ye Virgins now gay in the Spring of  
your Charms,  
Who, vainly coquetting, give many  
Alarms,  
Let Prudence advise and take Place  
of your Pride,  
To one give your Hand and become a  
chaste Bride :  
The Pleasures of *Hymen* partake in  
your Prime,  
And thus, by your Conduct, antici-  
pate Time,  
Lest you all, like poor *Dolly*, grown  
ancient and pale,  
Petition for *Any Thing* rather than fail.

W. C.

SONG CIII.

A BUCKS SONG.

KINGS, Emperors, and *Tanks*,  
boast how mighty they are,  
Whilst Bucks, though but Subjects,  
are happier far ;  
More happy, as gay and as wife :  
If Women, good Humour, Mirth,  
Honour, and Wine,  
Can change Man from mortal and  
make him divine ;  
From these all our Pleasures arise.

Whilst dull drowsy Creatures pass  
Years after Years,  
To Joys like ours, heighten'd, quite  
Strangers their Cares ;  
Their Cares, their Lives daily de-  
stroy :  
We Bucks, as by Nature innate, blythe  
and gay ;  
Kiss, drink, laugh, and sing Care and  
Trouble away ;  
And Life's a compleat Scene of Joy.  
Let those who are guided by musty  
old Rules,  
Who dare us pronounce either Mon-  
sters or Fools,

Of

Of Oppose themselves hence be-  
ware ;  
For Bucks of true Spirits, Mirth,  
Honour, and Sense,  
Can have for Enjoyment as well as  
Defence  
The sweetest Companions, the Fair.

Appeal to the Sex, either Country or  
Town,  
With those we sit up with, or those  
we lay down ;  
For them Bucks, by Choice, are  
the Men :  
By Pleasure peculiar we heighten  
their Joy ;  
Then fly to defend, when we court,  
kiss, and toy ;  
Act the Scene o'er again and again.

Then charge, my Choice Spirits,  
your Bumpers fill high,  
In Chorus your Voices send up thro'  
the Sky ;  
And let th' Immortals to know,  
Tho' Men are but mortal by Nature  
on Earth,  
We Bucks grow divine thro' our  
Virtue and Mirth,  
And excel all Mankind here below.

SONG CIV.

THE INVITATION.

NOW the wintry Rains, are  
o'er,  
Rusting Bluff and stormy Roar ;  
Now the Sun resumes his Ray,  
Rise, my Fair, and come away . . .  
Spring renews her beauteous Birth,  
Rising from the reeking Earth ;  
Birds salute the opening Day,  
Rise, my Fair, and come away . . .  
Turtles cooing, trill the Note,  
Softly through the warbling Throat ;  
Pair'd they sit on ev'ry Spray,  
Rise, my Fair, and come away.

Flora's Bounty decks the Fields,  
Every Beauty *Flora* yields ;  
While each Flow'et seems to say,  
Rise, my Fair, and come away.

Op'ning Pleasure now invites,  
Sheds around its new Delights ;  
All the Village now is gay,  
Rise, my Fair, and come away.

Shepherds wait us on the Plain,  
Ev'ry Nymph has join'd her Swain ;  
Nature too is doubly gay,  
Rise, my Fair, and come away.

Will, my Love, a Chaplet wear,  
Braided Roses for her Hair ;  
While we thro' the Thicket stray,  
Rise, my Fair, and come away.

Thro' the Thicket, thro' the Grove,  
Fears of Pleasure, Fears of Love ;  
Minutes fly by this Delay,  
Rise, my Fair, and come away.

Chuse what Pastime suits thee best,  
Leave this dull, inactive Rest ;  
By the Brook no longer stay,  
Rise, my Fair, and come away.

SONG CV.

THE DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

EVER I lov'd I could frolic and  
play,  
And knew the sweet Charms of  
Repose ;  
To Solitude now I'm a Prey,  
My only Companions are Woes.

If Sleep kindly closes my Eyes,  
Fancy raises the Image of Care :  
I start, overcome by Surprise,  
And wake to my former Despair.

Thus waking or sleeping, my Mind  
Is fated keen Sorrow to feel ;  
Then, *Venus*, Oh ! Goddess be kind,  
And teach me my Anguish to heal.

††† Gentlemen or Ladies, who are possess'd of any Pieces which may  
contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them in-  
serted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal  
Exchange, for the Authors of *The Jeffer's Magazine*.

☞ The Eleventh Number will be publish'd the First of SEPTEMBER.

THE  
**ESTER'S MAGAZINE:**  
 OR, THE  
**MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER.**  
 For *August* 1766.

*being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the Kind or Price.*

Containing (among many other curious Particulars)

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| <p>A Collection of Jest, Bulls, Stories, &amp;c.</p> <p>I. The History of <i>Persia</i>, continu'd.</p> <p>II. The History of <i>Amelia</i>, from Facts.</p> <p>V. <i>Places</i> and <i>Lavinia</i>: Or, Love and Friendship, continu'd.</p> <p>V. <i>Zansi</i> and <i>Mandane</i>. A Chinese Tale.</p> <p>VI. A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebuses, Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &amp;c. &amp;c.</p> <p>VII. Explanation of the Epitaph, in Numb. X.</p> <p>VIII. An Acrostic.</p> <p>IX. On a young Gentleman's arriving at the Age of Twenty-one.</p> <p>X. Much ado about Nothing. A Tale.</p> | <p>XI. On Woman.</p> <p>XII. Fashion, Fortune, and Merit. A Fable.</p> <p>XIII. The Philosopher and Rattle. A Fable.</p> <p>XIV. The Mad Dog. A Fable.</p> <p>XV. A <i>Lapland</i> Ode.</p> <p>XVI. A North-East Prospect of Matrimony.</p> <p>XVII. The Lover's Advice.</p> <p>XVIII. On Content.</p> <p>XIX. The Angler and Philosopher. A Fable.</p> <p>XX. Verses under a Lady's Picture.</p> <p>XXI. The Traveller and the Grasshoppers. A Fable.</p> <p>XXII. Favourite NEW SONGS: Sung at <i>Ranelagh</i>, <i>Vauxhall</i>, <i>Marybone</i>, <i>Sadler's Wells</i>, &amp;c. &amp;c.</p> |
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*Ride si Sapis.*  
 Laugh, if you are Wise.

Numb. XI. To be continu'd Monthly.

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by *S. Bladen*, in *Pater-noster-Row*; *J. Williams*, in *Fleet-Street*; *J. Kingman*, near the *Royal-Exchange*; by most Booksellers; and by the Persons who sell News.

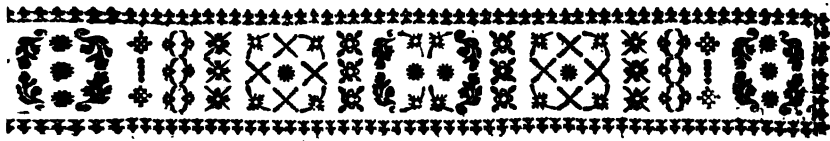
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→ The Letter sign'd W. C — A will be inserted in our next — And  
 so will several others, which were oblig'd to be deferr'd.



THE  
JESTER'S MAGAZINE,  
For August 1766.



*A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

\* \* \* \* \* Gentleman, who was involv'd in a Series of Misfortunes, was one Morning taking a melancholy Walk in St. James's-Park. He was ruminating in his Mind the various Distresses his Marriage with a very worthy young Lady, without the Consent of Parents, had thrown them into, and endeavouring to find some Expedient to extricate themselves out of them, but without Success. At length, in a Fit of Despondency, he sat himself down on a Bench; and, after musing some Time, cry'd out, *Gracious Heaven! what will become of us!* During his Reverie, a tall thin Gentleman, wrapt up in his Scarlet Cloak, unobserv'd by him, had plac'd himself at the other End of the Seat. This Gentleman had, with Concern, remark'd the Disorder of his Mind; and, when he had made the above Exclamation, he turn'd to him, and said with great Tenderness, *If, Sir, the Distress you are in arises from any Unhappiness in your Circumstances, that a*

*Sum of Money can remove, be assur'd of my Assistance. You seem to be a Gentleman; and, I am convinc'd, something sits heavy at your Heart. Be free, and let me know as much of your History as concerns your present Affliction, and be assur'd I will be your Friend.* The kind Manner in which these Words were deliver'd, convinc'd the afflicted Person of the Gentleman's Sincerity, and he therefore readily gave him a succinct Account of his Misfortunes. *I am, indeed,* said he, *a Gentleman by Birth, but my Troubles are greater than I am able to express. Mr. B——, of W——, is my Father. A few Years since I married a young Lady of Birth and Honour, without either of us asking the Consent of our Parents. This unadvised Step drew on us their Displeasure, and they declared they would no longer look upon us as their Children. At the Time of our Marriage, I had a Commission in the Army; and, as I lov'd the dear Creature more than Life, I exhausted what Cash I had by me.*

in procuring her such Things as were suitable to her Birth. Some Time after our Marriage the Regiment was broke, and I was reduc'd to Half-Pay, which render'd me unable to support her. To encrease my Misfortunes, I was bound for One Hundred Pounds for a Person, for whom I had a very great Regard; and he, though he was sensible I was unable to pay his Debt, is gone I know not whither. We are now in Want even of the Necessaries of Life, and I in hourly Expectation of being sent to a Jail, without the least Hopes of our Parents releasing me from it. Believe me, Sir, it is not on my own Account that I am thus distress'd; but the Thoughts that one of the most amiable of her Sex should be plung'd in Want and Misery, thro' her Tenderness to me, makes me the unhappiest Wretch now breathing on the Face of the Earth. The Gentleman heard Mr. B—— with great Attention and Concern; and, when he had ended, he pull'd out his Purse, and said, Take this, Sir, in order to supply any present Occasion; and about this Time, this Day Week, meet me here again. Be so kind, before I leave you, to give me your Name, and the Regiment you belong'd to, as it may be in my Power to do you some Service. The distress'd Mr. B—— left this Gentleman with Looks of the utmost Gratitude, and hastied to acquaint his dear *Louisa* with his good Fortune. At the Time appointed he went to the Park, where he met his generous Benefactor, who complimented him on the happy Alteration he discover'd in his Countenance. He then told Mr. B——, that he had made Enquiry into his Character, and had the Pleasure of hear-

ing it represented in a very advantageous Light; and that he had procur'd him a Captain's Commission, belonging to a Regiment in Ireland: Adding, Here, Sir, is your Commission—And, that you may be able to appear like a Gentleman, and to extricate yourself out of your present Difficulties, favour me with the Acceptance of these, putting Bank-Notes into his Hands to the Value of Three Hundred Pounds. Mr. B—— beheld the Generosity of this Gentleman with Astonishment. He endeavour'd to speak, but wanted Words to express his Gratitude. His kind Benefactor observ'd his Sensibility, rose from the Seat, and was going to leave him: But Mr. B—— caught hold of his Cloak, and begg'd he might know by whom he was deliver'd from the most complicated Afflictions, and restor'd to the Height of human Felicity. The worthy Nobleman, seeing some Persons at a Distance, turn'd round, and said, Sir, we are observ'd. When you get your Commission on the other Side the Water, remember there was such a Man as the D—— of M——.

Two Gentlemen, one named *Chambers*, the other *Garret*, riding by *Tyburn*; says the first, This is a very pretty Tenement, if it had but a *Garret*. You Fool, says *Garret*, don't you know there must be *Chambers* first?

A thousand Actions pass in the World for virtuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different Principle. A Gentleman released *Arsennus* out of Prison, and paid his Debts; this every one applauded as an Act of the highest and most disinterested Generosity. They little knew that he kept *Arsennus's* Sister.

A Gen-

A Gentleman living in *Jamaica* long ago, had a Wife not of the most agreeable Humour in the World; however, as an indulgent Husband, he had bought her a new Pad, which soon after gave her Fall that broke her Neck. Another Gentleman in the same Neighbourhood, blessed likewise with a charming Spouse, ask'd the Widow if she would sell his Wife's Pad, for he had a great Fancy for it, and he would give him what he would have for it. No, said the other, *I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure that I shan't marry again.*

Mons. *Du Vall*, who had been a French Footman, and was much admir'd by the Ladies, but had now turn'd Highwayman, in Company with four others of the same Profession, overtook a Coach on *Turnham Green*, which they had set over Night, having Intelligence that there was a Booty of Four Hundred Pounds in it. In the Coach was a Knight, his Lady, and only one Maid Servant, who perceiving five Horsemen making up to them, presently imagined they were beset; and they were confirmed in their Opinion, by seeing them whisper to one another, and riding backwards and forwards. But as there was no Way of escaping, the Lady, to shew she was not afraid, and to insinuate that she had nothing to lose, takes a Flagelet out of her Pocket and plays. *Du Vall*, who amongst his Accomplishments of Dancing, Singing, &c. delighted in that Instrument, takes the Hint, and tuning his own Flagelet excellently well, approaches the Side of the Coach in that Posture; and addressing himself to the Knight, Sir, said he, *your Lady plays charmingly; and, I doubt not, but that she dances as*

*well: Will you please to walk out of the Coach, and let me have the Honour to dance one Minuet with her on the Green?* The Knight reply'd, *I dare not deny any Thing to one of your Quality and Good-nature. You seem a Gentleman, and your Request is very reasonable:* And then order'd the Footman to open the Door. *Du Vall* leaped lightly off his Horse, and hands the Lady out of the Coach. They danced; and, tho' in his Boots and Riding-Dress, *Du Vall* performed Wonders, both in Footing and Singing. And when the Dancing was over, he handed the Lady into the Coach again; but stopped the Knight as he followed his Lady, telling him, He had forgot to pay the Music. *No, I have not,* replies the Knight; and, putting his Hand under the Seat of the Coach, pulls out an Hundred Pounds Bag, and delivers it to him. *Du Vall* took it with a good Grace, and courteously answered; *Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no Cause to repent your being so. This Liberality of your's shall excuse you the other Three Hundred Pounds:* And then civilly took his Leave.

A Gentleman having Occasion for a Smock for his Mistress, and but little Money to buy one withal, applied to a Pawnbroker, and ask'd him if he had ever a Smock to sell; who told him he had no Smocks, but several Shifts. Being ask'd the Difference, the Pawnbroker told him, *That they were Smocks before they came to him, but when brought to him they were Shifts:* Which the Gentleman admitted, but said, *They were wretched bad Shifts.*

An English Gentleman, travelling to France, had made Choice of —

Abbot as wicked as himself, for the Companion of his Pleasures. One of his Countrymen told him, *That tho' the Abbot and he differ'd about the Way to Heaven, they were in a fair Way of going to the Devil together.*

A Gentleman, in King Charles the Second's Time, who had paid a tedious Attendance at Court for a Place, and had a Thousand Promises, at length resolv'd to see the King himself; so getting himself introduced, he told His Majesty what Pretensions he had to his Favour, and boldly asked him for the Place just then vacant. The King hearing his Story, told him he had just given the Place away: Upon which the Gentleman made a very low Obeisance to the King, and thank'd him extremely; which he repeated often. The King, observing how over-thankful he was, called him again, and ask'd the Reason, why he gave him such extraordinary Thanks, when he had denied his Suit: *The rather, an't please your Majesty,* replied the Gentleman; *your Courtiers have kept me waiting here these two Years, and gave me a Thousand Put-offs; but your Majesty has sav'd me all that Trouble, and generously given me my Answer at once.* Odds-fish, *Man,* says the King, *thou shalt have the Place for thy downright Honesty.*

Count Gondemar, the Spanish Ambassador here, in Queen Elizabeth's Time, sent a Compliment to the Lord St. Alban's, whom he lived in no good Terms with, wishing him a merry Easter. My Lord return'd his Thanks by the Messenger, and said he could not requite the Count better, than by wishing him a good *Pass-over.*

A Captain, coming to visit a very mad Knight his Countryman, the Knight instantly, before many other Gentlemen, began to enter into the Commendations of the Captain; telling what rare and wonderful Exploits he had done at the Siege of St. Quintin's. *Truly,* said the Captain, *it was not strange; for, as I remember, the Armour I wore that Day, was as thick as between White-Hall and St. Quintin's.* *Why, were you not there?* said the Knight. *No, truly,* said the Captain. *Why, it is no Matter,* said the Knight, *for I know, if you had been there, you would have done as much as I have reported.*

A Scholar, declaiming in a College-Hall, having a bad Memory, was at a Stand; and, in a low Voice, desired one who stood close by him to help him out. *No,* says the other, *mr-thinks you are out enough already.*

A Gentleman who lov'd his Ease, said he readily believ'd it to be true, what he had heard of Persons who have lain so long in Prison, that they have at length become enamoured of Confinement, and have refused to go out of it, tho' the Key has been turned to let them out by the Mercy of their Creditors. *It is parallel to my own Case,* said he; *for tho' I have heretofore been always used to scamper about the Country, I have at present so little of the Loco-motive Temper in me, that I envy Quin's Ease; who, being call'd in the Morning by his Servant, and, upon Enquiry, told by him it was likely to rain the whole Day, turn'd about upon his Pillow, and said — "Call me "To-morrow."*

*! Series of LETTERS from a Gentleman in Syria  
to his Sister in London.*

LETTER VII.

*The History of Persia, continu'd.*

*Dear Sister,*

Brought you down in my last to the Death of *Alexander*, and the termination of the *Persian* Monarchy : Now I am to inform you, that the major Part of *Asia*, in which *Persia* is particularly included, after various Contests, fell to the Share of *Seleucus Nicanor* \* ; but in the Reign of *Seleucus Gallinicus*, the *Parthians* revolted. His Brother *Tierax* also, together with the *Gauls*, gave him much Trouble, yet nothing touch'd him so near as the Detection of the former, who rent the Kingdom of *Persia* from the *Seleucidian* Race of Kings, and gave Rise to the *Arfacide*, from *Arfaces* the First of them, who was succeeded by *Arfaces* the Second. The next King of *Persia* was *Pampacius*, nam'd also *Arfaces*, who was succeeded by *Mitbridates* : To whom succeeded *Phraartes*, *Artabanus*, and *Mitbridates* the Second, who was depos'd by his Brother *Orodes*, King of *Parthia* ; and, flying for Shelter to *Babylon*, *Orodes* besieg'd it, forcing the People to surrender, and then commanded *Mitbridates* to be kill'd before his Face. *Orodes* was afterwards courted into an Alliance with *Mitbridates*, King of *Pontus*, and *Tigranes*, King of *Armenia*, to oppose the *Romans* under *Lucullus*. This he at first

refus'd, and engag'd in a War against *Tigranes*, in which he took him Prisoner ; but, finding the Power of the *Romans* greatly increase, he at length came to a good Understanding with *Tigranes*, and march'd against the *Romans*. *Crassus* was the *Roman* General ; who, going directly against *Surena*, the *Persian* General, was either out-witted, under Pretence of a Treaty, kill'd by his Enemies, or by his own Soldiers ; which gave the *Persians* such Advantages, that they kill'd twenty Thousand *Romans*, and took ten Thousand Prisoners. Hereupon *Orodes* engag'd in a new War against the *Romans*, and subdued all *Syria*, except *Tyre*, with *Palestine*, *Cilicia*, and almost all the Cities of *Asia*, on the Continent ; but at length was routed by *Ventidius*, who kill'd his Son *Pacorus*. I shall not trouble you with several succeeding Reigns, but come down to that of *Vologeses*, who enter'd into Friendship with *Vespasian* ; by which Means, Peace continu'd between the *Persians* and *Romans*, during the Reigns of *Titus*, *Domitian*, and *Nerva*. In the Time of *Trajan*, a new War broke out ; he, in Person, subdued *Armenia*, and other Parts of the East. A War also was renewed between these two Powers, in the Reign of *Septimius Severus*, in which the *Persians* were twice defeated. Some Time after *Ar-*

3 F 2

*taxerxes*

\* From the taking of *Babylon* by this Prince, the famous *Æra* of the *Seleucide* began ; and was made use of all over the East, by *Heathens*, *Jews*, *Christians* and *Mahometans*.

*Artaxerxes*, a famous *Persian*, but of mean Birth, though of great Bravery and Conduct, revolted from *Artabanus*, beat him in many Battles, and at last kill'd him, recovering thereby almost all the Kingdom of *Persia*, pretended to restore the Grandeur of its ancient Empire, and accordingly began to invade *Syria* and *Mesopotamia*. The Noise of his continu'd Success, at length reach'd the Ears of *Alexander Severus*; who, on that Occasion, rais'd a prodigious Army of Foot, with one Hundred Thousand Horse, seven Hundred Elephants, and eighteen Thousand Chariots, arm'd with Scythes, and marched against him. A bloody Battle ensued, which lasted a whole Day; but, towards Night, *Alexander* obtain'd one of the greatest Victories ever known, and *Artaxerxes* narrowly escap'd \*. Hereupon the Emperor, without much Resistance, recover'd all those Countries which *Artaxerxes* had taken from the *Romans*, and took the Cities of *Etesphion* and *Babylon*. Some Time after this, *Julian*, the Apostate, declared War against *Persia*; and, after a terrible Slaughter, a Cessation of Arms was agreed on for three Days, to bury their Dead. The *Roman* Army march'd on, of which the *Persians*, taking Advantage, attack'd them in Front and Rear, and then retir'd. Here *Julian* was mortally wounded. The *Persians* observing their Motions, harra's'd them continually, and oblig'd them to sue for Peace; which was accordingly accepted, and prov'd very serviceable to the *Persians*. *Sapor* was succeeded by

*Artaxerxes*; but I shall pass on to *Isdigerdes*, because in his Reign, the Peace made between the *Persians* and *Romans*, greatly contributed towards the Propagation of the Christian Faith in *Persia*: Tho' *Varanes*, his Son and Successor, persecuted the Christians throughout all his Dominions, of whom great Numbers fled to *Constantinople*. *Varanes* demanded them back; but *Theodosius*, at that Time Emperor of *Rome*, pitying the Condition of these miserable Objects, declared War against him, and made *Ardabarius* his General; who defeated *Narses*, the *Persian* General, kill'd a great Number of his Men, and oblig'd him to make off. *Narses*, willing to regain his Reputation, invaded the *Roman* Frontiers on the Side of *Mesopotamia* where little Defence was made; but, by the Vigilance of *Ardabarius*, his Intention was frustrated; for he besieg'd him in *Nisibis*, then in Possession of the *Persians*. *Varanes*, by this Time, being inform'd of the Defeat of his General, and of the Danger his Army was in, hasten'd to their Relief, prevailing with *Almandurus*, Prince of the *Saracens*, to join him: But a Dissension arising among the *Saracens*, they were struck with a panic Fear, at the Approach of the *Romans*, and jump'd into the *Euphrates*, wherein One Hundred Thousand Men perished. *Varanes*, not altogether discourag'd at this Misfortune, went with a great Number of Elephants to relieve the Town; whereupon the *Romans* rais'd the Siege, tho' in several Engagements which follow'd

\* Historians relate, that in this Battle the *Persians* had an incredible Number of Foot, ten Thousand Horse, and two Hundred Elephants kill'd, and three Hundred taken; besides a vast Number of Prisoners of all Quailities, and an immense Treasure.

ow'd they had the better of the *Persians*, and weaken'd them very much. On this Account a Peace was concluded; whereby it was agreed, that the Persecution which had been rais'd against the Christians should be stopp'd, and they be restor'd to their Estates and Privileges. *Peroses*, King of *Persia*, by continual Invasions, harras'd the *Romans* so much, that they found Work enough to manage him; and were so far from having any Thoughts of attacking the *Persians*, as to suffer them to exercise their former Cruelty in *Mesopotamia* and *Armenia*. To *Peroses*, succeeded his Son *Cabades*, who engag'd in a War with the *Romans*. *Justin*, then Emperor, sent the fam'd *Belisarius* against the *Persians*, who had form'd a Design to enter *Syria*; and attack *Antioch*; but, by the Vigilance of *Cabades*, they were prevented from pillaging that beautiful City, and were meditating a Retreat, when the *Roman* Soldiers; contrary to the Opinion of their Generals, and eager to fight, made the *Persians* Face about, and a Battle ensued; in which the most resolute of the *Persians* attack'd the

Right-Wing of the Enemy, where *Aretbus* commanded some mercenary *Saracens*, who fled at the first Onset. Hereupon the *Roman* Horse quitted the Field; but notwithstanding this, the *Persians* were not able to break in upon *Belisarius*, and those few he had with him, who all at Night return'd to the Camp.

The Porport of this Letter, my Dear, may induce you to contemplate the strange Vicissitudes of Fortune, in beholding all the vast Conquests of the great, fortunate, and vain-glorious *Alexander*, divided, subdivided, and alienated: But, above all, I would have you remark herein, the uncommon Difference of Opinion between Father and Son, in *Isdigerdes*, and *Varanes* his Successor; the former favouring the Propagation of the Gospel, in his Kingdom of *Persia*; and the latter raising a bloody Persecution against the Christians there, which happen'd in the Year of our Lord four Hundred and Twenty.

I am,

Your affectionate Brother, &c.

(To be continu'd.)



To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,  
Please to insert the enclos'd in your entertaining *Miscellany*, and you will greatly oblige

Your most humble Servant,

E. H.

*The History of AMELIA, from FACTS.*

ON the Banks of the *Severn*, in England, was the Seat of Mr. *Wellmore*, a Gentleman who once made Part of the County of *Gloucester*, a very great Figure in the fashionable World. On the Death of the most

amia



amiable of Women (his Spouse) he chose to retire (in the Prime of Life) to the Country with his Daughter, Miss *Amelia*, about twelve Years of Age; from whose blooming Qualities, both of Person and Mind, he promis'd himself the sincerest Happiness that the most sanguine Wishes could expect in this World. To say the Truth, she was a young Lady in whom every Virtue and every Beauty seem'd ripening to Perfection. She was, as I said before, about Twelve; her Person rather inclining to be tall; her blue sparkling Eyes could be equalled by none; and her Eyebrows (which no Pencil can reach) set them off to the greatest Advantage. Her Cheeks were beautifully blended with White and Red, and her fine Brown Hair made her whole Face look inexpressibly handsome. Her well-turn'd Limbs, as well as her whole Person, was faultless; and, it might truly be said, *She was a Beauty*.

Neither was her greatest Accomplishments in her Person. She possess'd the most amiable of Tempers. An innocent Vivacity, mix'd with the softest Languishment, render'd her agreeable to every one. A Judgment she had far surpassing her Age; and seem'd not at all delighted, but rather contemned, those Baubles which Ladies of her Age are too frequently drawn away by.

Her Father, who quite doated on her, would trust no one any longer with her Education, but seem'd resolved to spare himself no Pains in inculcating in her Mind the Precepts of Morality and Religion, as well as the more politer Branches, both of which he was the most compleat Master of.

As soon as he arrived at his Mansion, attended only by one Servant

and his amiable Daughter, he enquired for Mr. *Burton*, his Steward; to whom he gave Orders for their Accommodations, whilst *Amelia* and himself took a Walk into the Garden, which came down quite to the River's Side. Two Benches were situated at each End of a beautiful smooth Grass-plat, under two spreading Elm Trees, on one of these he set himself down. "My dear *Amelia*" said he, sighing, "when sitting in this agreeable Shade, I recal to my Mind the most pleasing Passages of my past Life. Seated on this Bench, how oft has my charming *Isabella* set whole Hours with me, to remark this beautiful Prospect! Hill climbing over Hill, crowned with their silver Flocks, attended by their harmless Shepherds, and every various View seeming to contend with each other which should most delight and surprize the Sight! Here has she often said, *Happiness may dwell, if any where on Earth she has her Seat. Oh! may Heaven indulgent grant I may never leave this Spot!* But Heaven heard not her Prayer.—She was taken with an Illness, which no one could account for; and I was advised by every one to have her to *London*, for farther Advice, after having retir'd to this peaceful Retreat not passing a Year. In Consequence of her Advice, I perswaded her to agree to her Removal; but she'd oftentimes say, *Let me die in Peace! no Help will ever be found for me. I know I am past Recovery, then what avails this fruitless Journey?* However, we set out, and arrived safe in Town; and, I thought, she seem'd better, as did the

the Doctors that attended her. Heaven knows whether they flatter'd me, or not; but, after being there about a Fortnight, one fatal Day she was took suddenly ill, while I was absent on some little Affairs which I had to settle. My Servants knew where to send to me, and I flew to her Chamber; when what inexpressible Anguish did I feel, at seeing her in the Pangs of Death! She lifted her dying Eyes on me; and, in faltering Accents, begg'd me to alleviate my Grief, and turn from her that Regard, which was now only due to her dear *Amelia*. She scarce could speak the Name, before she sunk expiring in my Arms; and, after some few Struggles, left me, to experience more permanent Joys than those we had ever known.

"I immediately determined to return to the Country, and to shut myself from all the World, to get rid of an uneasy Life as soon as possible. But when the first Transports of my Grief were over, my Reason return'd, and I directly sent for you from School. We are now retir'd from the Noise of the World; and, I doubt not, but I shall make myself easy the Remainder of Life, in instructing you in those Precepts which your dear Mother promis'd herself so much Pleasure in."

"Oh! my dear Papa," reply'd *Amelia*, "I shall desire no other Pleasure here, than in obeying any Commands you may please to lay on me; and, I hope, I shall cease to live, when I receive them with any Reluctance. My dear Mamma early instructed me in the Obedience I owe to you; and, at the same Time that I grieve for

"her Loss, I think I have great Reason to be thankful for my being left under the Care of so tender a Father."

"Your Replies give me much Satisfaction, my dear Girl," said Mr. *Wellmore*; "and I doubt not but they proceed from your Heart. To be sure I cannot promise you much Acquaintance in this Place, for there is none that I know but the Minister of the Parish, who is a very worthy Man. As to the Gentry hereabout, I hear they are in general not very polite, but your Cousin *Avenia* has promis'd to visit us sometimes, which I know will be a great Pleasure to you."

"I shall be very happy in her Company to be sure," reply'd *Amelia*; "but I like my Situation so well, that if I was to see no other Company than my dear Papa, I should be very well contented. Here is Mr. *Burton* coming this Way, and I suppose the Tea is ready. We will then, if you please, go in and refresh ourselves a little; and indeed, Papa, I hope you will put off that melancholy Look, for it makes me unhappy to see you so."

Mr. *Wellmore* made no Reply, but followed her into the House, where they indulged themselves in the Prospect they seem'd to have of the most uninterrupted Content, if not Felicity; but, alas! what on Earth is permanent, as Dr. *Young* finely says:

*O! how portentous is Prosperity!  
How, Comet-like, it threatens, while  
it shines!*

*Few Years but yield us Proof of  
Death's Ambition,*

To cut his Victims from the fairest  
Fold,  
And dash his Shafts in all the  
Pride of Life.

Mr. *Wellmore* was drinking his second Dish of Tea, when the Cup dropp'd from his Hand, and he would have sunk to the Ground, had it not been for his Servant, who stood near and supported him. *Amelia* shriek'd out, and fell lifeless at her expiring Father's Feet. She was convey'd away directly to her Chamber, and a Surgeon sent for, who found Mr. *Wellmore* quite dead, nor could he get one Drop of Blood from him. Mr. *Wellmore*, in his Youth, had undergone some slight Touches of the Apoplexy; and which probably his Excess of Grief, on the Loss of his Wife, brought on again in such a violent Manner as to deprive him of his Life.

Mr. *Judson*, the Clergyman of the Parish, was directly sent for by Mr. *Burton*, who advised him to let Mr. *Wellmore*'s Friends know of his Death as soon as possible, that they might act as they thought proper; and, in the mean time, to take the utmost Care of *Amelia*, who was in a high Fever. The Doctor who attended her even despair'd of her Life, for her tender Frame had receiv'd too great a Shock to be easily got over.

Mr. *Burton* was preparing to write to her Friends, when *Avenia* alighted from her Chariot at the Door, who was equally affected with Grief and Surprise at the Relation of the unhappy Catastrophe. She attended with Mr. *Judson*, and Mr. *Burton* thought it necessary to search if they could not find a Will. At last they found a Packet sealed up, on which was wrote that it was the Will of Mr.

*Wellmore*, &c. and to be only open'd in the Presence of *Avenia* and Mr. *Dalver* (a particular Friend of Mr. *Wellmore*'s, living in *Warwickshire*) who was immediately sent for, and the Circumstances related to him in the Letter.

In about a Week's Time he arrived, and consoled with *Avenia* and *Amelia*, on the Death of so near a Relation and so good a Friend; the latter of whom was beginning to recover, for the Goodness of her Constitution had got the better of her Disease, but the most settled Melancholy seemed fixing in her Countenance.

In opening the Will, it appeared that Mr. *Dalver* and *Avenia* were left Executors and Guardians to *Amelia*; to them, and to the Servants, were left some Legacies, and the Rest of his Fortune, about Three Thousand Pounds a Year, to *Amelia*: And a Condition, that if she married before she was of Age, contrary to the Consent of one or both of her Guardians, the whole Estate to be divided between them.

Mr. *Dalver*, after having settled some Affairs relative to the Estate, proposed to Miss *Wellmore* and *Avenia*, to accompany him to his Seat, as soon as the former was able to bear the Journey. *Avenia* had no Objection, and *Amelia* seem'd to have none. She said, with a Sigh, attended with the starting Tear, "It is of little Consequence to me what Part of this World I live in, since all Parts are alike calamitous. London deprived me of the tenderest of Mothers, and this fatal Place of the best of Fathers."—She had gone on farther, had not Mr. *Dalver* interrupted her: "My dear Child," said he, "the Calamities of this World are  
" Mel-

“ Messages sent from Heaven, to draw our Thoughts from its delusive Pleasures; to fix them on Scenes more lasting, and ought to be taken as great Favours by us. When we possess any great Joy or Happiness here, we ought to tremble, and take Heed lest we fall.”  
 “ Your Words are very just,” said *Avenia*; “ and I hope to see my dear *Amelia* resume her usual Gaiety of Temper. I’m sure ’t will be a very great Satisfaction to me to see it.”

*Amelia* made no Reply, but seem’d to consider what she had heard; and, as she seem’d fatigued, they advised her to take a little Repose, which she complied with. In about a Fortnight’s Time she was able to walk out of the House, and seem’d willing to enter once more into Society.

Mr. *Dalver* made a Proposal of sailing up the River in a Vessel, which Mr. *Willmore*, in his Lifetime, had taken great Delight in; which was agreed to, and they set out in the Morning, resolving to go up as far as *Gloucester*, if possible; tho’ not to hurry themselves, but to take any Pleasure that should offer itself on the Banks of the River, as the Prospect, in most Parts of it, is extremely delightful.

The opposite Side seem’d possess’d by Nature, in all her luxuriant Beauty. Apples, shining like Gold, in the Hedges. The Hills, many of whose Tops were hid in the Clouds, afforded a very pleasing Sight. The many Groves surrounding them, and deep Caverns in various Parts of them. The dreadful Precipices that appeared, and at once shocked and pleased the Sight; and the fertile Country beneath them, quite delighted the whole Company, and

*Amelia* seem’d to have forgot her Grief, to contemplate the beautiful Prospect. “ What hinders,” says *Amelia*, “ our landing in this beautiful Place?” “ Nothing, Miss,” said Mr. *Dalver*; “ we’ll land there directly.”

They accordingly made for Shore, and the Place where they landed was a fine green Lawn, kept so by the Deer who frequented it; and all round was a fine Grove of Chestnuts, intermingled with other Trees and Shrubs. The Company seated themselves on the Grass to partake of the Pleasure of the Shade, and some Food they had brought with them, and indulged themselves in the most pleasing Contemplations. “ For my Part,” said Mr. *Dalver*, “ I should esteem one Day spent in this Manner exceeding a Hundred common Ones.” “ Indeed,” said *Avenia*, “ I think nothing can be more pleasing than this Solitude,” and I should be very glad to spend the Remainder of the Day here.” “ I have no Objection,” said *Amelia*: “ I should be very happy to spend my whole Life here.”  
 Mr. *Dalver* was going to reply, when they heard a very clear and sweet Voice pronounce the following Words:

“ Here let me fix my ev’ry Choice,  
 “ Nor e’er beyond it rove;  
 “ In Liberty and Peace rejoice,  
 “ And never think of Love.  
 “ Sober Silence here attend me!  
 “ Contemplation’s golden Train!  
 “ Health, O! cease not to befriend  
 “ me!  
 “ Other Joys on Earth are vain.”

They were all struck with Admiration, when, thro’ the thickest of the Trees, they beheld a little square Plat, which was set with the

most beautiful of Flowers and Greens, and in the Middle of it was an ancient Oak. This Tree was so hollow with Age, that it contained a Seat big enough for two Persons to sit on it, whilst Jessamine and Woodbines, intermingled with Mistletoe and Ivy, created the most beautiful and solemn Sight as could be possibly imagined. On the Bench was seated a Youth, dress'd in a light blue Vest lined with White, and a crimson Waistcoat. His Hair hung in Ringlets on each Side of his Face in a careless Manner. His Features were all manly and well turned, and a pleasing Cheerfulness darted from his

azure Eyes, when he cast them on the Prospect around, whilst he repeated the following Lines from the divine MILTON :

*These are thy glorious Works,  
Parent of Good!*

*Almighty! thine this universal  
Frame,*

*Thus wondrous fair! thyself  
how wondrous then!*

*Unspeakable! who sitt above  
these Heav'ns,*

*To us invisible, or dimly seen*

*In these thy lowest Works: Tet  
these declare*

*Thy Goodness beyond Thoughts,  
and Pow'r divine.*

(To be continu'd.)

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## PLACEO and LAVINIA: Or, Love and Friendship, continu'd.

ONE Day, as he was going thro' some of the Streets in the Town, after he had pass'd three tedious Months in Slavery and Chains, he saw a Number of Captives returning Home from their Labours. Among these unfortunate Wretches, one of a noble Mien approach'd him. "My dear Placeo," said the Slave, "how happy should I be to see you in any other Place, and "blest'd with Liberty!"

Placeo soon recollected that the unfortunate Slave was his dear Friend *Ferdinand*, who was thought to be cast away. He embrac'd him with great Tenderness, and express'd his Concern at seeing him in Chains.

*Ferdinand* parted with his Friend with great Reluctance, being oblig'd to go Home with his Companions in Slavery: But, before he left him, appointed a Time and Place where

he might converse with him in private.

Placeo had prevail'd on the Servant who us'd to attend him, to go with him early next Morning to the back Part of the Garden belonging to his Friend's Master, where they found *Ferdinand* ready to receive them. The Servant very kindly kept at a Distance, and these worthy Friends had a very affectionate Meeting.

Placeo inform'd his Friend of the most material Occurrences which had befall him since he left *Venice*; and *Ferdinand*, in Return, gave a brief Account of his Adventures. He then told Placeo, that some Time after his Arrival in *Tunis*, he had the good Fortune to meet with a Friend there, who was returning to *Venice*; and that he had promis'd to remit his Ransom, the Arrival

of

of which he expected every Day, as it was several Months since his Friend had left that City.

*Placcio* rejoic'd at *Ferdinand's* good Fortune, and desir'd when he arriv'd at *Venice*, he would acquaint his Friends with his Situation. He also told him what Ransom his Master demanded for him, and requested it might be sent the first Opportunity: Adding, "My dear *Ferdinand*, let me entreat you, by the sacred Ties of our Friendship, to give me a particular Account of my Parents, and all Friends in *Venice*; but especially of my beloved *Lavinia*, whom I esteem more than Life, and with whom I expected, long ere this, to have been united in the sweet Bands of *Hymen*."

The Signal being given for *Ferdinand* to repair to his Labour, he had but just Time to assure his Friend he would do every Thing that lay in his Power to serve him; after which they embrac'd, and parted.

*Placcio* took the Behaviour of the Servant, in letting him converse in private with his Friend, extremely kind, and he was determin'd to reward him. As they return'd Home, he told him he expected, in a short Time, to hear from his Friends, and that they would send his Ransom as soon as possible. He assur'd him, at the same Time, that he would make him a handsome Present, as soon as he had receiv'd the Remittances he had order'd.

When they were return'd Home, he thank'd the Servant for his kind Indulgence, and retir'd to his Chamber. An unusual Melancholy soon seiz'd him, which he was unable to account for, tho' he strove all in his Power to be cheerful. This caus'd him to fear some extraordinary Event, and his Apprehensions were not entirely groundless; for, in the Evening, he was order'd to be remov'd from his Chamber to a Dungeon, without any Cause being assign'd for so doing.

(To be continu'd.)

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To the Authors of *The Fester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,  
The following TALE is an Original. By giving it a Place in your entertaining Magazine, you will greatly oblige many of your Readers, and particularly

Your humble Servant,

CHIO TANG.

## ZANTI and MANDANE, A CHINESE TALE.

IN the City of *Canton* lived one *Zanti*, a noble *Chinese*, now arriv'd at about the Age of Twenty-two, yet Master of an independent, and very large Fortune. He had

received an Education suitable to his Quality, which greatly enlarged a Mind, by Nature capable of the Arts and Sciences; but Philosophy was what he was most fond of. He

was particularly well acquainted with the Works of the GREAT CONVICTIOUS, the Chinese Law-Giver; by him he form'd his Conduct in Life. No little Flights of Wit pleased him. No! the Love of his Country, the Good of Mankind, a due Sense of Religion, without being biggotted to external Forms of Worship, that captivate the Sight only, were his Study; the Volume of Nature was open to his Eyes. Often would he cry out, "How bounteous is our great Creator to us! what innumerable Blessings has he given! a Form noble, and enlighten'd by Reason; an Eye to see good Things; an Ear for Harmony; a Nostril for Smelling; Organs of Speech, to communicate our Thoughts to each other. How evidently superior to the Brute Creation! And to satisfy these Faculties, the Trees, are loaden with Fruit for the Palate; the Flowers of the Mead perfume the Breeze; the feather'd Race delight with their Songs; and every Prospect round delights the Eye; the enamell'd Mead, the purling River, the glorious Sun, and all the variegated Colours of the etherial Canopy, What can be more delightful than to study these, and hail, with Reverence, their great Creator?"

Reflecting in this Manner one Day, as he stray'd round the neighbouring Villages, he heard a Voice most enchantingly sweet; and, casting his Eyes round, he saw the loveliest Fair that ever Eyes beheld. Till now, his Mind had been merely speculatively engag'd with the Objects of Nature; but here a stronger Impulse declared he felt something he never felt before. 'Twas Love! yet with such Reverence he ap-

proach'd *Mandane* (for that was her Name) as tho' she had been some Power superior to Mortality. He gaz'd some Time with the greatest Astonishment; at length his Words found Utterance:

"Sweet Form," he cry'd, "whose Charms appear divine! Oh! ease my Mind; tell me if thou art some Genii, or of mortal Mould, that I may hail the golden locky Minute that brought me to this Place."

The Fair reply'd, "Most noble Youth (for such Appearance speaks ye) mortal I am indeed, yet great my Birth; *Daughter of him* they stile the TARTAN KING, tho' now the most unhappy of my Sex. The Battles, late between *China* and *Tartary*, you surely know; when many a Parent lost his dearest Child; when many a Child his aged Parent lost, convey'd by that stern Angel *Death*, to that Abode whence none return!

"My Brother was my Father's chief Commander; a Youth, whose Courage, alas! was fatal to him. An Arrow, by a *Chinese* Archer shot, went thro' his Heart. He fell, but fell with Glory! fighting for his Father, and his Country. I, hapless Virgin! anxious for my Brother, stray'd too near the Field of Battle, and sunk, alas! into a Captive, where I learn'd my Brother's Fate. But this was not the worst of all my Woes; the General, whose Prize I was, with lascivious Eyes beheld me; sued me with Words of Blandishment and Love; Words that had no Effect upon my Heart, while I was distant from my Friends and Home.

"In this Situation, what could I do? I soothed him with Hope; and

and begg'd for some Time, 'till my Sorrows were a little abated. This was granted for a Time; but, alas! his brutal Passion became so predominant, his Desires so impatient, that nothing, but possessing me, could satisfy him. My Situation was now worse than before. I dissembled, however, as well as I could, and desired only one Night more; which, with much Intreaty, was granted. I was permitted to retire to my Chamber, where I gave myself up to such immoderate Grief, that Despair, the common Attendant on Distress, pointed at Suicide, as the only Recourse left. A Poinard, which I bore conceal'd about me, return'd to my Mind, and I was just going to plunge it to my Heart, when methought I heard a Voice I knew, call to me thus (my Brother's, it seem'd) Rash *Mandane!* stop thy presumptuous Arm, nor dare to take the Business of the Almighty from his Hand. Have you forgot the Precepts of the GREAT CONFUCIOUS I who advises, to trust in the Great Giver of Life. He can lead you from out of the Valley of Darkness, to the cheerful Face of Day! Perhaps e'en now thy watchful Genii, sent by his Command, attends thy Person. Strive then, by other Means, to shun the Danger, nor doubt his Help and Favour. Struck with the same, my Hand let fall the Dagger. I paus'd awhile, when this Expedient presented itself. The Window of my Apartment look'd into a close Part of the Garden, the End of which join'd to a Wood. With much Difficulty I descended from the Win-

dow, and, with trembling Haste, got thro' the Garden, and gain'd the Wood; where, in the thickest Part, I pass'd two whole Days, and lived on what wild Fruits Nature had sent a Commoner among the feather'd Race: At length, alarmed by a Serpent of prodigious Size, I fled to the open Meadow, where now you found me."

*Zanti*, who heard her Tale with great Emotions, at length reply'd; Fair Excellence! whose Virtue Heaven will sure protect, if you will trust your Beauties and your Virtues to my Care, you shall be treated with the utmost Tenderness; and, tho' thy Charms have kindled a lasting Flame within my Breast, yet, fair *Mandane*, I'll ne'er solicit you for any Favour, 'till I have restor'd you to your Friends and Home: Then, if you find that *Zanti's* worthy of you, my future Life shall be spent to serve you."

The Fair, with dissembled Reluctance. (for she lov'd him too) comply'd. Thro' secret Paths he took her to his House. Some Time he kept her close conceal'd; then took an Opportunity to convey her Home, made her happy with her Friends, and received a just Reward. The fair *Mandane* was his own, and all their Days were crown'd with Love and Virtue.

The Moral of this little Tale implies, that Perseverance, under Misfortunes, will generally get over every Difficulty: And that true Love and Honour, will certainly be crown'd with Success; while unwarrantable Force and Lust, will as certainly be disappointed.



*A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks,  
Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.*

**SOLUTIONS to the CONUN-  
DRUMS**

*In Number X.*

91. **B**ECAUSE she dresses well.  
92. **B**ecause it is posted.  
93. Because they feather their Nests.  
94. Because it has Knives in it.  
95. Because it is full of Leaves.  
96. Because they both make you to drink.  
97. Because he is a Guide to our Ways.  
98. Because it runs.  
99. Because he is rocky.  
100. Because it is Cur-led.

**SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES**

*In Number X.*

19. Nothing. 20. Fire.

**SOLUTIONS to the REBUSES**

*In Number X.*

21. Mrs Hazenott. 22. Miss Nickell.

**ANSWER to the FIRST REBUSS**

*In Number IX.*

*Address'd to the Proposer.*

**F**ROM the Hint, Sir, you gave  
I might venture to say,  
*Feverham* is the Town, that's the  
Theme of your Lay.

*Oakford.*

*J. Branscombe.*

**ANSWER to the FIRST REBUSS**

*In Number IX.*

**W**HEN a Person's not well,  
And the Disorder is hot;  
That, if rightly I tell,  
The Fever they have got:  
And an Object not true,  
Is called a Sham;  
Then to your own View,  
The Town's *Feverham*.

R. B.

**CONUNDRUMS.**

101. **W**H Y is a Cherry like a Book?  
102. Why is a Man going to a Play like a Sailor?  
103. Why is a Tennis-Court like a House full of Scholars?  
104. Why is a bred Horse like an old Man?  
105. Why is going to a Play like last Week?  
106. Why is an Organ like the New-River-Head?  
107. Why is a Saddle like a Mule?  
108. Why is Money like a Whip?  
109. Why is a Pickpocket like a Candle?  
110. Why is a boasting Fellow like a Coach Whip?

[\* \* The Solutions in our next]

**RIDDLES.**

21. **T**H'Original of my Race began  
Before the Earth e'er knew  
a Man:

I'm sometimes white, tho' gen'rally  
black;

In different Shapes they do me make:  
Sometimes with Feather strut about;  
With some I scarce am seen without,  
I sometimes from the woolly Breed,  
In coarser Honours do proceed;  
For Honours still to me are shown,  
And scarce a Man but does me own.  
My Parent is for Wisdom fam'd,  
And from her I am often nam'd.  
My Body it is lac'd about,  
And sometimes fine within—without.  
In Silk, Gold, Silver, oft I've been,  
And ever at the Church am seen;  
Religion much I seem to show,  
For ent'ring still I make my Bow.  
I take my Place, and say my Pray'r—  
As well as many that are there;  
And mind the Sermon full as well—  
As ogling Beau, or simp'ring Belle.  
I'm always—stop, too soon I see  
You'll know, and publish that 'tis—me.

R. T.

22. Rough

**R**ough from my Mother's  
Bosom first I came,  
it polish'd now, by Feats I've gain'd  
a Name,  
he studious, learned Man, I oft at-  
tend,  
o Perspicuity the greatest Friend.  
he strictest Fast I keep the live-long  
Day,  
ut after setting Sun I feast away;  
dextrous Hand directs me what to  
take,  
press it closely for the Giver's Sake;  
My Morfels are of vegetable Kind,  
but various Animals the Sauces find:  
The Fish that sports in Neptune's wide  
Domain,  
The Herds, the Flocks, that crop the  
grassy Plain,  
A winged Race the nicest Cates pre-  
pare,  
And hot, and hot I take them here  
and there.  
Now bring all these Obscurities to  
Light,  
The Favour I'll return, perhaps, To-  
night.

[\* \* The Solutions in our next.]

REBUSES.

23. **F**ROM what no mortal Man is  
free;  
What, whilst we name it, slides away;  
What for Industry's justly fam'd;  
By what at first all Things were nam'd;  
What ne'er to Reason will give heed;  
What was on Aaron's Breast display'd;  
What oft Times does deceitful prove;  
And 'till what Time we promise Love:  
Join their Initials, 'twill explore  
A Borough fam'd in Days of Yore.  
Oakford. J. Branscombe.

24. **T**AKE the contra to low,  
And the one Half of gave,  
But that will not show,  
The Place you must have:  
Then, in the next Case,  
Take the one Half of tell:  
(No Doubt but the Place  
You know very well.

R. B.

[\* \* The Solutions in our next.]

*Explanation of the EPITAPH, found  
in a Country Church - Yard,*

No. Number X.

**B**eneath this Stone lies Katharine  
Gray;  
Chang'd from a busy Life, to Useless Clay.  
By Earth and Clay she got her Part,  
And now she's turn'd to Earth herself,  
Ye weeping Friends, let me advise,  
Abate your Grief and dry your Eyes:  
For what avails a Flood of Tears?  
Who knows, but in a Run of Years,  
In some tall Pitcher or broad Pan,  
She in her Shop may be again.

*On the Death of Mrs. SCOTT, who  
departed this Life, July the 8th, 1766.*

**A**cept, blest Shade, the Tribute  
of a Tear,  
Thou best of Women, and thou Friend  
sincere;  
Where now on Earth can we thy  
Equal find,  
Where such a Wife, a Mother, Sister-  
kind!  
Who felt like thee another's Wants  
or Grief!  
Who e'er apply'd that did not find  
Relief!  
Who with such Fortitude could Sick-  
ness bear;  
Or with such Piety for Death prepare!  
Immortal Saint, look from the Realms  
above,  
And guide the Steps of those you once  
did love;  
Teach us, like thee, to bear Afflic-  
tion's Rod,  
Teach us to follow thee, to Heaven  
and God.

AN ODE to HAPPINESS.

**H**AIL Happiness, thou Bliss di-  
vine!  
An humble Vot'ry at thy Shrine,  
I tune the grateful Lay:  
Thine Empire o'er the World extends,  
To thee each Knee with Reverence  
bends,  
And gladly owns thy sway.

For

For thee, within her dark Abode,  
Pale Av'rice heaps her useless Load,  
And toils for thee alone :  
The care-worn Trav'ler's Bosom  
glows  
For thee, 'midst Lapland's live-long  
Snows,  
Or India's burning Zone.

For thee, War sounds her dread  
Alarm,  
And bids the Hero's conquering Arm  
The vengeful Weapon wield :  
Inspir'd by thee, naught chills his  
Breast,  
Though Death, in awful Terror dress'd,  
Ravage the bloody Field.

For thee, the Sons of Pomp and Pow'r,  
Those short-liv'd Vapours of an Hour!  
Thett ev'ry Care employ :  
Thee, Pleasure views with longing  
Eyes,  
And eager seeks the golden Prize,  
'Midst Scenes of varied Joy.

Ardent I seek the flow'ry Road  
That leads to thy divine Abode,  
Oh! deign to be my Guide!  
Waft my low Bark with prosp'rous  
Sail,  
Thro' ev'ry rough and boist'rous Gale,  
That swells Life's rapid Tide.

And steer me to that happy Shore,  
Where no rude Tempest's fullen Roar  
Disturbs thy blissful Reign :  
Then with thy genial Influence blest,  
Sweet smiling Peace shall fill my Breast,  
And Pleasure banish Pain.

W. Y.

An ACROSTIC, on the amiable Miss

**M**ight a fond Lover's Prayer  
successful prove,  
A ll I wou'd ask of Heaven, is her I  
love.  
R iches and Power, vain Trifles, I  
despise ;  
I Beauty's Charms to these superior  
prize,  
A nd own, with Pride, the Power  
of *Y*—'s Eyes.

J oin'd with each Beauty, each en-  
liv'ning Grace,  
U nrivall'd Sweetness decks her  
lovely Face ;  
L ove reigns triumphant in her dim-  
pl'd Smiles,  
I n soft Attractions and engaging  
Wiles,  
A dorn'd with ev'ry Charm kind  
Heav'n can give ;  
N one but herself my Vows shall e'er  
receive.

G. T.

An EPIGRAM

**W**HAT's the Reason" (quoth  
*Celia*) to *Celaden*, kneeling,  
" That thus you reproach me with  
" want of due Feeling ?  
" This Whining leave off, and begin  
" the right Way,  
" You'll find I've a Heart that can  
" feel all you say.

S. T.

ANOTHER.

**Y**OU'RE a *Sot* and a *Fool*" (to  
*Corvus* thus cried,  
*Dorinda*, his gay and his blooming  
young Bride.)  
" That I am a *Fool*, I must own, so  
" be sure,"  
He reply'd—" or I never had  
" married a *Wh*—."

J. M.

On a young Gentleman's arriving at the  
Age of Twenty-one.

**N**OW the sweet Morn of Liberty  
appears,  
I grasp the Joys at once of future  
Years!  
For ever bid each gloomy Scene de-  
part,  
Whilst Joy unrivall'd circles round  
my Heart,  
And in full Torrents gushes through  
each Vein,  
While eager Transports turn almost  
to Pain.  
But, ah! rash Youth, why wrapt in  
transient Joy!  
Sickness may pall—Affliction may  
destroy.

Thomas Winfield.  
MUCH

UCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

A TALE To a FRIEND.

By Mr. JOHN OAKMAN.

**T**HE Critics, who have long  
thought fit  
to rule o'er all the Land of Wit,  
eclare, when to a Friend you're  
writing,

All Art is useless in inditing;  
Familiarly the Verse should flow,  
like Conversation—so and so.  
That Friendship sets all Forms apart,  
and speaks immediate from the Heart.

My Lords, the Critics, here are  
right,

Their Power I cannot, dare not slight;  
Yet lowly to their Worships bending,  
I hope in this I'm not offending)  
I wou'd well become those Gentlemen,  
To give a little Specimen;  
For vague and undetermin'd yet  
as all that they have said, or writ;  
And most who've strove have fail'd to  
please,

In that same Way—to write with Ease.

"But stop, my Friend," I hear you  
say,

"What is all this to me, I pray?

"To me, what are the Critics Laws,

"Their Nods, their Winks, their

"Hums and Haws;

"Their Scraps from Authors, Greek

"or Latin;

"Or their dry Jokes that come so

"pat in?

"Pursue your Tale, I wait the End,"

I will—but pray have Patience, Friend.

Conceit, you know, still waits on Youth;

I thought (you'll find I speak the Truth)

Like *Lloyd*, *Prior*, *Moor*, or *Gay*,

To write in the familiar Way;

To lead the Muse now here now there,

Correct the Mind and please the Ear;

And happy, make the keenest Satire,

More pleasant than the best Good-

nature.

But soon I found my Pow'rs unfit,

Too weak, too impotent my Wit;

Yet with my Verse don't bear too hard

on,

I own my Fault, and beg your Pardon:

So altering my poetic Scheme,

I now present you with a Dream.

"A Dream!—the Devil!—well,

"adieu,

"*Queen Mab* I find has been with you.

"Such Nonsense! I can never bear it!

"Howe'er, go on—for once, I'll hear

"it;

"Yet if once more you raise my Ire,

"I'll thrust your Verses in the Fire."

Dear Sir, believe me, now indeed

I'll be explicit, and proceed.

What Time the plodding Sons of

Care,

Full gorg'd with Liquor, Home repair;

What Time the Bucks and Bloods

are gay,

And o'er the Bowl drive Care away:

In short, 'twas Twelve—with solemn

Sound

The Watchman, hoarse convey'd

around.

Then *Morpheus*, with his leaden Rod,

First made me wink, then made me

nod;

At length I bid adieu to Care,

And snor'd away in elbow Chair.

Now Fancy took me by the Hand

Thro' all the Extent of Fairy Land,

Thickets, Woods, Groves and cool-

ing Bowers,

O'er Lawns, enamell'd all with Flowers;

Whose Odour, and whose lovely Hue,

Reviv'd the Sense, and pleas'd the View.

At length a Mansion firm and bright,

With high rais'd Turrets, struck my

Sight;

With many a Mead and many a Lawn,

Where gambled many a Kid and Fawn;

Meandering Rivers curl'd it round,

And Verdure deck'd the smiling

Ground.

When thus my Guide—"That

"Structure fair,

"With all its worth, calls you its

"Heir;

"Ten Thousand Pounds it brings

"*per Ann.*

"And I your Steward—happy Man!"

Me thought I now look'd wond'rous

big,

Had got a full-trim'd Suit and Wig;

And strutted, tho' with modest Joy,

Almost as much as *Dal*—y.

This Fortune got, I cast about,  
To think how I should lay it out:  
*Delia*, sweet Maid, came first to  
thought.

I'll treat her Beauties as they ought:  
This Splendour sure her Mind will fix;  
I'll give her first a Coach and Six:  
For Jointure, or for what she will,  
I'll give her all *Parnassus*' Hill.  
My Father too shall leave off work,  
And live as grand as any *Yark*;  
My Brothers, Sisters, Friends, shall  
share it;

And live on Venison and Claret,  
And all the World around shall know  
it,

This I have got by turning Poet:  
Tho' I've been often blam'd as wrong,  
For losing Time—to write a Song.

Just at this critical Event,  
With so much Riches, so content,  
My Foot went bounce against the Door,  
And I wak'd sprawling on the Floor:  
My Castle also, grand and fair,  
Evaporated into Air;  
And I, alas! tho' most unwilling,  
Found in my Pockets—not a Shilling.

O W O M A N.

**A** I D me, Muse! and let me sing,  
The num'rous Pleasures Women  
bring,

When in virtuous Wedlock join'd,  
If the Padlock's on the Mind!  
Blessed'st State of all on Earth,  
Whence the social Joys have Birth;  
Never cloying, ever sweet,  
Ev'ry Pleasure doth await;  
From what Sources they do spring,  
Aid me, Muse! and let me sing.

When with heavy Care oppress'd,  
Stranger 'like to Joy and Rest,  
Overwhelm'd with gloomy Grief,  
What on Earth can bring Relief?  
Woman in her Charms appears,  
Rids our Grief, and quits our Fears;  
Sooths our Passions in her Breast,  
Lulls down all the Storm to Rest;  
Shares our Sorrow, and our Pain,  
Aids us then each Joy to gain;  
With Mind still blooming, Temper  
kind,

Happiness in her we find:

If Happiness this World possess,  
Sorely then it doth us bless;  
Join'd in *Hymen's* gentle Bands,  
Our Hearts are yok'd, as well as hands.  
Then to see our Offspring play  
Round about the Parent Knee;  
Sweetly talk, and gaily Smile,  
Sure 'twill ev'ry Care beguile!

When from Home our Business calls,  
And perplexing Thought enthalls  
Our carking Minds with heavy Care,  
Scarcely we the Load can bear;  
The Load is lighten'd by the Fair,  
Who of the Burden takes her Share;  
Gently easing of the Mind,  
Faithful, gen'rous, humane, kind;  
Always bringing sure Relief,  
Of all Comforts still the chief.

If to Solitude inclin'd,  
Ev'ry Joy in them we find;  
Mutual Wish, and tender Care,  
Ev'ry Virtue to endear.  
When approaching nigh to Death,  
Just resigning of our Breath;  
Judge what pleasing Thoughts arise,  
Free from Trouble, Care, and Noise;  
How a virtuous Life we've spent,  
All our Wealth to Heav'n sent;  
Reign, with Transport our last Breath,  
And wake to Raptures after Death!

E. T.

FASHION, FORTUNE, and  
MERIT.

A FABLE.

**R** EDUCED by Fate, and air-bail:  
Schemes,  
From Prospects fine, and golden  
Dreams,  
With native Confidence, the Poor,  
Young *Mert* knock'd at *Fortune's*  
Door.

'Twas after Dinner, and my Lady  
Was at her Closet, getting ready  
To go to Lady *Niggie's* Rout,  
By Nine or Ten, or thereabout;  
For Ladies Pleasures, it is said,  
Begin when half the Town's in Bed;  
And as to work the Vulgar rise,  
But few of these have clos'd their Eyes:  
Day is their Night, and Night their  
Day—

So order'd by the Laws of Play;

And

id Quality would sooner break  
 the Laws of Honour, than forsake  
 those Laws which for themselves  
 they made,  
 though Virtue lose and Beauty fade.  
 Now from the Window, or the Area,  
 rep'd forth a Servant, *Tom* or *Mary*,  
 and seeing *Merit* poor and thin,  
 cry'd, "D— him, let him knock  
 " again;

He looks like some low Politician,  
 And brings to *Fortune* a Petition:  
 But what is that to you or me,  
 Unless he could advance the Fee?"

*Merit*, as standing at the Gate,  
 By Accident o'erheard their Prate;  
 To see the Lady being willing,  
 Held out his last, his only Shilling.  
 This Sign prevail'd; when, *entrepreneur*,  
 The folding Doors wide open flew;  
 Where *Fortune* sat, in all her Pride,  
 With Lady *Fashion* at her Side.  
*Merit* began—"Illustrious Dame!  
 " No Doubt you've heard of *Merit's*  
 " Name!

" In ancient Times my Fame was  
 " great,  
 " But by ill Chance reduc'd of late;  
 " From you, the richest in the County,  
 " I hope a Trifle of your Bounty;  
 " And ever, with a grateful Spirit,  
 " I'll bless the Hand that helped  
 " *Merit*."

" Mr. — a — What's your Name?"

" I'm sorry,

" At present I am in a Hurry;  
 " And Cash now is not in the Way—  
 " I had bad Luck last Night at Play:  
 " Beside, my Sister *Fashion* here  
 " Wants more than I have got to  
 " spare:  
 " When she is serv'd, I'll think—and  
 " then—

" Another Day you'll call again.  
 " Here *Tom*!—Your Servant: Bring  
 " the Chair in;

" These *French Silks* are the prettiest  
 " wearing;

" *To Lady Niggle's haste away*:  
 " Excuse me, Sir, I cannot stay,  
*Folly* and *Fashion* must be serv'd,  
 While *Merit* is too often starv'd.

J. OAKMAN.

# An EPIGRAM. A D A M *po'd*.

COULD our first Father, at his  
 toilsome Plough,  
 Thorns in his Path, and Labour on  
 his Brow,  
 Cloath'd only in a rude unpolish'd  
 Skin;  
 Could he, a vain, fantastick Nymph  
 have seen,  
 In all her Airs, in all her antick  
 Graces,  
 Her various Fashions, and more va-  
 rious Faces;  
 How had it pos'd that Skill, which  
 late assign'd  
 Just Appellations to each several Kind;  
 A right Idea of the Sight to frame,  
 To guess from what new Element  
 she came,  
 To hit the wav'ring Form, or give  
 the Thing a Name?

## A N O T H E R.

On a very homely Lady that patch'd much.

YOUR homely Face, *Flippanta*,  
 you disguise  
 With Patches numerous as *Argus*' Eyes:  
 I own that Patching's requisite for you,  
 For more we are pleas'd, if less your  
 Face we view:  
 Yet I advise, if my Advice you'd ask,  
 Wear but one Patch; but be that  
 Patch a Mask.

## A N O T H E R.

*Sylvia* makes sad Complaints she's  
 lost her Lover:  
 Why nothing strange I in that News  
 discover.  
 Nay, then thou'rt dull; for here the  
 Wonder lies,  
 She had a Lover once!—don't that  
 surprize?

## For a WATCH-CASE.

HERE Reader, see, in Youth, in  
 Age, or Prime,  
 The stealing Steps of never-standing  
 Time;  
 With Wisdom mark the Moment as  
 it flies,  
 Think what a Moment is—to him that  
 dies.

*The Jeffer's Magazine,*

HILOSOPHER and RATTLE.

*the FABLES of Francis Gentleman, Esq; just publish'd.*

Solemn Port, a Brow austere,  
Abstracted Pride, and Mind severe :

empt by Looks, and Language shown,

ll Opinions but its own ;  
as made to contradict the Fashion  
y Age, and ev'ry Nation ;  
Conversation most sublime,  
ch calls Amusement, Waste of  
Time ;

often seem'd, yet ne'er could be,  
e's best Guide, Philosophy.

Vight of this sequester'd Stamp,  
long had o'er the Midnight-Lamp,  
efs of Profit than of Pains,  
m'd his Mind and rack'd his  
Brains ;

ling Nature of her Due,  
unt Search of Something new ;  
rloaded with the Weight  
wledge, Reason left her Seat ;  
ne Body, so the Head  
ibly be overfed ;

y wanting proper Vent,  
to Poison, Nourishment :  
like this, relates our Tale,  
eigh'd each Thought in  
gic's Scale :

t, perchance, a sprightly  
ild,

h and Pleasure almost wild ;  
ring his new Rattle, ran,  
ddress'd this learned Man ;  
n free from selfish Care,  
Enjoyments best they share.

good Sir, the pretty Thing,  
bought her little King :  
it in your Hand, and play  
ok you—here's the Way.

spoke the prattling Boy,  
to give our Stoic Joy !  
s Bauble with a Frown,  
the Cottage to the Crown

'Tis Folly all alike, he cries :  
How few endeavour to be wise ?  
Nor is it strange ; since Youth are  
taught

An idle Vacancy of Thought ;  
By Parents giving Approbation  
To Implements of Dissipation  
Like this, on every slight Pretence ;  
Which, flau'ring Fancy, murders  
Sense.

He said ; and with Contempt pro-  
found,  
His Hand discharg'd it to the Ground.

The Boy in simple Wonder gaz'd,  
His little Heart shrunk back amaz'd ;  
A doubtful Cloud o'er-hung each  
Eye,

He knew not which to laugh or  
cry ;

But soon the Rattle found a Tongue,  
To answer such indignant Wrong ;  
For be it known, that injur'd Wood  
Can scold, as well as Flesh and Blood.

Why, how now ! whence such surly  
Looks,

Thou over-bearing Man of Books ?  
I dare assert, and speak with Reason,  
That all Things have their proper  
Season ;

And Toys, like me, are well design'd  
To entertain a childish Mind.

My Name perhaps begets Disdain,  
In one like you of Knowledge vain ;  
But pause a while—like *Proteus*—I  
The Force of various Shapes can try ;  
And play my Part on Nature's Stage,  
To please all Ranks, and ev'ry Age.

Sometimes like Glory's brightest  
Gem,

To Kings I come a Diadem.  
Before the Curate's Eyes I'm drawn  
In Form of most attractive Lawn ;  
The Lawyer, with Ambition big,  
Admires me in a Judge's Wig ;  
The Soldier I can vanquish soon,  
In pleasing Shape of a Battoon ;  
The Merchant, having bought and  
sold,

Retiring finds me in his Gold ;

To

To Turtle turn'd—I still secure  
Each gormandizing Epicure;  
I hit the Bacchanalian's Vein,  
In sparkling Flasks of brisk Cham-  
paign:  
The Beau I catch, as well as Brute,  
When chang'd into a Birth-day Suit;  
A \* *Gimcrack* to the racing Crew,  
I skim the Plain, and they pursue;  
The *Alley* Knaves I catch in Flocks,  
Transform'd to precious rising Stocks:  
Convey'd in fair *Corinna's* Smiles,  
My Shade her Lover's Care beguiles.

The Ladies too, in ev'ry State,  
By diff'rent Forms I captivate;  
Sometimes I catch the Fair One's  
View,  
With Plander of enchanting Loo:  
Now chang'd to Di'mond Solitaire,  
*Vanina* gives me all her Care;  
A Coronet and Equipage,  
In me another's Heart engage;  
A Fourth admits me through her  
Eyes,  
In Form of Oaths, and Vows, and  
Sighs:  
Both Young and Old, both High and  
Low,  
Alike to me Attachment show.

Ev'n you, with all your Learning,  
Sense,  
Against my Pow'r have no Defence;  
For howsoe'er in Words you battle,  
Your *Summum Bonum's* but a Rattle.

The M A D D O G.

A F A B L E.

WHAT Malice, Faction, Noise,  
and Strife,  
Attends this little Walk thro' Life;  
Detraction, Envy, aim their Darts,  
Evenom'd, at the purest Hearts.  
Man, like a Weather-Cock, we find,  
Must turn with every Blast of Wind:  
He's Wrong, or Right, a Fool, or Wit,  
Just as the Multitude think fit;  
And oft, their wife Determinations,  
Abuse the best of Reputations:

His Art, or whatsoe'er he rests on,  
By Fools and Knaves is call'd in  
Question;  
And as they cry, the luckless Sound,  
*Report*, Attendant, carries round:  
With greedy Ears the Mob devour,  
And damn a Million in an Hour.

*Tray* was a Dog of simple Skill,  
But happy in a right Good-will,  
Lay basking in the mid-day Sun,  
No Harm he thought, no Harm had  
done;  
When a strange Hubbub struck his  
Ears,  
And, instantly, a Mob appears.  
Halloo! they cry'd, halloo! halloo!  
*Tray* ran as fast as *Tray* could do;  
He turns and winds, and mends his  
Face,  
Yet doubtful how will end the Chace:  
Thro' many an Alley, Lane, and  
Street,  
In Haste he ply'd his dubious Feet;  
In every Alley, Street, and Lane,  
His Enemies he found again.

The Noise increas'd, Men, Boys,  
and All,  
(Fully determin'd of his Fall)  
With Pitchfork, Poker, Tongs, or  
what  
They, in the Height of Fury, got,  
Some at his Head, some at his Back,  
Began the desperate Attack;  
Till mad indeed, he foam'd and bit,  
And strove such Usage to acquit;  
But, ah! in vain, by all assail'd,  
His Strength decreas'd, his Courage  
fail'd;  
He sunk, oppress'd on every Side,  
Yet howl'd out this before he died—

Blood thirsty Men! I yield my  
Breath,  
Yet Time will soon revenge my  
Death:  
Uncertain is this earthly State,  
And none can read the Book of Fate.  
But sure, I could expect no less—  
(Your Acts thro' Life your Minds  
express)

I, but

\* A famous Race-Horse.



I, but a Dog, and not a Brother;  
Yet thus you hunt down one another.  
J. OAKMAN.

To a LADY, who desir'd to know in  
what the Goodness of an EPIGRAM  
consists.

**A**N Epigram's good when, like  
you Mistress Frail,  
Tis pretty and short—with a Sting  
in its Tail.

#### A LAPLAND ODE.

**H**ASTE, my Rain-Deer! and let  
us nimbly go  
Our am'rous Journey through this  
dreary Waste:

Haste, my Rain-Deer! still, still thou  
art too slow,  
Impetuous Love demands the Light-  
ning's Haste.

Around us far the rushy Moors are  
spread:

Soon will the Sun withdraw his  
cheerful Ray;

Darkling and tir'd we shall the  
Marshes tread,

No Lay upsong to cheat the re-  
dious Way.

The wat'ry Length of these unjoyous  
Moors

Does all the flow'ry Meadows Pride  
excel;

Through these I fly to her my Soul  
adores,

Ye flow'ry Meadows, empty Pride,  
farewel.

Each Moment from the Charmer I'm  
confin'd,

My Breast is tortur'd with im-  
patient Fires;

Fly, my Rain-Deer, fly swifter than  
the Wind,

Thy tardy Feet wing with my  
fiery Desires.

Our pleasing Toil will then be soon  
o'erpaid,

And thou, in Wonder lost, shalt  
view my Fair;

Admire each Feature of the lovely  
Maid,

Her artless Charms, her Bloom, her  
sprightly Air.

But, lo! with graceful Motion there  
she swims,  
Gently removing each ambitious  
Wave;

The crowding Waves transported clasp  
her Limbs:

When, when, oh! when shall I  
such Freedoms have!

In vain, ye envious Streams, so fast  
ye flow,

To hide her from a Lover's ardent  
Gaze:

From every Touch ye more transpa-  
rent grow,

And all reveal'd the beautiful Wan-  
ton plays.

#### A North-East Prospect of MARRIMON.

**W**HO says that Giles and Joan  
at Discord be?

Th' observing Neighbours no such  
Mood can see.

Indeed, poor Giles repents he married  
ever;

But that his Joan doth too. And Giles  
would never,

By his Free-will, be in Joan's Com-  
pany;

No more would Joan he should.  
Giles riseth early,

And having got him out of Doors is  
glad;

The like is Joan; but, turning Home,  
is sad,

And so is Joan. Oft Times when  
Giles doth find

Harsh Sights at Home, Giles wisheth  
he were blind;

All this doth Joan: Or, that his  
long-yeard'd Life

Were quite out-spun; the like Wish  
hath his Wife.

The Children that he keeps, Giles  
swears are none

Of his begetting; and so swears his  
Joan.

In all Affections she concurrereth still:  
If now, with Man and Wife, so will

and nill  
The self same Things, a Note of Con-  
cord be,

I know no Couple better can agree.

*The*

*The* LOVER'S ADVICE.

**O** *Devis*, thy Image impress'd on  
my Mind,  
Appears ev'ry Instant to View ;  
In Visions by Night, how deliciously  
kind !

Yet, I find, though 'tis kind—it is  
you.

Sure then my good Genius bears ab-  
solute Sway,  
And shews the right Side of the  
Screen ;

For he tells me—destroying thy Arts  
in the Day—

That you say, what you never can  
mean.

And when waking, I sometimes have  
had the same Thought,

This too was a Hint from Above ;  
O, I see it now plainly, how could I  
be caught,

Whilst your Eyes spoke the Lan-  
guage of Love !

Yet, oft have I seen them, or fancied  
I saw,

In Speeches, too tenderly plain,  
Say the same Thing to others—tho'  
'twas but to draw,

I will hope, a few Sighs from the  
Swain.

But beware how you tamper with  
dangerous Art,

In striving to fix, you may free ;  
Since the Nymph who intends to pre-  
side o'er my Heart,

Must treasure her Kindness for me :

Or, content with the *Devis* that comes  
to my Dream,

Her Truth I with Truth will re-  
pay ;

For she is the Substance, whilst you  
do but seem

Her Shadow, appearing by Day.

ON CONTENT.

**Y**E Shepherds, who idly lament,  
That Fortune is harsh and un-  
kind,

Who seek for the Virgin, Content,  
I'll tell you a Piece of my Mind.

Should you find her, ye'll get no Re-  
lief,

She'll still interfere with your Love ;  
She's a Vizen, a Witch, and a Thief,  
And what I advance, I can prove.

Whenever my *Delia* I meet,  
That Instant the Damsel is there,  
And ere we can fix on a Seat,  
She squats herself down in a Chair ;

That she deals in the magical Art,  
Sure none will pretend to deny,  
Else how could she compass the Part,  
To be always officiously by ?

She's a Thief—and I know it by  
this,

Nay, *Delia* will sometimes complain ;  
For oft when I borrow a Kiss,  
Content steals it from me again.

She's a Vixen I boldly aver,  
And blinded with Folly and Pride,  
Thinks none can be blest without her,  
And all are unhappy beside.

To other Day to my *Delia's* I went,  
With Anger and Spleen in my Hand ;  
When, soon as I enter'd, Content  
Made 'em fly at the Word of  
Command.

Delighted with Frolics like these,  
For trust me, you'll have no Re-  
dress,

Ye Swains take heart home if you please,  
I'm content with the Share I possess.

*The* ANGLER and the PHI-  
LOSOPHER. A Fable.

From POEMS, by Charles Jenner, A.M.  
just publish'd.

**B**ESIDE a gentle murmur'ing Brook  
An Angler took his patient Stand ;  
He ey'd the Stream with anxious Look,  
And wav'd his Rod with cautious  
Hand.

The Bait with nicest Care was dress'd,  
The Fishes left their safe Retreat ;  
And one, more eager than the rest,  
Look'd, gorg'd, and swallow'd the  
Decait.

Too late she felt the poignant Smart;  
Her pining Friends her Fate de-  
plore;

The Angler, with well-practic'd Art,  
Play'd, hook'd, and drew her to the  
Shore.

Lur'd by the Beauty of the Day,  
The Sun now sinking in the Sky,  
A Sage pursu'd his Walk that Way,  
And saw the bleeding Victim lie.

Far in the Vale of Years declin'd,  
He watch'd the Course of Nature's  
Law:  
And thus, with philosophic Mind,  
He moraliz'd on what he saw:

"Indulge awhile the pensive Vein,  
"And fix this Image in your Mind;  
"You've hook'd a Fish, observe it's  
"Pain,  
"And view the State of human  
"Kind.

"Fate gives us Line, we shift the  
"Scene,  
"And jocund traverse to and fro:  
"Pain, Sickness, still will intervene;  
"We feel the Hook where'er we  
"go.

"If, proudly, we our Schemes ex-  
"tend,  
"And look beyond the present  
"Hour,  
"We find our straiten'd Prospects  
"end,  
"And own an over-ruling Pow'r.

"Awhile we sport, awhile lament,  
"Fate checks the Line, and we are  
"gone,  
"Dragg'd from our wonted Element  
"To distant Climes, untry'd, un-  
"known."

#### VERSES under a Lady's Picture.

THE Poet and the Painter safely  
dare,  
To form an Image of the proudest  
Fair:  
Your brighter Charms, by lavish Na-  
ture wrought,  
Transcend the Painter's Skill, and  
Poet's Thoughts.

#### The TRAVELLER and the GRASHOPPERS. A Fable.

From POEMS, by Charles Jenner, A.M.  
*just publish'd.*

A Trav'ler in a Summer's Day,  
What with the Heat and Dust  
together,  
Was grown quite peevish, 'tis the  
Way

Of many Folks in sultry Weather.  
Our Traveller, Sir, was one of these;  
They're but a foolish Kind of Men;  
He pish'd, and puff'd, and wip'd his  
Face,

Then shut his Eyes, and would have  
slept;  
But all around amongst the Grass  
The Grashoppers a Twitt'ring kept,  
And seem'd to say, "That's if we  
"please:"

For Flies are saucy now and then.  
When once a Man's a little sour,  
A trifling Matter makes him mad:  
You've seen a Baby beat the Floor?  
Our Traveller then was full as bad;  
He bluster'd, 'twould have made one  
laugh;  
The Insects put him in a Flame,  
So down he jump'd, and drew his  
Sword,

And slash'd, and cut, as who should  
say,  
I'll trim you, Scoundrels—"Pooh!  
"absurd!

"Why did not he pursue his Way?  
"He'd acted wiser by the Half:"  
That's true; but still you do the same.  
"Who, I? excuse me"—Nay, 'tis  
true;

I heard you making such a Pother,  
Crying, what would you have me do!  
The World says, this, and that, and  
t'other.

I'll tell you what I'd have you do,  
You'll say they're troublesome—  
what then?

Let them alone, and go you on;  
And never heed their senseless Riot:  
To silence all you'll ne'er have done,  
Forget them, and they'll soon be  
quieter;

Believe me, you will find it true,  
'Tis just the same with Flies or Men.

*A Col-*

*A Collection of Favourite New Songs.*

SONG CVI.

*be SAILOR. A new pathetic ODE.*

*ung by Mrs. Vincent, at Marybone-Gardens.*

SINCE lost to Peace of Mind serene,  
I drag my Chain in fruitless  
Hope,  
I'll court each melancholy Scene,  
And give my Sorrows their full  
Scope,  
My lovely, sprightly, gallant Tar,  
Who sports with fierce destructive  
War,  
Think what I feel (where'er thou art)  
Think of thy *Mary's* breaking Heart.

Secure thy dancing Castle rides  
Upon the Bosom of the Deep,  
The stormy Wind and Wave abides,  
And Navigation bids thee sleep.  
But balmy Sleep and downy Rest,  
Shall fly the Tempest in thy Breast;  
When jealous Fears like mine shall  
prove,  
The Truth of my dear Sailor's Love.

Hope, Doubt, and Fear, are Winds  
and Waves  
More dreadful to the love-toss'd  
Mind,  
Than those the skillful Seaman braves,  
Who leaves pale Care and Grief  
behind.

Th' advent'rous Maid, embark'd like  
me,  
That fails on such a troubled Sea,  
The Ocean's Rage would gladly meet,  
And in his Depth seek a Retreat.

Yet, Oh! be still, my frantic Brain,  
Let Reason whisper to thy Fears;  
My Sailor may return again,  
Crown'd with Success to dry my  
Tears.

When Fame with all her gaudy Charms,  
Shall yield to him my longing Arms;

And one blest Hour together blend,  
The Lover, Hero, Husband, Friend.

C H O R U S.

*By Mrs. Vincent, Miss Davies, Mr. Raworth, and Mr. Taylor.*

*Britannia* hail! thou mighty Queen,  
The Strength, the Pow'r, the  
Seas are thine:

Long may thy Pow'r on Justice lean:  
To be preserv'd they must com-  
bine,

To Courage singly ne'er resort,  
For Virtue is thy true Support;  
'Tis that alone can Strength main-  
tain,

Be virtuous and for ever reign.

SONG CVII.

*B E T S Y at the Oak.*

YE Prudes, who with censorious  
Tongue,  
Oft' push an angry Joke;  
Prate on malicious, whilst my Song  
Hails *Betsy* at the Oak.

Coquets, and Bucks, and Bloods,  
begone!

Evaporate in Smoke!  
The Charms can ne'er to you be known  
Of *Betsy* at the Oak.

Her native innocent Desires  
She never learnt to cloak;  
Nor can your fierce polluted Fires  
Touch *Betsy* at the Oak.

She will not give her Lover Pain,  
And his fond Passion choke;  
Averse to Pride and high Disdain,  
Is *Betsy* at the Oak.

The Doom of sad desponding Love  
She'll tenderly revoke;  
Constant and gentle as a Dove,  
Is *Betsy* at the Oak.

She never, to torment my Mind,  
With cool Indiff'rence spoke;  
But ever affable and kind  
Was *Bessy* at the Oak.

For this her Lover shall adore  
Her Charms, 'till Death's fell Stroke  
Cuts off, to be belov'd no more,  
Sweet *Bessy* at the Oak.

## SONG CVIII.

*Sung at Marybone - Gardens.*

**M**Y cautious Mother, t'other Day,  
Cry'd *Polly*, mind me, do!  
I saw young *Damon* come this Way,  
And fear he came to you.  
You know he's gay, and thought a  
Rake,  
So never welcome make him:  
Thus I get stolded for his sake—  
I wish the Deuce wou'd take him.

'Tis true, I met him in the Grove;  
He gently grasp'd my Hand,  
Then sigh'd, and talk'd more Things  
of Love

Than I cou'd understand;  
And who'd have thought that we  
were seen?

But of such Tricks I'll break him;  
If he won't tell me what they mean,  
The Deuce sure ought to take him.

I often feel my Bosom glow  
With Warmth I never knew;  
If this be Love that haunts me so,  
What can a Virgin do?  
Indeed, for Pipe, for Dance and Song,  
'Gainst ev'ry Swain I'd stake him;  
But if he tantalizes long,  
I hope the Deuce will take him.

They say from Wedlock springs De-  
light,

Then let him speak his Mind,  
I've no Objection to unite  
With one so fond and kind.  
My Mother, tho' too apt to pry,  
To disoblige I'm loth;  
Howe'er I'll wed, then all her Cry  
Will be, Deuce-take 'em both.

## SONG CIX.

*The SYCAMORE SHADE.*

*Sung by Miss Brent, at Vauxhall.*

**T**'OTHER Day as I sat in the  
Sycamore Shade,  
Young *Damon* came whistling along,  
I trembled—I blush'd—a poor  
innocent Maid!

And my Heart caper'd up to my  
Tongue.

Silly Heart, I cry'd sic! what a Flut-  
ter is here!

Young *Damon* designs you no Ill;  
The Shepherd's so civil you've no-  
thing to fear,

Then prythee, fond Urchin, lie still.

Sly *Damon* drew near, and knelt down  
at my Feet,

One Kiss he demanded—no more!  
But urg'd the soft Pressure with Ar-  
dour so sweet,

I could not begrudge him a Score.  
My Lambkins I've kiss'd and no  
Change ever found,

Many Times as we play'd on the  
Hill;

But *Damon's* dear Lips made my Heart  
gallop round,

Nor would the fond Urchin lie still.

When the Sun blazes fierce, to the  
Sycamore Shade,

For Shelter, I'm sure to repair;  
And, Virgins, in faith I'm no longer  
afraid,

Altho' the dear Shepherd be there.  
At ev'ry fond Kiss that with Freedom  
he takes,

My Heart may rebound if it will!  
There's something so sweet in the  
Bustle it makes,

I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

## SONG CX.

*Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**A**S. *Jacky* was trudging the  
Meadows so gay,  
So blithe and so bonny his Air!  
He met a young Lass who was going  
his Way,  
Her Face all so clouded with Care:  
He

SONG CXI.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

ask'd her what made her so moaning and sad,

'Twas pity, if she were in Pain;  
he sigh'd, "I have lost the veriest,  
best Lad,

"And I never shall see him again!"

he gone to the Wars for full many  
a Year;

Quoth *Jockey*, who troubles you so?  
Or else, where on Earth he can never  
appear,

Where you and I surely must go?  
No, he's fled," she reply'd, "with  
"another fond fire,

"Tho' to me he was plighted for  
"aye,

'O'er the Mountains he's gone with  
"another from me,  
"And therefore I cannot be gay."

If that's all, quoth *Jockey*, your Wailing  
give o'er,

He's a Loon, who is not worth  
your Pain;

Let him go, since he's chang'd, be  
you wretched no more,

Nor think of a false-hearted  
Swain:

But take, if you will, for the Lad of  
your Heart,

Whom Fortune has thrown in your  
Way,

I'll sooth all your Grief, and I'll  
banish your Smart,

Here I'm ready to do as I say.

Then he wip'd her bright Eyes, and  
he sung her a Song,

Her Face look'd no longer Despair;

He whisper'd of Love, as they faunter'd  
along,

And she thought him a Lad worth  
her Care:

She smil'd and grew pleas'd, late a  
Stranger to Joy,

And *Jockey* perceiving her kind,  
More pressing was grown, and the

Last was less coy,  
So, he drove the false Loon from  
her Mind.

YE Ladies, who drive from the  
Smoak of the Town,

So whimsical, frolic and gay;  
Ye near Country Lasses, in clean  
Linnen Gown,

As blithe and as pretty as they:  
Here *Faunus* invites Pleasure's Paths  
to explore,

And *Cave* on his Crutches has limp'd  
from the Door.

Here Zephyr's light Pinions waft  
Odours around,

Selected from Valley and Hill;  
The God of the Woodlands has hallow'd  
the Ground,

And Health is a Tenant at Will:  
No Lilly or Rose in the Soil need  
appear,

So freshly they bloom in the Cheeks  
of the Fair.

Here *Colinus*, should *Damon* his Province  
invade,

Each Obstacle soon may remove;  
The Clack of the Mill and the bubbling  
Cascade,

Will soften the Tale of his Love:  
Thus baffling his Rival, with Arms  
round her Waist,

The Slighted becomes the dear Favourite  
at last.

How sweetly the *Muses* in Harmony  
join,

To cheer the brisk Lad and his  
Lass;

Now free-hearted Toppers exult in  
their Wine,

And kiss the sweet Lips of the  
Glas;

Then banish Excess, which alone can  
destroy,

These innocent Pleasures which *Britons*  
enjoy.

SONG CXII.

*Sung by Miss Wright, at Vauxhall.*

K Ingecup, Daffodil and Rose,  
Shall the Fairy Wreath compose,

Beauty,

Beauty, Sweetness and Delight,  
Crown our Revels of the Night  
Lightly trip it o'er the Green,  
Where the Fairy Ring is seen;  
So no Step of earthly Tread,  
Shall offend our Lady's Head.

Virtue sometimes droops her Wing,  
Beauty's Bee may lose its Sting;  
Fairy Land can both combine,  
Roses with the Eglantine;  
Lightly be your Measures seen,  
Deltly foot it o'er the Green,  
Nor a Spectre's baleful Head,  
Peep at our nocturnal Tread.

## SONG CXIII.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**I**N Days of Yore, when on the Plain,  
Queen Mab, with all her Fairy  
Train,

In sportive Gambols took Delight,  
By Cynthia's borrow'd silver Light;  
If e'er our Grandames did amiss,  
The Punishment, ye Fair, was this.

Was Lady Mary ever known,  
To toy with *Celaden* alone;  
Did Avarice her Bosom fill,  
With Passion strong for dear Qua-  
drille;

Or did her Heart for Dancing bear;  
Then blister'd were her Hands and  
Feet.

If once too small her Ruff she wore,  
Her Petticoat too short before;  
Or if to catch the Gazer's Sight,  
She us'd the Arts, of Red and White;  
The little spiteful pigmy Crew,  
Were sure to pinch her Black and  
Blue.

But far more happy Days we fix,  
The *British* Dames of Sixty-six,  
Are not afraid of rigid Elves,  
They know no Guardians but them-  
selves;

†† *Gentlemen or Ladies, who are poss'd of any Pieces which may contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them inserted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal-Exchange, for the Authors of The Jester's Magazine.*

☞ The Twelfth Number will be publish'd the First of OCTOBER.

The tell-tale Race at length subdu'd,  
Hear me, nor think the Lesson rude.

Since present Times are just as bad,  
And ev'ry one is Pleasure mad,  
This Method I should think the best,  
To keep a Fairy in your Breast,  
Who ne'er for Trifles should make  
War,  
But when you chance to go too far.

## SONG CXIV.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.*

**A**H! why should Love, with ty-  
rant Sway,  
Oppress each youthful Heart?  
Must all his rigid Laws obey.  
And feel his pointed Dart?

On Reason's Aid in vain we call,  
To break the slavish Chain;  
The potent God disdains it all,  
And triumphs in our Pain.

## SONG CXV.

*Sung by Miss Brent, at Vauxhall.*

## A I R.

**W**HAT, *Damon*, wilt thou strive  
To break my chain,  
My firm resolves to move?  
My Heart, alas! may feel the Pain,  
But scorns the Guilt of Love!

RECITATIVE, *Accompany'd*.

Perfidious too, like all the rest,  
Is faithless *Damon* grown!  
Ah! canst thou seek to wound the  
Breast,  
That pants for thee alone?

## A I R.

No! for a Thought so meanly base,  
Ungrateful thou shalt find,  
The Heart that could admire thy Face,  
Can hate thee for thy Mind.

THE  
**ESTER'S MAGAZINE:**  
 OR, THE  
**MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER,**  
 For *September* 1766.

*Being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the  
 Kind or Price.*

Containing (among many other curious Particulars)

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
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*Ride si Sapit.*

Laugh, if you are Wise:

Numb. XII. *To be continu'd Monthly.*

L O N D O N:

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THE  
**ESTER'S MAGAZINE,**  
 For *September* 1766.

*A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

**T**HEN *Englishman* and an *Irishman*, who lay together, were to set out very early in the Morning to go a Journey. The *Irishman* wak'd long before Break of Day, and desir'd the *Englishman* to get up and light a Candle, that he might see whether it was Day-light. The *Englishman* said, He was sure it was not light, for he could not see the Tinder-Box. *Arrab now, Honey,* says *Patrick*, *how can you be sure of that before you have lit the Candle, and look'd whether it be Day-light or not?*

A Gentleman had told a most surprizing Story, at *Morgan's* Coffee-House; and, in order to enforce Belief, said it was so unaccountable, so every Way wonderful, that he never could have believed it, if he had not seen it himself: Yet, when the Company doubted of the Fact, he seemed angry; and, turning round to *Nash*, said he thought himself ill used. *Not by me,* says *Nash*; *nor by others, that I know of. We have none of us seen this wonderful Phenomenon; and, as you say, you*

*would not have believed it if you had not seen it, you ought to allow others to be as cautious and as sensible as yourself.* A Nobleman, famous for his Wit and Humour, entered the Coffee-House during this Debate, to whom the angry Gentleman complained of their Behaviour; and, having repeated the Story, and without waiting for an Answer, turned to the Company, and said, That he knew his Lordship would believe it. *Ob! yes,* said the Nobleman, *that I'll do, I'll believe it with all my Heart; but there is not one in a Hundred that would.*

*Dr. Cheney* and *Mr. Tallow* were both exceedingly corpulent; but the last was by much the largest. *Cheney* coming into the Coffee-House one Morning, and observing *Tallow* alone and pensive, ask'd him what had occasioned his Melancholy? *Cheney*, says he, *I have a very serious Thoughts come at times me. I am considering how the People will be able to get you and I to the Grave, when we die.* *Why,* says *Cheney*, *six or eight stous*

*But Fellows may take me there at once; but it is certain that you must be carried at twice.*

One telling an honest Gentleman, that he doubted not but his Friend would speed well in the Law Matter, having so good a Purse, and so great Friends. The Gentleman answer'd, *If that be all your Hope, the more is the Pity.*

A Portuguese Soldier, marching in a Troop of Spaniards against the Moors unarm'd and weaponless, one ask'd him why he was no better furnished. He answer'd, *Marry, because there are as valiant Men at Foot, as at Arms.*

A very large fat Woman, dressed in an extraordinary fine but inelegant Manner, and who set herself up for a Lady of wonderful Taste, was complaining in Simpson's Room of the Perverses of some young Ladies; adding, that it was not so in her Time. No, says a young Lady present, *that was a fine Time, I'll engage. That it was,* answer'd the other (and instead of saying *Hakyon*) added, in Raptures, *these Days were hulk in Days indeed! What, says Nash, was you always as hulk in as you are now, Madam!*

Don Pedro Gonzales, seeing his Liege at the Battle of Alinderto in Danger to be slain, alighted from off his Horse, and mounted the King thereon, and so got him safe away: Which after he had done, and plac'd him in assured Safety, he would have returned back again to the Battle, but the King would not suffer him. *Pardon me, my Liege,* then said he, *I will go: Never shall the Women of Guadalaiana say, That I train'd up their Sons and Husbands to the Wars, and have left them dead in the Field, and myself safe returned Home.*

Diego Garcia Parides, saying to Gonzalo Fernandes, *May it please your Honour to avoid that dangerous Place, seeing how sore the Enemy play upon it.* He answered, *Since God hath put no Fear into my Heart, put you none into my Head.*

A young Gentleman in Tunbridge had played the Loose, and ran as Father, who was there with his Family, a good deal in Debt; unto which the old Man laid hold of him, and caned him upon the Pantiles, before all the Company: Then turning to Nash, who had interposed, ask'd, *If he ever saw such a Fool in his Life, and what he thought of him?* Sir, says Nash, *he is bad indeed; but it seems to be a Family Complaint, and I hope you'll excuse him.*

Two Lawyers met the next Day after the Term, and the one said unto the other, *I am sure you carry full Bags down with you into the Country, having made so good a Harvest of this Term.* Not so, answered the other, *rather do I think you have; for your Bags are so Top-full of Fees, that when you throw them down upon the Board, they make no Sound at all, which mine do.* The other replied, *Then belike I have the Odds of you in Money, and you of me in Musick.*

A Country Squire, in the Height of Courtship, told his Mistress, That he lov'd nothing better than her, except his Roan Horse and his Greyhound.

A Gentleman had an extravagant Thill to his Man; and he, in seeming to praise his Fidelity, thus disparag'd him, saying, *Not any Thing in all my House is under Lock and Key from him, and he knows it well enough: Nor indeed he had a Vice to pick open any Lock whatsoever.*

At an Affize in the Country a Cause came on about the Right of Water-Course. All the old Men in the Parish were subpoena'd as Witnesses, but none could prove it had subsisted above eighty Years. The Trial lasted several Hours, and the Plaintiff was in great Hopes he should obtain an Order to stop it up. Just as the Judge was going to sum up the Evidence, a Man about Forty, in a Leather Doublet, came into Court, and desir'd he might be permitted to speak a few Words. The Council for the Plaintiff told him, that all he could say would be to no Purpose; that there had been Witnesses already produc'd, who were old enough to be his Grandfather; and that unless some Person could be procur'd, who would declare upon Oath that he remember'd that Water-Course for an Hundred Years, his Client had a Right to turn it which Way he pleas'd. And now, said the Man in a Leather Doublet, *do you know but I can? how can you do that,* reply'd the Council, *when I dare say you are not Fifty Years of Age.* Very true, said the Countryman; *but yet, I believe, I can put the Matter out of all Doubt.* Pray, Sir, continu'd he, *what is your Christian Name?* Why, William, reply'd the Council. And pray, Sir, said the arch Countryman; *how do you now you was christen'd William? Why my Father, Mother, and Relations told me so,* reply'd the Council. And I'll be upon Oath, said the Countryman, *that I have heard my Father declare, That he had heard his Grandfather say, that was a Water-Course before his Memory—and my Father was near an Hundred when he died.* So smart a Way of Reasoning con-

founded the Council, and astonish'd the whole Court; and the Judge gave it as his Opinion, That the Man's Evidence was sufficient, and that the Water-Course ought to remain in its present Situation.

A Person enquiring what became of *Such-a one?* *Oh! dear,* says one of the Company, *poor Fellow, he died insolvent, and was buried by the Parish.* *Died insolvent!* cries another; *that's false, for he died in England, I am sure I was at his Burying.*

A Dog coming open-mouth'd at a Serjeant upon a March, he ran the Spear of his Halbert into his Throat and kill'd him. The Owner coming out, rav'd extremely that his Dog was killed, and ask'd the Serjeant, Why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt End of his Halbert? *So I would,* said he, *if he had run at me with his Tail.*

A humorous Countryman having bought a Barn in Partnership with a Neighbour of his, neglected to make the least Use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stored his Part with Corn and Hay. In a little Time the latter came to him, and conscientiously expostulated with him about laying out his Money so fruitlessly. *Pray Neighbour,* says he, *ne'er trouble your Head; you may do what you will with your Part of the Barn, but I will set mine on Fire.*

A Fellow once standing in the Pillory at Temple-Bar, it occasion'd a Stop, so that a Carman with a Load of Cheeses had much ado to pass; and driving just up to the Pillory, he ask'd, What that was that was wrote over the Person's Head? They told him, it was a Paper to signify his Crime, that he

stood there for *Forgery*. *Aye*, said he, *what is Forgery?* They answered him, that *Forgery* was counterfeiting another's Hand, with Intent to cheat People. To which the Carman replied, looking up at the Offender, *Ob, Pox! this comes of your Writing and Reading, you silly Dog.*

A warm Dispute arose between some Parish Officers at a Meeting where Mr. *Nash* was present, about repairing the Workhouse; when a Man, who was born in it, but had acquired a good Fortune in the World, and had forgot himself, strenuously opposed the laying out any Money on that Account, saying, it was habitable, and that was sufficient. *Don't be positive, my Friend*, says *Nash*; *the Building is strangely run to Ruin since your Mother lay-in there.*

When Drams were more in Vogue than they are at present, a Gentleman call'd for a Glass of Brandy at the *Smyrna*, because he said, he was very hot. *Bring me one, Waiter*, says another, *for I am very cold.* *It is a strange Thing*, says *Nash*, *that People can't find an Excuse for their Follies, without insulting the good Sense of the Company.* *Here, bring me a Dram, Boy, for I like it.*

A droll Quaker, who was in Years, being in the Coffee-House when the Bells rang, asked who was come to Town? A Man at one of the Tables said it was the Devil: *Then*, says the Quaker, *he may kiss my Backside.* Friend, says *Nash*, *you seem to be a sensible Man; but I don't think it is altogether so prudent in you, to make Enemies at your Time of Life.*

When *Nash* was at the Temple, he was always very fine, and for the

most Part very poor; which was sufficiently known to most of his Acquaintance. One Night, at the Tavern, *Nash* desired one of his Companions to pay for him, for that he had no Silver in his Pocket. *Then I am sure, Nash*, said the Gentleman, *you have no Gold there, for that you always spread upon your Coat.*

It was well known, that Mr. *Nash* and Dr. *Cteney* had frequent Disputes about the Non-naturals and a vegetable Diet; in short, they often reasoned about Health 'till they made all the Company sick. *Nash* was for curing all Complaints with the Bath Water, and *Cteney* for healing all Diseases with Cabbage and Carrots; and their Disputes, which sometimes began with Temper and Joke, were frequently heightened to Clamour and Quarrelling; so that the Breeze of the Mind was succeeded by a Hurricane. *Nash*, tho' a great Philosopher, could never get the last Word of the Physician; and therefore he frequently left him in a Pet. Once at *Morgan's* Coffee-House, the Doctor so harangued upon his vegetable Diet, that *Nash* could not bear it; but, going up to the Table where *Cteney* was, accosted him in this rude Manner; *You old Fool*, says he, *do you think the Almighty sent Nebuchadnezzar to Grass for his Health?* and then, taking his Hat, left the Room. However, Matters did not always end so abruptly; for I have known *Nash* in his cooler Moments do the Doctor the Honour to say, *That he was the most sensible Fool he ever knew in his Life*; and the Physician, with equal Justice observ'd, *That Nash was less of a Blockhead than he used to be.*

*A Series of* LETTERS *from a Gentleman in Syria*  
to his Sister in London.

LETTER VIII.

*The History of Persia, continu'd.*

Dear Sister,

**I**N the Reign of *Adeser*, his General, named *Sarbaras*, revolted and slew him, but possess'd the Crown of *Persia* only seven Months; for one *Baranes* gain'd the Affections of the Grandees of the Country so much, that they put *Sarbaras* to Death, and gave the Administration to him, in Conjunction with his Cousen *Hormisdas*. Soon after *Baranes* dying, *Hormisdas* reigned alone; but was not able to hold it above two Years, or thereabouts: For at this Time the civil Wars had greatly weaken'd the Kingdom, and the *Saracens*, a People of *Arabia*, growing very formidable, by the Conquests they had made of almost all that belong'd to the *Roman Empire* in *Lesser Asia*, their Caliph *Ottoman*, or *Ossman*, who liv'd at *Babylon*, attack'd *Hormisdas*, beat him, and brought the Kingdom of *Persia* under his own Government, in Manner of a conquer'd Province, abolishing Heathenism, and forcing the Inhabitants to embrace the *Mahometan Religion*. Here ended the *Persian Race* of Kings, of the Line of *Artaxerxes*. In the Reign of *Tezid*, the Governor of *Persia*, whose Name was *Mutar*, threw off the Yoke of the *Saracens*, and set up for himself. From him the Kings of *Persia* since, otherwise called *Sophis*, are said to be descended. This *Mutar* was afterwards defeated by

*Abimelech*, *Tezid's* Successor, and *Persia* again reduced under the Dominion of the *Saracens*. From hence I find little worthy your Notice, 'till the Reign of *Marwin* the Second, against whom one *Abumufin* made War, defeated him, and forc'd him to fly into *Egypt*. I shall pass on to *Cbofroes*, King of *Persia*, in whose Time *Inarchus*, a *Persian* Nobleman, animated his Countrymen to rebel against him, and shake off the Yoke of the *Saracens*: Accordingly, they defeated *Cbofroes*, in the first Action; who, finding his Army much weaken'd, he set *Bardas Sakerus*, the *Greek General*, and some Thousand Christians, whom he had made Prisoners, at Liberty, on Condition they would fight for him against the *Persian Rebels*, by whose Assistance he gain'd a signal Victory over them. *Mahomet* succeeded his Father *Cbofroes*, and made the *Turks* his Auxiliaries; who, at length, perceiving their own Strength, fell upon the *Saracens*, and by the Conduct and Bravery of their General *Tangrolipix*, defeated his Army, kill'd *Mahomet*, made themselves Masters of *Persia* and *Babylon*, which had been possess'd by the *Saracens* four Hundred and eighteen Years. *Persia* having continu'd under the Dominion of the *Turks* for one Hundred and seventy Years, they were oblig'd to give Way to the *Tartars*, who pass'd over *Caucasus*, and Part of *Taurus*, under the Command of the Great Cham, and carry'd all before them: And in

the Reign of *Hocata*, his Son and Successor, they conquer'd *Persia*, *Parthia*, *Media* and *Mesopotamia*. The *Tartarian* Yoke was shook off the Neck of the *Persians* again about the Year One Thousand Three Hundred and Fifty, by *Gempsa*, Sultan of the *Parthians*, after they had groan'd under it for an Hundred twenty and eight Years; though, not many Years after, the same Government was restor'd again in *Persia*, by the victorious Arms of *Tamerlane*. The Successors of this Prince are very uncertain, therefore I shall not trouble you with the many different Conjectures concerning them, but come now to give you an Account of the Rise of the present Royal Family in *Persia*. *Ismael* Sophi was the Son and Successor of *Scaider*, who was esteem'd as a

Prophet in *Persia*; and, proving successful in many Battles, establish'd himself in the Government. *Thamas*, his Son, succeeded, who made War against the *Turks*; but, being of a cruel Disposition, was depos'd, and succeeded by his Son *Solyman*. He was succeeded by the late *Sophi Shab* Sultan *Hoffin*, in One Thousand Six Hundred and Ninety-four; But as you have in nothing been more impos'd upon, than in the Accounts for some Years past given of this Prince's being depos'd, and of the Cause of the late civil War in *Persia*, I will endeavour to set you right as to these Matters in my next, lest I should be thought too prolix; who am,

Dear Sister,

Your's, &c.

(To be continu'd.)

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### *The History of AMELIA, from FACTS, continu'd.*

WHEN he had concluded, he took up a Book that lay by him and began reading, when Mr. *Dalver* could restrain his Curiosity no longer, but with *Avenia* and *Amelia*, with much Difficulty, found an Entrance, and approached very nigh to the thoughtful Reader, before he perceived them; which, when he did, he arose somewhat surprized, and made them a respectful Bow. "To what Cause," said he, "may I attribute the meeting with such amiable Company, in this lone Place?" "Charming Youth!" said *Avenia*, "attribute it to your own Excellencies; which, by Sympathy, hath draw'd us hither."

The Youth made no other Answer

to this than by a soft Confusion in his Face and a modest Bow. Said he, "If you will please to follow me, you will be extremely welcome to my Mother. Our House is not above an hundred Yards from this Place." They returned him Thanks, and accepted his invitation. As they went on they perceived a low House, but which covered a large Circumference of Ground, and stood in a most beautiful Situation. From the Front-Door was a distant View through a long Walk of Walnut-Trees; at the Bottom of which was a small Hedge, Breast high, which reached quite to the Water-Side. There was a Rivulet which run three Parts round the House, and then proceeded on its

its Course meandering through a very pretty Garden, and discharging itself down a little Precipice into a large handsome Orchard, from whence it made its Way to the River in several little Streams. The agreeable murmuring Noise it made, and the enchanting Melody of the Birds, rendered the Place almost a Paradise to the Thoughts of our Company.

At last they approached the Door; and, on opening it, they were led thro' a little Hall, furnished in all the Elegance of Taste, and next thro' a Parlour, the Walls of which were hung with crimson Damask, and the Furniture of the Chairs the same. Next they enter'd a small, but very neat Room; in which was seated a Lady, seemingly about forty, of the most winning Aspect. She directly got up to receive her Guests, and perhaps not a little surprized. "My dear Mother," said the Youth, "this good Company I met with in the Grove. I doubt not but it will be a Pleasure to you to entertain them." "I shall be very proud, *Cleantes*," said she, "if I can induce them to stay by any Entertainment my little House can afford."

People of equal Tempers and virtuous Minds are above those low Formalities too often practised and received as polite, and receive each other with an Openness and Brevity, which amongst them who have Vices to conceal may not appear so eligible. No Wonder then, if they all conceived a Friendship for each other from their first Appearance. Said *Aventia*, "'Tis something strange to see a Lady of your Accomplishments in such a retired Part of the World, who would make such a Figure in the fashionable Scenes of it." "I

"have now been in this Retirement fifteen Years," replied the Lady, "and I still find greater Pleasures in it every Day; and what at first was urged partly by Necessity, is now my Choice. I keep two Men, and two Women Servants; an elderly Man, who is over my Estates: And I keep a Boar, for the Pleasure of the Water, which I am very fond of.

"As you seem surprized what should first induce me to live this Life, I shall make no Scruple of informing you. I was the Daughter of a Gentleman, who, from his strict Adherence to an unfortunate Party, was obliged to fly this his Country, with his Family. I was then but an Infant. My poor Mother could not resist the Shock the unhappy Affair gave her. She had always, as I have heard since, warned my Father of the impending Ruin that threaten'd him, which he would never listen to, so furiously was he transported with Zeal to effect that, which would perhaps have been of the most pernicious Consequence to himself, for his Religion was firm to the established Church; though he has been vilely traduced in this, as well as other Respects.

"At his Arrival in *France*, he was received with the greatest Respect; but my Mother died in less than a Week, after his Arrival at *Paris*. I was his only Child, and bred up in a very polite Manner; for, tho' his Estate here was confiscated, he had found Means to bring with him a large Sum of Money, and Jewels to a great Value.

"It is to no Purpose to dwell on the various Occurrences of my



held her; and he could not part from her, without shewing the Anguish that he felt.

It may perhaps be necessary to give some Account of *Avenia*, as well as Mr. *Dalver*. She was the only Daughter of Mr. *Wellmore's* elder Brother, who left her a very handsome Fortune. She was now near Thirty. She had something very agreeable and winning in her Face, as well as Temper; tho' she had rejected a great many good Matches, declaring her Intention of remaining single: But what are the Strength of human Resolutions, opposed to divine Decree? Mr. *Dalver* was about Forty. His Father had distinguished himself very much in quelling the Rebellion, and for his Services was Knighted. His Son possess'd his Father's great Estate, being the only Child alive, and inherited all his good Qualities.

The next Day was usher'd in by a Visit from Mrs. *Dalver* and *Cleantes*, and scarce a succeeding Day, for a whole Month, but what they was all together. One Day *Cleantes* going into the Garden, and walking down a solitary Walk, enter'd thro' a small Grove to a little Eminence whereon was a Summer-House, which rather looked like a Tuft of Trees, except the Entrance, to which was an Arch in the Gothic Taste. There was no Window in it, which made it a most agreeable Retreat from the Heat of the Day; whilst, at the same Time, it was light enough to discern any Thing within.

On entering, he perceived *Avenia*; and would have retired, had she not spoke to him, and desired him to sit down. "Madam," said he, "I sincerely beg your Pardon, for interrupting you in your Retreat."

"Never mind it, Sir," said she, assuming a brisk Air; "and since you have, I intend to punish you, and I desire to know what makes you look so melancholy of late. I am certain something has discomposed you." "I know not," said he, "that my Looks are alter'd in the least; if they are, 'tis not the Affect of ——" "Of what?" said she, perceiving he faltered and looked confused. "Why, *Cleantes*, you are certainly a Lover, pray make a Confidant of me; I may then, perhaps, make you mine. Love, I can tell you, is a very solitary and disconsolate Passion, if not revealed; it preys upon the Spirits, and would soon weigh down the Body, was it not for the Pleasure we receive in the Expression of it." "Indeed," replied *Cleantes*, "that Passion, I am convinced, can bring nothing but Inquietudes, and I have taken every Precaution possible to save me from its dangerous Influence." "Ah! you're a bad Dissembler," replied *Avenia*; "Love is not a dangerous Passion, except when employed on an unworthy Object, neither did I mean to set you against it: I only urged the Necessity of its being revealed. 'Tis the most amiable Resource imaginable, where two Persons link themselves by the strongest Bands of Friendship, improved by Love. No Thought can reach their Felicity." "I am very sorry," replied he, "that you should so much mistake me, as to think I am involved in it." "Come," said *Avenia*; "I shall be very angry, if you don't acquaint me with your Passion. I am certain, no one would refuse  
"the

the Address of such an accomplished Youth; for the more you strive to hide it, the more it will appear. I may, perhaps, guess at the very Person; and, if I'm right, I assure you I've great Interest with her."

*Clautbas* could not help colouring at the latter Part of this Speech, which confirmed her in her Suspicions the more. He was going to ply, when she interrupted him: "I have," said she, "long perceived what Constraint you have had on yourself, and I guess'd 'twas nothing but Love, and 'tis

"now Time to throw off the  
"Masque. I flatter myself that  
"you love me; and the Violence  
"of my Passion you may judge,  
"by my Confession. No Time  
"can in the least abate it. I was  
"struck with the same Sentiments;  
"when I first beheld you; and,  
"since that Time, have done the  
"greatest Violence to my Inclina-  
"tions in concealing — You  
"look surprized!" — She was  
going on, when they heard a Noise,  
which proved to be *Amelia*, and  
put an End to the Conversation —  
when they all returned to the House.

(To be continu'd.)



# PLACEO and LAVINIA: Or, Love and Friendship, continu'd.

**P**PLACEO remained in this dreadful Situation for several Days, during which his Allowance was only Bread and Water. Tho' he was not conscious of having committed the least Crime, yet he had every Thing to fear, in a Country where the strictest Regard is not paid to Justice.

One Morning, as he was ruminating on the various Vicissitudes of Life, his Keeper came to summon him to appear before his Master. As he was a Person of great Spirit, he prefer'd even Death itself to the horrid Dungeon he was confin'd in; he therefore went with the Resolution which became a Man. But how great was his Joy, when he was conducted into the Presence of his Master, at seeing his Friend *Ferdinand* without his Chains!

*Ferdinand*, as soon as he saw *Placeo*, embrac'd him with great Affection. "My dear Friend!"

says he, "I am glad I have it in  
"my Power to restore you to Li-  
"berty and your Country. This  
"worthy Gentleman" (pointing to  
a Person who stood near him) "has  
"brought my Ransom, and pro-  
"cur'd my Freedom. The wicked  
"*Achmet* (the *Tunisian* who sum-  
"mon'd me to Labour the Morn-  
"ing of our Conference, near my  
"Master's Garden) has confess'd  
"his Villainy, in accusing you  
"wrongfully of Designs against the  
"State. I am now free! I am  
"more enur'd to the Climate, and  
"Labour requir'd from Slaves,  
"than you. You shall return to  
"your Friends and Country, and I  
"will remain here in Slavery for  
"you. This your Master has con-  
"sented to — And this Request,  
"which I most ardently beg, my  
"dear Friend must not deny me.  
"When you arrive in your own  
"Country, and have made the

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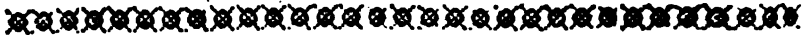
"amiable

"amiable *Lavinia*, and your worthy Relations and Friends happy (for there are many in *Venice* whose Happiness depends on your Freedom) then remember *Ferdinand*—A Man who esteems it an Honour to call himself your Friend."

*Placcio* was astonish'd at the Ge-

(To be continu'd.)

norosity of *Ferdinand*. He rejoic'd at his Freedom, and insisted that he should embrace the Opportunity, and return to *Venice*; telling him, he would then have it in his Power to acquaint his Relations with his Situation, and inform them in what Manner to remit his Ransom.



## A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

THE last Emperor of *China* was one of the greatest Monarchs of his Age, and for nothing more celebrated, than the Vigour and Strictness of his Justice: But he was too warm in his Pursuits of Pleasure, and impatient of Interruption, when his Mind was intent upon it. The Viceroy of one of the Provinces of that vast Empire, that lay most remote from the imperial City, had wrongfully confiscated the Estate of an honest Merchant, and reduc'd his Family to the extremest Misery. The poor Man found Means to travel as far as the Emperor's Court, and carried back with him a Letter to the Viceroy, commanding him to restore the Goods which he had taken so illegally.

Far from obeying this Command, the Viceroy put the Merchant into Prison; but he had the good Fortune to escape, and went once more to the Capital, where he cast himself at the Emperor's Feet, who treated him with much Humanity, and gave Orders that he should have another Letter. The Merchant wept at this Resolution, and represented how ineffectual the first had proved; and the Reasons he had to fear, that the second would be as little regarded.

The Emperor, who had been stop't by this Complaint, going with much Haste to dine in the Apartment of a favourite Lady, grew a little discomposed, and answered, with some Emotion—"I can do no more than send my Commands; and, if he refuses to obey them, put thy Foot upon his Neck."—"I implore your Majesty's Compassion" reply'd the Merchant, holding fast the Emperor's Robe, "his Power is too mighty for my Weakness; and your Justice prescribes a Remedy, which your Wisdom has never examin- ed."

The Emperor had, by this Time, recollected himself; and raising the Merchant from the Ground, said, "You are in the Right—To complain of him was your Part, but it is mine to see him punished.—I will appoint Commissioners to go back with you, and make Search into the Grounds of his Proceeding; with Power, if they find him guilty, to deliver him into your Hands, and leave you Viceroy in his stead.—For, since you have taught me how to govern, you must be able to govern for me."

*A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks, Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.*

**SOLUTIONS to the CONUNDRUMS**

*In Number XI.*

101. **B**ECAUSE it is Red.  
 102. **B**ECAUSE he goes to sec.  
 103. **B**ECAUSE there is many Rackets in it.  
 104. **B**ECAUSE it is a Man-aged.  
 105. **B**ECAUSE it is Past-time.  
 106. **B**ECAUSE it is full of Pipes.  
 107. **B**ECAUSE it is between an Horse and an A—se.  
 108. **B**ECAUSE it makes the Mare to go.  
 109. **B**ECAUSE he is often dipt.  
 110. **B**ECAUSE he often cracks.

**SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES**

*In Number XI.*

21. A Hat. 22. A Lamp.

**SOLUTIONS to the REBUSES**

*In Number XI.*

23. *Stamford.* 24. *Highbate.*

*An extempore ANSWER to the 23d REBUS.*

*In Number XI.*

*Address'd to the Proposer.*

**T**O answer your Rebuse, I first thought on *Sim*;  
 Then *Time*, *Ant*, and *Man*, I directly brought in:

A *Fool* seldom Reason's bright Council will hear;

An *Oryx*, I think, Sir, your High-Priest did wear:

In *Riches* we ought not to Place our Delight,

For *Death* will seize all; nay, perhaps, in a Night.

Th' Initials connected, I plainly decry,

That *Stamford's* the Borough you had in your Eye.

*Ilminster.*

A. C——a.

**CONUNDRUMS.**

111. **W**HY is a Key like an Hospital?  
 112. Why is *Temple-Bar* like an Organ?  
 113. Why is a Lady on her Wedding Day like a Man in an Error?  
 114. Why is a Man that is delirious in a Fever, like a burning Candle?  
 115. Why is a Difficulty overcome like a Knight on Horseback?  
 116. Why is a Man that is put to a Nonplus, like a Walk in a Garden?  
 117. Why is a Man that runs in Debt like a Watch?  
 118. Why is a very censorious Lady like a Philosopher?  
 119. Why is rotten Cheese like a strong Man?  
 120. Why is an unbound Book like a Lady in Bed?

[\* \* *The Solutions in our next.*]

**RIDDLES.**

23. **B**Efore th' eternal Mind, who dwells on high,  
 Hung up the spangl'd Curtains of the Sky,  
 With wondrous Skill Earth's firm Foundations laid,  
 Or scoop'd the wat'ry Deep's capacious Bed;  
 Before their tow'ring Heads the Mountains rear'd,  
 Or shady Woods and open Lawns appear'd;  
 Ere bubbling Springs and Fountains had begun  
 Thro' painted Meads in crystal Streams to run;  
 Ere chearful Verdure cloath'd the naked Field,  
 Or barren Vales did blooming Odours yield:

3 M 2

I then

I then with uncreated Splendor shone,  
 And spread my Beams around th' Al-  
 mighty's Throne;  
 Joyous before the Sov'reign Pre-  
 science play'd,  
 Who with Delight immense my  
 heavenly Form survey'd.  
 And when this Universe, with perfect  
 Art,  
 He said, and cast in Order ev'ry  
 Part,  
 The Spheres that roll their steady  
 Course above,  
 Prepar'd and taught the Planets where  
 to move;  
 When Laws he to the swelling Ocean  
 gave,  
 And bound in Ropes of Sand the rag-  
 ing Wave;  
 Toward'ring Clouds their airy Flight  
 assign'd,  
 And whence to blow inform'd the  
 sweepy Wind:  
 I then, Supreme, did o'er the Whole  
 preside,  
 And in his awful Work the sacred  
 Founder guide.

Whate'er of good or excellent is  
 found,  
 Within the Compass of this spacious  
 Round,  
 Compar'd with me, it no Regard can  
 claim,  
 With me compar'd, can scarce deserve  
 a Name,  
 Not Half so beauteous is the dawning  
 Light,  
 Not Half so fair the Stars that gild  
 the Night;  
 In vain the Gems of *Opbie's* favour'd  
 Orb  
 Their dazzl'd Lustre in my Presence  
 boast;  
 Gay orient Pearls and Gold in vain  
 display  
 Their vanquish'd Glories in my  
 brighter Day;  
 Before me brilliant Di'monds dimly  
 shine,  
 And blushing Rubies own my Worth  
 divine.

Artists by me their suble Works  
 devise;  
 'Tis I with Counsel sage instruct the  
 Wife:  
 'Tis I who teach the Princes to com-  
 mand  
 By wholesome Laws, and guide the  
 scepter'd Hand.

24. **W**ithout Edge it cuts, with-  
 out Tongue it sings;  
 Soars without Anger, and flies with-  
 out Wings.

[\*.\* The Solutions in our next.]

### REBUSSES

25. **T**ake the one Third of Smith,  
 And the one Half of tau;  
 And, if you do right,  
 You'll be sure not to miss,  
 The Thing is quite plain;  
 And, if you her discover,  
 She is for your Gain,  
 A handsome young Lover.

R. B.

26. **T**AKE the Half of a Passion  
 most fervent in Youth,  
 And a two-angled Letter set down;  
 Then a Title in Spanish and 'will  
 show you, with Truth,  
 The Name of an opulent Town.  
*Iluminer.* A. C—s.

[\*.\* The Solutions in our next.]

### HAGAR'S PRAYER.

**E**SSENCE of Good! O succour  
 the Distress!  
 Relieve the Sorrows of a Parent's  
 Breast:  
 Let not the wretched *Hagar* plead in  
 vain!  
 For you alone know best, there's  
 Cause for Pain.  
 In a dark, dreary, solitary Waste,  
 Where none but savage Beasts of  
 Prey are plac'd;  
 See here a poor impotent Outcast lies!  
 The Earth my Bed, my Canopy the  
 Skies.

See

See here an helpless Infant cries for Food!  
And pants to taste *Euphrates'* limpid Flood,  
But pants in vain; no Food can *Hagar* bring;  
And, in this Desert, is no crystal Spring.

With heart-felt Joy I could resign my Breath,  
To save my Child, my dearest Child, from Death:  
For, ah! I fear, when Night draws on—I fear  
Some hungry Tyger, or some savage Bear,  
Will seize this helpless Innocent for Food,  
And stain his reeking Jaws with Infant's Blood.  
How bleeds a Parent's Heart! there, there, he lies!  
To Beasts or Famine, a sure Sacrifice!  
Great Source of Mercy! quick Assistance lend;  
The helpless Mother, and the Babe, defend!  
Be thou propitious to thy Servant's Prayer!  
Appease her Sorrows, and assuage her Care:  
And, when expiring in the Arms of Death,  
She'll praise thy Mercies, with her latest Breath.  
*Broad - Street,*  
*Sept 8, 1766.*

CASTIEAU.

*The Furniture of a Beau's Mind.*

WHEN Infants are born, by Experience we find,  
With Ideas so few they're supply'd  
That *Lock* has most justly resemble  
their Mind,  
To a Cabinet empty and void  
A *Beau*, and a Child, may in some  
compar'd;  
For his Mind wou'd be like a  
*Charte Blanche*,  
If you strive (though I own 'twere the  
Labour is hard)  
What's trifling and vain to retrench.

First, a Set of *Shrew'd* *Maxims*, *Innocen-*  
*dos*, and *Slanders*,  
And Lies that he tells with pert  
Face;  
A Heap of stale Phrases, and double  
Entendres,  
Without Sense to apply them in  
Place.

Some new - fashion'd Compliments  
ready at Hand,  
Which he learns, like a Parrot, by  
rote;  
To bully and bluster, with Oaths at  
Command,  
"Blood, Madam, I'll cut the  
"Rogue's Throat!"  
Four Jakes and a Half from *your* *Millar*  
purloin'd;  
Six Lines out of *Hudibras* more;  
Compose, if you nicely examine his  
Mind,  
Of Humour and Wit, his full Store.  
His Learning just serves him to read  
a new Song,  
Or chatter a Sentence of *French*;  
And what tho' 'em both he pronounces  
quite wrong,  
'Tis enough for his Barber and  
Wench.

Of *Venus*, and *Cupid*, and Arrows, and  
Darts,  
His Tongue never ceasing runs on;  
Those Eyes, my sweet Angel, like  
"Swords pierce our hearts,  
"Oh! close them—  
"or else you  
"undo me!"

Adorn these a few Scraps of our mo-  
dern Romances,  
Upon *Grandison*, *Romilda*, or *Briggs*;  
Three Dozen, at least, of new Country  
Dances,  
With Minnaws, *Louvers*, and Jigs.  
Oh! yes, I give Notice, if any one  
know  
More Virtues than these we have  
reckon'd;  
Let him send us the Name and Abode  
of his Beau,  
To add in Edition the Second.

Thus

Thus accomplish'd a Captain, a Knight  
 or a Squire,  
 How great are his Merit and Charms;  
 See Ladies in Troops his Perfections  
 admire,  
 And with Extacy spring to his Arms!  
 S.

On seeing Mr. Barry and Mrs. Dancer,  
 in the Characters of Othello and  
 Desdemona.

**W**HAT Heart so hard, what  
 Temper so severe  
 (This Question let the most Obdu-  
 rate answer)

As not to drop a tender, gen'rous  
 Tear,

**BARRY, Othello; Desdemona,  
 DANCER?**

*Dramaticus.*

On Miss BETSY COTTON.

**A**S romping with the lovely Maid,  
 A Pin my Finger tore;  
 Straight I apply'd to her for Aid,  
 A Salve to heal the Sore.  
 Instant the Fair a Plaster found,  
 Which cur'd th' afflicted Part;  
 Yet, ah! she but transferr'd the  
 Wound,  
 And fix'd it in my Heart.

#### EPIGRAM.

On the Marriage of a Butcher with  
 a Tanner's Daughter.

**A** Fitter Match hath never been;  
 The Flesh is married to the  
 Skin.

#### CLOE'S POWER.

**T**IS not Cloe's piercing Eye,  
 Or her smiling,  
 So beguiling,  
 Or her Shape for which I die:  
 No single Charm cou'd dangerous  
 prove;  
 No single Grace my Passion move;  
 Had not Nature,  
 In each Feature,  
 Fixt a Shaft of mightiest Love,  
 Deep, deep, to wound the Heart of  
 Youth.

'Tis not Cloe's matchless Wit,  
 Tho' Cloe still  
 Has Wit at Will,  
 Makes me thus myself forget;  
 Her Sense could not distract mine So,  
 Her Prudence make me mine forego,  
 Had not Heaven  
 To her given  
 All the Accomplishments of Art,  
 Ten Thousand Ways to wound the  
 Heart.

#### ABSENCE: AN ELEGY.

Inscrib'd to Miss S — P — ,  
 of D — , in D — shire.

**F**ROM A — l's Walks, and so-  
 lemn lonely Shades,  
 That now as widow'd all appear to  
 me,  
 Where now each Flower to my sick  
 Fancy fades,  
 These Lines I send, my lovely  
 Maid, to thee.

These Lines, the Dictates of an ar-  
 tless Muse;  
 Ah! no, the Dictates of a genuine  
 Flame;  
 That sacred Nature only taught to  
 choose;  
 That dropping Friendship's, claims  
 Love's dearer Name.

But not the Sweets and Happiness of  
 Love,  
 My wounded Heart can now essay  
 to tell;  
 The languid Pangs of Absence while  
 I prove,  
 Say, can my Thoughts on joyful  
 Subjects dwell.

Oh! had I Hammond's sweetly tender  
 Lyre,  
 To sing what anxious Pains in Ab-  
 sence spring!  
 Tho' thou like Hammond's Delia  
 couldst inspire,  
 Like him, alas! I have no Skill to  
 sing.

Yet,

Yet, tho' the Muse did never on  
me smile,  
Accept, dear Maid, this genuine  
heart-felt Lay;  
Though tuneful *Clio* polish not my  
Stile,  
Yet in my Lines shall Truth for  
ever sway.

Yet shall my Lays discover what I  
feel;  
How dead my Heart and Passions  
all are grown  
To every Object, though it may excel;  
To every Object but to thee alone.

And thou art absent far, dear Maid,  
from me;  
The Pains of Absence are my constant  
Theme;  
No Charms in rural Nature can I  
see,  
For thou art gone, beneath whose  
lovely Beam

The Lilly and the Jonquil breath'd  
Perfume,  
And the sweet Grove conceiv'd a  
sweeter Air;  
The Meads look'd gay, the dew-drop  
Roses Bloom,  
When thou wert by, seem'd on its  
Stalk more fair.

Now through the Haunts, where oft  
with thee I stray'd,  
Alone I saunter, but my Bliss is  
gone;  
Dull looks the Rose, and dull the  
Jess'mine Shade,  
While thus I musing make my  
love-sick Moan.

"The Plains, the Riv'let, and mild  
"Zephyr's Breeze,  
"The dear Idea of my *Sylvia*  
"bring;  
"So shone the Moon through these  
"soft nodding Trees,  
"When here we wander'd in the  
"Eves of Spring."

But when, O! *Sylvia*, when shalt  
thou again,  
Returning, bless thy longing Shep-  
herd's Eyes;  
Soon as thy Steps rejoice thy native  
Plain,  
The Flowers with all their wonted  
Charms shall rise.

The Hill, the Dale, shall then be  
dull no more;  
Tiresome no more to me the Lin-  
net's Lay;  
Then haste thee, *Sylvia*, to thy De-  
von's Shore,  
Oh! haste thee from the noisy  
Town, away!

The joyful Season now prepares for  
thee,  
For thee the Gales with heavenly  
Fragrance blow;  
The Thrush's Notes, and Turtle's  
Melody,  
From Grove to Grove for thee re-  
sponsive flow.

But though gay Summer now smiles  
on the Plain,  
Soon will bleak Winter all his  
Charms destroy:  
Then while thy Charms, my Fair, all  
beauteous reign,  
Thy Youth to bless, and to be  
blest, employ:

For think how dire must cheerless  
Winter's Rage,  
On the unshelter'd Peasant's Head,  
descend;  
Yet, far more cheerless still is help-  
less Age,  
Whose Youth did never fix a faith-  
ful Friend.

R. T——y.

The MONKEY and the CAT.  
A FABLE.

WHEN Fools, or Coxcombs, get  
in Favour,  
How insolent is their Behaviour!

Once



\* Once on a Time, as Story goes,  
The Monkey and the Cat were Foes:  
Their Quarrel first on this began,  
"Which was of Service most to  
"Man."

*Grimaldin* spoke in humble Strain;  
But *Pug* was haughty, pert, and vain;  
And, as the Favo'rite of his Lady,  
To vindicate himself was ready;  
Begg'd of the gentle blooming Fair,  
The different Chimes of each to hear;  
And candidly to give her Vote,  
As Reason, and as Justice ought.

First then he begg'd she would  
consider,  
The various Services he did her,  
When Spleen or Vapours had possess'd  
her,

Or any other Ills distress'd her;  
How often he had banish'd Care,  
And made her gay and débonair;  
Made the dull Moments glide away,  
And pleas'd her all the live-long  
Day;

Till Night invited *Beaux* and *Belles*,  
With *Cards* and other *Bagatelles*:  
Or even then, if Luck ran cross,  
And palid Looks proclaim'd her Loss,  
If Drops and *Lucy* was not near,  
He'd sav'd her saluting in her Chair:  
With other Things, a mighty Train,  
Which to repeat would seem too vain;  
But above all his Quality,  
And Education *à Paris*:  
That *England* never could produce  
An Animal, so smart and spruce;  
That Ladies of the highest Station,  
Kept *Monkeys*—for their Retraction.

The honest Cat, who all the while  
Had mark'd his puffing, florid Stile,  
With Zeal inflam'd, now rear'd her  
Head,  
And modestly assuming—said:

The Arts you boast, all must con-  
fess

Are merely Trifles, more or less;  
Mine, as they are, to Good conduce,  
And may be reckon'd of some Use:  
From Vermin clear I keep the House,  
Destroy the pilfering Rat and Mouse;  
The Granary, Garden, Kitchen, own  
My various Worth, to each well  
known:

My Quality I lay aside;  
But that I'm *English*, is my Pride.

Impartially the Lady heard;  
And *Pug* was beat, and *Puss* preferr'd.  
O. J.

Address'd to *Miss P——y O——ve*,  
of this City.

OH! that I had but gentle *Sedity*;  
Art,  
To move the *Passions*, or to warm  
the Heart;  
Could my faint Strains, like am'rous  
*Waller's*, move,  
I'd paint the Girl, the blooming Girl,  
I love:  
Buxom and lively as the bounding  
Doe,  
Sincere and artless, and to Pride a  
Foe;  
Fair as the Morn, sweet as the flow'ry  
Vale,  
Mild as the Breeze that wanders o'er  
the Dale;  
Adorn'd with each soft Requisite to  
please,  
With blooming Youth, and unaffected  
Ease.  
Three spacious Towns ring with  
*Maria's* Name,  
And ev'ry Bosom feels the genial  
Flame.  
Oh! sweet *Maria*, fairest 'mong the  
Fair,  
Queen of my first Affections, hear  
my Pray'r:  
Let thy soft Breath a mutual Flame  
confess,  
And with thy Charms thy foetid Adorers  
bless:  
When thou art absent, no Delights  
can please,  
Come then, sweet Nymph; and bid  
my Sorrows cease;  
Accept a Heart that never knew to  
feign,  
Pity the Sufferings of an artless Swain,  
Who never lov'd before; whose con-  
stant Soul  
Still turns to thee, as Magnets to the  
Pole.  
*Rockefter.*

To the Authors of *The Jeffer's Magazine*.

Gentlemen,

If you think the following worthy to be  
inserted in your very entertaining *Work*,  
you will, by inserting it, greatly oblige

Your constant Reader,

W. C. — v.

The FRENCH PEASANT.

A FABLE.

WHEN Things are done, and  
past recalling,  
'Tis Folly, then, to fret or cry:  
Prop up a rotten House that's falling,  
But when it's down, e'en let it lye.  
O Patience! Patience! thou'rt a Jewel,  
And, like all Jewels, hard to find.  
'Mongst all the various Men you see,  
Examine ev'ry Mother's Son;  
You'll find they all in this agree,  
To make ten Troubles out of one;  
When Passions rage, they heap on  
Fuel,

And give their Reason to the Wind.

Hark! don't you hear the general Cry?  
"Whose Troubles ever equal'd  
"mine?"

How readily each Stander-by  
Replies, with captious Echo, "Mine."  
Sure, from our Clime this Discord  
springs:

Heav'n's choicest Blessings we abuse;  
For ev'ry *Englishman* alive,  
Whether Duke, Lord, Esquire, or  
Gent,  
Claims, as his just Prerogative,  
Ease, Liberty, and Discontent.  
A *Frenchman* often starves and sings,  
With Cheerfulness, and wooden  
Shoes.

A Peasant, of the true *French* Breed,  
Was driving, in a narrow Road,  
A Cart, with but one sorry Steed,  
And fill'd with Onions; sav'ry  
Load!

Careless he trudg'd along before,  
Singing a *Gassen* Roundelay  
Hard by there ran a whimpering  
Brook;

The Road hung shelving tow'rs  
the Brim;  
The spiteful Wind th' Advantage took;  
The Wheel flies up; the Onions  
swim:

The Peasant saw his fav'rite Store,  
At one rude Blast, all puff'd away.

How would an *English* Clown have  
sworn,

To hear them plump, and see them  
roll?

Have curs'd the Day that he was born,  
And, for an Onion, damn'd his Soul?  
Our *Frenchman* acted quite as well,  
He stop'd (and hardly stop'd) his  
Song;

First rais'd the Bidet from his Swoon;  
Then stood a little while, to view  
His Onions, bobbing up and down;  
At last, he shrugging cry'd, "*Par-  
"bien!*"

"*Il ne manq' ici, que du Sel,  
"Pour faire du Potage excellent.*"

The HAPPY MAN.

Content with a little I wish for  
no more,  
I mean with an anxious Desire;  
But if Fortune should offer to add to  
my Store,  
I would not pass scornfully by her.

With Cheerfulness what I possess I  
receive,  
And my Heart glows with Thanks  
to kind Heav'n;  
Nor do I with Envy corroded e'er  
grieve,  
Because more to my Neighbour is  
given.

Contented I rise, and contented I rest,  
When my Eyes want Repose I retreat;  
Every Morning I wake with Tran-  
quillity blest,  
And each Evening my Slumbers are  
sweet,

§ N

For

\* Here wants nothing but Salt, to make excellent Porridge.

For high-season'd Ragouts and with  
Sauces I ne'er,  
Like a worn-out old Epicure pine;  
For plain Dishes alone, plainly dress'd,  
I can bear  
For my Food, and plain Port is my  
Wine.

The Court of gay *Comus* I carefully  
shun,  
No Gusto have I for their Glee;  
For the Scenes which afford a Choice  
Spirit high fun,  
Are, I own, far too lively for me.

Of *Time's* tardy Progress I never  
complain,  
Nor wish he would fly with more  
Speed;  
With my Thoughts I can ever myself  
entertain,  
And no Cards for Amusement e'er  
need.

By Turns to my Book and my Pen I  
devote,  
The Moments no Business employs;  
And from what I have read, and what  
I have wrote,  
Receive peaceful and permanent  
Joys.

#### GRIEF: *A Pastoral Elegy.*

**Y**E Lambskins that wantonly play,  
Go, bleating, unfed to the fold;  
You shall crop the sweet Verdure of  
*May*,  
When *Corydon's* Bosom is cold.

Where yonder sad Branches of Yew  
Extend o'er the Church-Way their  
Shade,  
Yet weeping with fast-falling Dew,  
The Ashes of *Laura* are laid.

Ye Shepherds who hear me com-  
plain,  
And blame me in Grief that I pine;  
Which of you can point out a Swain  
Whose Sorrows are equal to mine?

My *Laura* was blithe as the *May*,  
She was gentle, and soft as the  
Dove;  
She was innocent, tender, and gay,  
And "fair as the Mother of Love."

On her Cheek glow'd the Roses of  
Youth;

Yet they wither'd, alas! in their  
Bloom:  
Her Breast was the Mansion of Truth;  
Yet now she lies dead in the Tomb.

Sweet Myrtles with Woodbines I  
twine,  
An Off'ring for *Laura* to bring;  
The Rose and the Lilly I join,  
The innocent Children of Spring.

The Garland I wove for her Head,  
Where ev'ry choice Floweret ap-  
pears,  
Must now on her Grave-Stone be  
spread,  
And water'd with *Corydon's* Tears.

Ye Ghosts that at Midnight are seen  
To glide by the Meteor's pale  
Light;  
Ye Fairies and Elves of the Green,  
Ye Goblins and Spectres of Night.

Despairing while thus I complain,  
Be you my Companions alone!  
Ah! why am not I of your Train,  
Since my Joys are departed and  
gone?

Ycs—beneath the sad Branches of  
Yew,  
I soon with my *Laura* shall rest;  
Then my Grave shall be moisten'd  
with Dew,  
And the Turf shall sit light on my  
Breast.

Give *Alexis* my Pipe and my Crook;  
For to him they alone shou'd be-  
long,  
Who can sit all the Day o'er the  
Brook,  
And rehearse his lov'd *Corydon's*  
Song.

His

His Care on the Yew Tree shall mark  
The Lay which my Face shall re-  
hear, e,  
And, in Pity, the soft yielding Bark  
Shall weep as he 'graves the sad  
Verse—

Here, *Corydon*, Pride of the Grove,  
In one Tomb with his *Laura* is laid:  
In his Death he was join'd to his Love;  
Oh! pay a sad Tear to his Shade!

His Flocks from their Pastures at  
Night,  
*Alexis* shall drive to the Fold;  
He shall tend them with Care and  
Delight,  
Now *Corydon's* Bosom is cold.

H.

The EXCURSION,

By Miss Williams.

Happy thrice the harmless Swain,  
Tenant of the peaceful Plain,  
Far from Business, Noise and Strife,  
Blest with ev'ry Sweet of Life;  
Far from all the Toil of State,  
All Oppressions of the Great:  
Dancing blithe his Nymph he leads  
O'er the Carpet of the Meads;  
While his Neighbour's Pipe or Horn  
Lulls the Night or cheers the Morn:  
Healthy Joy from Labour springs;  
Healthy Joy, the Wish of Kings.

Here Providence in Bounty flows,  
And Joys on ev'ry Sense bestows;  
Here Earth affords her kind Increase,  
With Virtue gain'd, enjoy'd in Peace;  
The Harvest rich, the Fruitage fair,  
Repay the Cultivator's Care.

Hills where sportive Lambkins  
fray,  
Flocks that fleecy Tribute pay;  
Crystal Streams, whose murmuring  
Rills,  
Stray between the flow'ry Hills,  
Meeting from a hundred Dells,  
Till the foaming River swells,

Swells beyond Restraint, and laves  
Happy Lands with welcome Waves;  
While the Crystal of the Floods  
Mocks the waving of the Woods.

Here Flow'rs, in sweet Confusion  
flown,  
O'er the verdant Mead are blown;  
Narcissus, near the Rivers fair,  
Smiles at itself reflected there:  
Sad Emblem of that Lover's Pride,  
Who for himself too fondly died.  
The Crowfoot here with golden Hue,  
The Cowslips sweet, the Violets blue,  
The blushing Pinks, and Lillies pale,  
Like Virgins fair, like Virgins frail;  
Soft Daffodils of early Bloom,  
And Daisies fearful of the Gloom,

But, ah! those Beauties soon must  
fall;  
The ruthless Scythe which levels all,  
Must sweep their harmless Sweets  
away,  
And give their Colours to decay.

Here lofty Groves invade the Sky,  
And all the Tempest's Rage defy;  
The solid Oak that awes the Main,  
The spreading Elm of coarser Grain,  
Th' elastic Yew, whose distant Wound  
With *England's* Rivals heap'd the  
Ground;  
The stubborn Holly rough and bold,  
That spreads her Verdure to the  
Cold,  
And boasts her Berries fair and ripe,  
Beneath *December's* icy Gripe.  
All, all Destruction's Power shall feel,  
And fall before the fatal Steel.  
See this, ye Fair, ye Wife, ye Brave,  
And sink together in the Grave.

The Squirrel climbs the Nut-tree  
Bough,  
And strips the Clusters as they grow;  
The little Mouse, with humbler  
Hope  
Tastes Nature's Bounties, as they  
drop.

See all the feather'd Warblers sing,  
To welcome the returning Spring;  
3 N 2 The

The Blackbird, Linnet, Finch, and Thrush,  
 Pour out their Songs from ev'ry Bush;  
 The tuneful Lark, whose tow'ring Flight  
 Fatigues the disappointed Sight;  
 These little Songsters mounted high,  
 Harmonious carrol to the Sky:  
 To heav'n their tuneful Off'ring pay,  
 And seem to hail the new-born Day!

Sweet Bird! instructed by thy  
 Days,  
 Can Man forget his Maker's Praise?  
 Reviving from the Shades of Night,  
 Can he behold th' all-quick'ning  
 Light;  
 Can he unclothe his sluggish Eyes,  
 Nor send one Rapture to the Skies.

At Eve, in softly mournful Strains,  
 The love-lorn Nightingale com-  
 plains;  
 While as it strains its little Throat,  
 Pleas'd Echo dwells on every Note;  
 And sighs to hear the plaintive Moan,  
 And Grief expressive of her own.

How blest, my Soul, how blest are  
 those  
 Who pass a Life in such Repose!  
 Who still in rural Shades abide,  
 Where all their Hours thus smoothly  
 glide;  
 Whose humble Aims no higher tend,  
 Than to enjoy a Book and Friend;  
 Whom anxious Projects ne'er molest,  
 Nor War or Love disturb their  
 Rest;  
 Who form no Wish of rising higher,  
 But learn betimes to check Desire;  
 Whose happy and yet humble State  
 Provokes no threatening Frowns of  
 Fate!  
 So humble Shrubs in Safety grow,  
 When Storms the lofty Pine o'er-  
 throw.

O! hear, ye Pow'rs, a Suppliant's  
 Voice,  
 Indulge my Wish, approve my Choice!  
 O! grant me, wheresoe'er ye please,  
 A Life of Privacy and Ease;

No more those Pleasures to pursue,  
 Which Fancy paints to Folly's View;  
 Nor falsely fond, nor idly gay,  
 To waste the fashionable Day:  
 No more with craving Heart to go,  
 From Toy to Toy, from Show to  
 Show;  
 All Day to counterfeit Delight,  
 And long, to end the Cheat, for  
 Night.

Afford me Pleasures more serene;  
 Give me to range the sylvan Scene,  
 Where *Ceres* full-car'd Sheaves  
 abound,  
 And *Flora* paints th' ensmell'd Ground;  
 To feel, from every Pressure free,  
 The Joys of Truth and Poetry:  
 Let Contemplation string my Lyre,  
 And Zeal supply poetick Fire;  
 Then let me Nature's Wonders sing,  
 And praise the Power of Nature's  
 King;  
 While as by Chance I turn my Sight,  
 New Objects strike with new De-  
 light;  
 Till fresh Ideas hourly spring,  
 And urge Imagination's Wing.

Here Knowledge quick'ned by De-  
 light  
 Shall rouse the Soul to vig'rous Flight:  
 Rapt with the Thought, methinks I  
 rise  
 To meditate my kindred Skies;  
 At once the past and present view,  
 Compare the former with the new;  
 Survey the World from Pole to Pole,  
 Join Clime to Clime, and grasp the  
 Whole:  
 To each Effect the Cause conjoin,  
 And trace th' Original divine;  
 Awaken'd Hope directs my Way,  
 Thro' all the spacious Realms of Day;  
 Views the resplendent Courts above,  
 Blest Mansion of seraphick Love!  
 Refulgent Throne of Pow'r divine,  
 Where calm celestial Splendors shine;  
 Whence Beams of emanating Light,  
 From Nature chase retiring Night.  
 Quick to my Breast new Beauties rise,  
 I pant to range my native Skies;  
 But here encumber'd with her Clay,  
 My Soul must wait the final Day;

And

and now but short Excursions make,  
and Joys thro' long Perspectives take:  
such Joys as virtuous Souls improve,  
and heighten Wonder into Love.

Then fill'd with Rev'rence and De-  
light,  
back to the World I take my Flight;  
back to my much-lov'd Groves again,  
Where honest Joys alternate reign;  
Where thro' Creation's mighty Round,  
Innumber'd Miracles abound,  
and, form'd Instruction to convey,  
Th' Almighty Father's Power display;  
amaz'd I view the splendid Dye  
Of this enamell'd Butterfly,  
amaz'd each reptile Insect see,  
each blest with Life as well as we.  
Wherever we direct our Eyes  
Ten Thousand various Forms arise;  
In each a Life of diff'rent Mode  
by boundless Providence bestow'd;  
from small to less, from high to  
higher,  
Till Reason, Sense, and Fancy tire;  
While all in due Proportion shine,  
To praise th' Oeconomy divine.

With serious Joy th' enlighten'd  
Soul  
surveys a Part, admires the Whole;  
Nor always silently surveys,  
But, fir'd by Gratitude to praise,  
In holy Confidence is blest,  
And calmly waits eternal Rest.

CLOE'S PORTION.

Nature to Cloe gave a fine Com-  
plexion,  
To frame her Mind with ev'ry like  
Perfection:  
Poor Girl! she thinks by Face all  
Charms were given;  
What's made of Earth will never rise  
to Heaven.

On a young LADY, who had Ill Luck  
in the Lottery.

FAIR Celia ventur'd for a Prize  
In Fortune's random Throw,  
The fickle Dame her Suit denies,  
Nor would the Boon bestow.

At which the Lady turn'd away;  
And said in great Disdain;  
Let them that will, their Homage pay,  
I'll sue no more in vain.

The Goddess over-heard, and said,  
Ungrateful Celia; why  
Do you, in cold Neglect, upbraid  
A Friend, so kind as I?

I gave you Wit and Beauty too,  
To win ten Thousand Hearts;  
Of which but one alone can know  
The Bliss that Love imparts.

You rather ought to give me Thanks,  
And pity *Strophes*' Sighs;  
Who sadly thinks how many Blanks  
Must be to such a Prize.

Part of the 7th ODE of the first Book  
of Horace translated.

*Albus ne obscuri deterget nobile casu  
Sape notus, &c.*

AS Breezes from the Southern  
Main  
Disperse the Clouds and cleanse  
the Air,  
Nor always bring descending Rain,  
But sometimes settled, calm and  
fair;

So, *Plancus*, with the Grape's soft  
Juice  
Should you the Toils of Life dispel,  
Whether the glitt'ring Camp you  
chuse,  
Or at your shady *Vibos* dwell.

When *Tancer* from his Father fled,  
His native Land, and Gods forsook,  
He crown'd with Poplar Wreaths  
his Head,  
And in his Hand the Goblet took;

And come, said he, my noble Friends,  
Where Fortune leads, we'll boldly  
on;  
Fortune will make us full Amends  
For all that *Telamon* has done.

'Tis *Tancer* leads, let none despair;  
The destin'd Spot before us lies,  
Where great *Apollo's* Priests declare,  
Another *Salamis* shall rise.

Then wisely snatch the precious now,  
We've oft endur'd severer Sorrow;  
Let Wine To-day unbend each Brow,  
And hie again for Sea To-morrow.

### INJUR'D INNOCENCE:

*Or, The Triumphs of Virtue.*

To a very deserving *Young Lady*, occasion'd by a most infamous Report of her.

—He that filches from me my good Name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed!

*Iago to Othello, Act III.*

**I**N vain, dear Nymph! in vain we guard  
'Gainst Slander's venom'd Tongue;  
Tho' Virtue be her own Reward,  
E'en Virtue will be stung.

Be thou as pure as spotless Snow,  
As chaste as crystal Ice;  
Yet Slander (Virtue's native Foe)  
Will count thy Charms a Vice.

Where Virtue's most conspicuous found,  
There Envy's most intent:  
Thus, where the sweetest Flow'rs abound,  
There Bees do most frequent.

What Fence can ward against the Fiend?  
The Means how dearly bought!  
No Price for Slander to your Friend,  
But Virtue set at nought.

Detested Means! Oh! fallen Fair,  
Of sacred Stores bereft!  
Doom'd to Reproach, Remorse, Despair,  
Life, worst of Tortures, left.

Thrice lovely Maid! enthron'd in Rays  
Of Virtue, all your own;  
Who from the Worthy gather'd Praise,  
The Due to Worth, alone.

The happy Path you've trod, pursue;  
Nor heed the envious Tale;  
Your Conduct Slander will subdue,  
And o'er its Strings prevail.

### *The RESOLVE*

**M**Y Eyes were charm'd with  
*Delia's* snowy Breast,  
Her sweet and lively Look, and shapely Waist;  
But to be sway'd by these, or Syren Song,  
Shows that our Reason's weak, our Passion's strong:  
For what's a lively Look, or snowy Breast,  
Without a Mind as lovely as the rest?  
That *Delia* wants, but that the Fair must have,  
That e'er can think of making me her Slave.

### DAMON and CÆLIA:

*Or, The Inconstants.*

**W**HAT Tortures strange does *Cælia* make me prove;  
Nor happy, nor unhappy in my Love:  
When she is willing, then I shun the Joy;  
When I am willing, *Cælia* is as coy.  
Both are in Love—who then could happier be?  
But just when I love her, she loves not me:  
When with a glowing Heat my Heart's possess'd,  
An icy Frost has chill'd my *Cælia's* Breast;  
And when in mine there does a Coldness reign,  
My varying *Cælia's* Fire revives again.

Why

Why does my Summer *Celia's* Winter  
prove ?

When rises Love from Scorn, and  
Scorn from Love ?

Ah ! *Cupid* end this Jest, my riddling  
Boy,

Make me less am'rous, or make her  
less coy :

Burn or freeze both, that both our  
Breasts may hold

A mutual Fire, or else a mutual Cold.

# *CELIA'S RESOLUTION.*

By a Young LADY.

LET Foes envenom'd Arrows  
fling,

And welcome, lovely *Celia* said,  
Not Envy's self can dart a Sting,

That shall disturb a harmless Maid.

Contented with my little Store,  
I envy none their gaudy Pride,

And of kind Heaven ask no more,  
Than my just Wants to be supply'd.

No Gold, no Jewels charm my Eye,  
No Fop shall ever gain my Heart ;

For Grandeur I will never sigh,  
Nor from fair Virtue e'er depart.

# The W I S H

Written extempore, by a Gentleman,  
of a decay'd Family.

WOULD Heaven but grant my  
Desire,

A small Request I wou'd require,

A decent House, and a good Fire :

A Pot of Beer to give a Friend,  
And Wealth enough but to extend

My Charity to th' abject Poor,  
And drive Penury from my Door,

But, join to this a loving Wife,  
A Stranger to conjugal Strife,

My Happiness wou'd be compleat,  
I'd envy not the Rich and Great,

But spend my Days exempt from Care,  
Or anxious Thoughts of 'proaching  
War ;

And quiet Sleep under my Roof,  
And ask no more—think this enough.

# On FLORELLA.

HER blooming Looks confess the  
*Cyprian* Queen,

And coy *Diana* chastens all her Meins :  
She speaks the Goddess with the

azure Eyes,  
And all the *Muses* in her Voice sur-  
prize ;

Whilst in each awful Motion is ex-  
press'd

A *Juno*, in the Zone of *Venus* dress'd.

On me, O ! Love, the favourite Fair  
bestow,

And I will ever at thy Altars bow.  
To me, O ! Pow'r rever'd, her Heart

incline,  
That I may call those heavenly Graces  
mine :

Then each new Sun that wakes her  
brighter Eyes,

Shall see celestial Charms thy Sa-  
crifice.

# The NON PAREIL.

EARLY this Morn (a Time to *Muses*  
kind)

Willing to draw one Woman to my  
Mind,

Wife without Pride, without coquet-  
ting fair,

Chaste as the unblown Rose, yet free  
as Air ;

In Language easy, in her Temper sweet,  
And moderately learn'd, and simply

neat ;  
Who ne'er one Step from Virtue's  
Path has trod,

True to her Friend, but truer to her  
God.

But when I on the Picture thought,  
I cry'd,

No such can be—and flung my Pen  
aside.

My *Muse* then kindly whisper'd, *Such*  
can be ;

Bade me *Clarinda* write—and that  
was she.



## PLEASURE and PAIN.

## A FABLE.

THE Gods one Time, as Poets feign,  
Would Pleasure intermix with Pain,  
And perfectly incorporate so,  
As one from t'other none might know;  
That Mortals might alike partake  
The Good and Evil which they make.

In mighty Bowl they put these twain,  
And stir'd and stir'd, but all in vain:  
Pleasure wou'd sometimes float aloft,  
And Pain keep Pleasure down as oft;  
Yet still from one another fly,  
Detesting either's Company.

The Gods, who saw they sooner might  
Mix Fire and Water, Day and Night,  
Unanimously then decreed  
They shou'd alternately succeed,  
Each other's Motions still pursue,  
And a perpetual Round renew;  
Yet still divided shou'd remain,  
Tho' link'd together with a Chain.

Thence comes it that we never see  
A perfect Bliss or Misery:  
Each Happiness has some Alloy;  
And Grief succeeded is by Joy.  
The happiest Mortal needs must own  
He has a Time of Sorrow known;  
Nor can the poorest Wretch deny,  
But in his Life he felt a Joy.

The worst on't is, that in this  
Chace,  
They do not keep an equal Pace:  
Pleasure by Minutes does appear,  
But Pain still loiters by the Year.

The Unbelieving Wife, or the Lying  
Husband.

W HATE'er *Tam* tells for Truth, if  
Spouse is by,  
With Modesty she hints, it is a Lie!

Wars streight ensue—Ye Gods, such  
Wraths to sooth,  
Give her more B'lief, or give to *Tam*  
more Truth.

## The SURPRIZE

NEW-marr'd *Flora*, with her  
Friends,  
Regaling round the Fire,  
A sudden Burst the Parlour rends:  
They start!—the Cause enquire.

When, lo! a Coal in Pieces flew,  
Dissever'd by the Heat;  
And, from the Stove, a Cinder threw,  
Which fell at *Flora's* Feet.

All on the dire Event reflect;  
And, after much Debate,  
It was determin'd to inspect  
This Messenger of Fate.

*Myra*, the Secret to explore,  
The sulphurous Fragment view'd;  
Said, 'twas a *Purse*, foreboding Store  
Of Wealth; and Mirth renew'd.

*Amelia* next, with Looks demure,  
The gloomy Form survey'd;  
Said, " 'Tis a *Coffin*, Miss, I'm sure;  
Then sigh'd, and shook her Head.

*Stella*, in *Coffee-Grounds* well skill'd,  
Now claim'd a farther Sight;  
Said, " *Milly* caus'd Fears instill'd,  
" She'd set the Matter right."

Then paus'd, and bid them all at-  
tend;  
To whom with due Respect,  
Says she, " You'll own your Ig-  
norance,  
" If I the Fraud detect.

" No *Purse*, no *Coffin*, I can find!  
" A *Cradle* strikes my Eye!  
" See there the *Rockers* plac'd behind,  
" And there the *Head* rais'd high.

" Say, *Flora*, are you not with Child?  
To prove the Likeness true,  
She blush'd—at length confessing,  
smil'd—  
And pleas'd the Guests withdrew.

*A Collection of Favourite New Songs.*

SONG CXVI.

**P**OOR *Celia* fell sick, and look'd  
wonderful bad,  
Which greatly alarm'd both her  
Mammy and Dad;  
The Cause of her Illness no one could  
come nigh,  
For all that she said, was, "Alas! I  
"shall die!"

The Doctor was sent for, and came in  
all Haste;  
In desperate Cases there's no Time to  
waste:  
He smelt of his Cane, and he turn'd  
up his Eye;  
But *Celia* said, "Doctor, alas! I shall  
"die!"

He next felt her Pulse, cry'd, "Hem!"  
—and then, "Ha!"  
And canvas'd, in Thought, o'er the  
Physical Law:  
*Paracelsus*, or *Galen*, could not show  
him why,  
A Damsel so young should complain  
she shou'd die.

Secur'd of his Fee, he resolv'd to  
prescribe,  
(The Fee, the chief End of the Physi-  
cal Tribe)  
With his Pills and his Potions oblig'd  
to comply;  
She took—yet continu'd—"Alas!  
"I shall die!"

Brisk *Damon*, a Youth of great nat-  
ural Skill,  
As soon as he heard that poor *Celia*  
was ill;  
With the Wings of a Lover unto her  
did fly,  
And whisper'd, "My Dearest—my  
"*Celia*—shn't die."

He press'd—she consented—next  
Day they were wed,  
And her Cheeks with their former  
sweet Bloom are o'erspread;

The Pleasures of *Hymen* relumine her  
Eye;  
And *Celia*, thank Heav'n—is not like-  
ly to die.

SONG CXVII.

*Sung by Mr. Fawcett, at the New  
Theatre on Richmond-Green.*

**G**Entle, idle, trifling Boy,  
Sing of Pleasure, sing of Joy:  
Well you paint the crystal Spring,  
Well the flow'ry Meadows sing;  
But beware of bolder Flight,  
Tempt not Heaven's unequal Height;  
But beware with impious Strain,  
Mock not Virtue's hallow'd Train:  
Sacred here, O! ever, be  
Heav'n, and Heav'n-born Liberty.

Let the Slaves of lawless Sway,  
Let the stupid Flock obey;  
Pent within a narrow Fold,  
Ty'd, and stript, and slain, and sold:  
Happier Stars the Brave befriend;  
*Britons* know a nobler End:  
Theirs one common Good to share;  
Theirs to feel one common Care;  
In the glorious Task combine,  
From the Monarch to the Hind.

Yet, O! cease not, gentle Boy,  
Sing of Pleasure, sing of Joy:  
Like thy Brother of the Wing,  
Idle hop, and chirp, and sing.  
Heav'n can nothing vain produce,  
Ev'ry Creature has its Use;  
Thine it is to sooth our Toil;  
Thine to make e'en Wisdom smile:  
Much they err, who such despise;  
Trifles please the truly Wise.

SONG CXVIII.

*Sung by Mr. Beard.*

RECITATIVE.

**W**HEN *Bacchus*, jolly God, in-  
vites  
To revel in his Evening Rites,

In vain his Altar I surround,  
 Tho' with *Bargandian* Incense crown'd:  
 No Charms has Wine without the  
 Last;  
 'Tis Love gives Relish to the Glass.

## A I R.

While all around, with jocund Glee,  
 In Brimmers toast their fav'rite she,  
 Tho' ev'ry Nymph my Lips proclaim,  
 My Heart still whispers *Chloe's* Name:  
 And thus with me, by am'rous Stealth,  
 Still ev'ry Glass is *Chloe's* Health.

## SONG CXIX.

*Sung by Mr. Andrews, at Sadler's Wells.*

## RECITATIVE.

THE whistling Plowman tills  
 the blushing Dawn,  
 The Thrush melodious draws the  
 rustic Note;  
 Loud sings the Blackbird thro' re-  
 sounding Groves,  
 And the Lark soars to meet the rising  
 Sun.

## A I R.

Away to the Copse, so the Copse lead  
 away,  
 And now, my Boys, throw off the  
 Hounds,  
 I'll warrant he shews us, he shews us  
 some Play,  
 See yonder he skulks thro' the  
 Grounds,  
 See yonder he skulks thro' the  
 Grounds.

Then spur your brisk Coursers, smoke  
 'em my Bloods,  
 'Tis a delicate Scent-lying Morn;  
 What Concert is equal to those of  
 the Woods;  
 Betwixt Echo, the Hounds and the  
 Horn,  
 The Hounds and the Horn,  
 The Hounds and the Horn,  
 The Hounds and the Horn,  
 Betwixt Echo, the Hounds and the  
 Horn.

Each Earth see he tries at in vain,  
 The Cover no safer can find;  
 So he breaks it and scowers amain,  
 And leaves us at Distance behind.

O'er Rocks, and o'er Rivers, and  
 Hedges we fly,  
 All Hazard and Danger we scorn;  
 Stout *Reynard* we'll follow until that  
 he die,  
 Cheer up the good Dogs with the

And now he scarce creeps through  
 the Dale,  
 All parch'd from his Mouth hangs  
 his Tongue;  
 His Speed can no longer prevail,  
 Nor his Life, can his Cunning pro-  
 long.

From our staunch and fleet Pack,  
 'twas in vain that he fled,  
 See his Brush falls bemir'd forlorn;  
 The Farmers, with Pleasure, behold  
 him lie dead,  
 And shout to the Sound of the  
 Horn.

## SONG CXX.

*Sung by Mrs. Fawcett, at the New  
 Theatre on Richmond-Green.*

JENNY, bright as the Day,  
 And as buxom as May,  
 I happen'd to kiss;  
 When she angry did say,  
 "What's the Meaning of this?  
 "Why these Freedoms, I pray!"

"Dear *Jenny*, I need no Apology  
 use,

"Your Charms for my Crimes are  
 "sufficient Excuse:

"Sure Lips, sweet as those, were for  
 "Kissing decreed;"

Cry'd she, "Very fine! very pretty  
 "indeed!"

Repeating this Strain o'er again  
 and again,

I kiss'd her, and press'd her, still  
 more to obtain,

"Till she sprung from my Arms, and  
 flew over the Plain:

Like

Like *Daphne*, she strove my Embrace  
to elude;  
Like *Phaëbus*, I quicken'd my Pace  
and pursu'd.  
What follow'd, ye Lovers, must  
never be said;  
But 'twas all very fine, very pretty  
indeed.

SONG CXXI.

*Sung by Mr. Beard and Miss Young.*

WHEN *Phaëbus* the Tops of the  
Hills does adorn,  
How sweet is the Sound of the echo-  
ing Horn!

When the antling Stag is rous'd with  
the Sound,

Erecting his Ears, nimbly sweeps o'er  
the Ground,

And thinks he has left us behind on  
the Plain;

But still we pursue, and now come in  
View of the glorious Game.

O! see how again he rears up his  
Head,

And winged with Fear, he redoubles  
his Speed:

But, Oh! 'tis in-vain that he flies,  
That his Eyes lose the Huntsman, his  
Ears lose the Cries;

For now his Strength falls him, he  
heavily flies,

And he pants 'till with well-scented  
Hounds surrounded he dies.

SONG CXXII.

*Sung by Mrs. Scott, at Ranelagh.*

RECITATIVE.

AS *Delia*, blest with ev'ry Grace,  
Invok'd soft Music's need-  
less Aid,

Completely conquer'd by her Face,  
Thus gentle *Strephon* smiling said:

AIR.

Where partial Nature may deny  
The Pow'r of Beauty's melting  
Glance,

Let tedious Labour toil and try  
To swell the Song, or form the  
Dance;

But let your Charms alone suffice,  
And trust the Music of your Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

*Damon*, who chanc'd to over-hear,  
Thus spoke as he approach'd more  
near!

He flatters; do not trust the Swain.  
But listen to my honest Strain.

AIR.

Wonders are told of Beauty's Pow'r,  
Nor faintly warms the tuneful Lay;  
Your Voice and Person ev'ry Hour  
By Dozens steal our Hearts away:  
Then how trifling is the Prize,  
Since Fops have Ears, and Fools have  
Eyes!

Ah! lovely Nymph, indeed to bless,  
Select the worthiest Swain you've  
won,

Who, praising Sound and Colour less,  
Admires you for your Sense alone;  
Then leave all little Arts behind,  
And study to improve the Mind.

SONG CXXIII.

*Sung by Mr. Fawcett, at the New  
Theatre on Richmond-Green.*

RECITATIVE.

AMPHITRION and his Bride,  
a God-like Pair,  
He brave as *Mars*, and she as *Venus*  
fair,

On Thrones of Gold, in Purple Tri-  
umph plac'd,  
With matchless Splendor held the  
Nuptial-Feast;

While

While the high Roof with loud Applauses rung,  
Raptur'd thus the happy Hero sung.

Trip it o'er the flow'ry Lawns,  
Wanton as the bounding Fawns:  
Frolic, bugam, blithe, and gay,  
Nymphs and Shepherds, come away.

## A I R.

Was mighty Jove descending  
In all his Wrath divine,  
Rorag'd at my pretending  
To call this Charm-r mine;  
His Shafts of bolted Thunder,  
With Boldness, I deride;  
Not Heaven itself can sunder  
The hearts, that Love has ty'd.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

The Thunderer heard; he look'd  
with Vengeance down,  
Till Beauty's Glance disarm'd his  
awful Frown:  
The magic Impulse of *Alcmena's* Eyes,  
Compell'd the conquering God to quit  
the Skies:  
He feign'd the Husband's Form, pos-  
sels'd her Charms,  
And punish'd his Presumption in her  
Arms.

## A I R.

He deserves sublimest Pleasure,  
Who reveals it not when won:  
Beauty's like the Miser's Treasure;  
Boast it, and the Fool's undone.

Learn by this, unguarded Lover,  
When your secret Sighs prevail,  
Not to let your Tongue discover  
Raptures, that it thou'd conceal.

## S O N G CXXIV.

*Sung by Miss Brent, at Vauxhall.*

Nymphs and Shepherds, come  
away,  
Wanton in the Sweets of May;

## S O N G CXXV.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

HARK! the Birds begin their  
Lay,  
Flowers deck the Robe of May:  
See the little Lambkins bound,  
Playful o'er the Clover-Ground;  
While the Heifers sportive low,  
Where the yellow Cowslips blow;  
While the Heifers sportive low,  
Where the yellow Cowslips blow.

Now the Nymphs and Swains ad-  
vance  
O'er the Lawn in perfect Dance;  
Garlands from the Hawthorn Bough  
Grace the happy Shepherd's Brow;  
While the Lasses, in Array,  
Wait upon the Queen of May;  
While the Lasses, &c.

Innocence, Content and Love,  
Fill the Meadows and the Grove;  
Mirth, that never wears a frown,  
Health, with Sweetness all her own;  
Labour puts on Pleasure's Smile,  
And pale Care forgets his Toil;  
Labour puts on, &c.

Ah! what Pleasures Shepherds know!  
Monarchs cannot such bestow;  
Love improves each happy Hour,  
Grandeur has not such in Store.  
Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,  
Happiness is Innocence;  
Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,  
Happiness is Innocence.

†† Gentlemen or Ladies, who are possess'd of any Pieces which may contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them inserted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal-Exchange, for the Authors of *The Jeffer's Magazine*.

➡ The Thirteenth Number will be publish'd the First of NOVEMBER.

# THE JESTER'S MAGAZINE: OR, THE MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER. For October 1766.

Being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the Kind or Price.

Containing (among many other curious Particulars)

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
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| <p>I. A Collection of Jest, Balls, Stories, &amp;c.</p> <p>II. An Account of several Revolutions in <i>Persia</i>, to the Usurpation of the famous <i>Kuli Khan</i>.</p> <p>III. The Life and Adventures of <i>Thomas Kuli Khan</i>.</p> <p>IV. Continuation of the History of <i>Amelia</i>, from Facts.</p> <p>V. Conclusion of <i>Placco</i> and <i>Lavinia</i>: Or, Love and Friendship.</p> <p>VI. An Instance of cruel and shameful Ingratitude.</p> <p>VII. Letters from <i>Clarinda</i> to <i>Dorinda</i>.</p> <p>VIII. <i>Hamet</i> and <i>Fatama</i>. An Eastern Tale.</p> <p>IX. A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebuses, Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &amp;c. &amp;c.</p> <p>X. A Paradox.</p> | <p>XI. An Epistle to a Lady in the Country.</p> <p>XII. An Impromptu on the Figure of <i>Venus</i>, in Plaister of <i>Paris</i>, &amp;c.</p> <p>XIII. Upon a Mole on a Lady's Bosom.</p> <p>XIV. An Acrostic.</p> <p>XV. The Pensive Shepherd.</p> <p>XVI. On Autumn.</p> <p>XVII. To Miss <i>M——</i>, at her Glass.</p> <p>XVIII. To Miss <i>Kitty Cotton</i>.</p> <p>XIX. Ode to Sleep.</p> <p>XX. Humanity.</p> <p>XXI. The Bachelor's Supplication.</p> <p>XXII. The Happy Pair.</p> <p>XXIII. <i>Damon's</i> Farewel.</p> <p>XXIV. The Nunnery.</p> <p>XXV. Favourite NEW SONGS;<br/>Sung at <i>Ranelagh</i>, <i>Vauxhall</i>,<br/><i>Marybone</i>, <i>Sadler's Wells</i>, &amp;c.<br/>&amp;c. &amp;c.</p> |
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*Ride si Sapis.*  
Laugh, if you are Wise.

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Numb. XIII. To be continu'd Monthly.

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L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by *S. Bladen*, in *Pater-noster-Row*; *J. Williams*, in *Fleet-Street*; *J. Kingman*, near the *Royal-Exchange*, by most Book-sellers; and by the Persons who sell News.

[Price only Three-Pence.]

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tion, will be inserted in our next.



THE  
JESTER'S MAGAZINE,  
For October 1766.



*A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

✱✱✱✱ Gentleman one Day in  
✱✱✱✱ Company getting more  
✱✱✱✱ than half Seas over,  
✱✱✱✱ left his Companions  
✱✱✱✱ very abruptly. One of  
them meeting him a few Days after,  
rallied him on his not taking  
Leave. *Why, says he, if I did not  
take Leave of the Company, I did  
not leave it till I had taken Leave  
of myself.*

A Quaker was going to visit  
some of his Friends and Brethren;  
and, as he was going, he met with  
a Misfortune. However, he trudg'd  
on; and, when he came to the Place  
where he appointed to meet them,  
he said, *Friends and Brethren,  
there are some Things that I know,  
and ye know not; and there are  
some Things that ye know, and I  
know not; and there are some  
Things that neither you or I know  
not. As I was coming to see ye, in  
crossing a stile, I tore my Breeches;  
this I knew, and ye knew not:  
What ye will give me towards pay-  
ing for mending of them, that ye  
know, and I know not: And what  
the Knave of a Taylor will have*

*for mending them, that neither you  
or I know not.*

A Cockney, seeing a Squirrel  
play about in a Shop, greatly ad-  
mir'd it, and said, *Bless me! what  
pretty Things are made for Money.*

An honest Man invited a Phy-  
sician to Dinner; and, at Dinner-  
Time, drank to him in a Cup of  
Wine, whereunto the Physician ex-  
cepted, and said, *That he durst not  
pledge him in Wine, for fear of  
Pimples and Inflammations in his  
Face.* The other answered, *A foul  
Ill on that Face, that makes the  
whole Body fare the worse.*

A poor Carpenter, yet a good  
Workman, was employed in build-  
ing of a Bridge, wherein he be-  
came so good a Gainer, that it set  
him up for ever; and in one of  
the main Posts thereof he had en-  
graven these Words, Sanchio Ro-  
driguez made this Bridge. Another  
came after, and wrote underneath  
with a Coal, *This Bridge made  
Sanchio Rodriguez.*

One being ask'd, *Why be mar-  
ried so little a Wife?* He answered,  
*Of Evils, the least is best.*

*A French*



A French Gentleman, on his Return to Paris, was ask'd by an English Gentleman, How he liked our Manner of Living? *Very good, very good*, says he; *but dere be von Dist dat be better dan all de oder. And pray what is that. Sir? Begar, is be von Fowl, von Bacon, von Greens. I believe, Sir, I can tell you of one which you would like much better. What is dat, said Monsieur? It is*, says the English Gentleman, *two Fowls, two Bacons, and two Greens;*

A Physician sent a foolish Fellow purging Pills, and he tasting and chewing one of them in his Mouth, and finding it passing bitter, spet it out again; the rest he wrapt in a Bundle of Hay, saying, *There rest ye, 'till ye be thorough ripe.*

A Bishop's Chaplain helping his Lord on with his Rochet, and being somewhat long a drawing on the Sleeves, said the Bishop, *Me-thinks you are very tedious about this Geer. And like your Grace*, he answered, *your Sleeves are very straight. Very straight indeed*, reply'd the Bishop, *for full twenty Tears have I travelled to get them on, and 'till this Time could I never attain it.*

A Serving-Man was jesting with his Master's Fool, and made him believe he could cut off his Head. The Fool ran straight to his Master, and told him of it; who answered, *He shall not cut off thy Head, if he do, I'll hang him the Day after. Nay, I pray thee*, replied the Fool, *rather hang him a 'Day before.*

One being to go a Journey in wet Weather, he over Night desired his Friend to tell him how he might ride dry in his Boots: *Why*, said he, *I know a Way, that is, eat in the*

*Morning three pickled Herrings, and don't you drink all the Day after; and if you don't ride dry in your Boots, I'll be hang'd.*

A Spanish Earl was a great Swearer, and hunting one Day in a Forest, and having lost his Company, ranging up and down in the Dark, chanced to fall Horse and all into a very deep Pit, where he remained all that Night, not forgetting in the mean Time to bethink himself of a many good Thoughts, and namely, among the rest, he was right penitent of his Sin in Swearing; vowing, that if he ever got out of that Pickle, he would never, whilst he liv'd, swear more. By Chance his Spaniel being with him when he fell, would not depart from the Place, but there remained bawling and howling all the while, 'till at last certain Passengers travelling that Way the next Morning, and overhearing the Dog's piteous Clamour, made to the Place, and there looking down into the Pit, espy'd the Earl. With such Tackle as they had about them they drew him up, and set him on firm Ground. Then he looking down into the Hole, to see how deeply he had fallen, and seeing it very deep, said, *God's Nouns, is this a fit Place for a Nobleman to fall into!*

One ask'd a Fool how many Horses his Father had? He answer'd, *Five, with four that are dead.*

A Person, for his own Diversion, playing the Part of *Scrub* in the *Stratagem*, perform'd it very badly; on which a Friend observed to him, That he wonder'd how he could possibly be out in the Character. *How so?* says he. *Because*, reply'd the other, *you play it every Day.*

A certain

A certain Officer in the Guards telling one Night, in Company with a Gentleman, of several wonderful Things he had seen Abroad; among the rest, he told the Company, he had seen a Pike caught that was six Feet long. *That's a Trifle,* says the Gentleman, *I have seen a half Pike, in England, longer by a Foot, and yet not worth Two-pence.*

A Living of 300 *l.* per Annum, falling in the Gift of a late Lord-Chancellor, a Gentleman recommended one of his Friends as very deserving of the Benefice, whom his Lordship approv'd of: In the Interim, the Curate, who had served the last Incumbent many Years for poor 30 *l.* per Annum, came up with a Petition, sign'd by many of the Inhabitants, testifying his good Behaviour; setting forth, That he had a Wife and seven Children to maintain, and begging his Lordship would stand his Friend, that he might be continued in his Curacy; and, in Consideration of his large Family, if he could prevail with the next Incumbent to add 10 *l.* a Year, he should for ever pray. His Lordship, according to his usual Goodness, promis'd to use his utmost Endeavours to serve him; and the Reverend Gentleman, for whom the Living was designed, coming soon after to pay his Respects, my Lord told him the Affair of the Curate, with this Difference only, that he should allow him 60 *l.* a Year instead of 30 *l.* The Parson, in some Confusion, replied, He was sorry that he could not grant his Request, for that he had promised the Curacy to another, and could not go back from his Word. *How!* says my Lord, *have you promised the Curacy before you was possess'd of the Living?* *Well,* to keep your

*Word with your Friend, if you please, I'll give him the Curacy; but the Living, I assure you, I'll give to another:* And saying this he left him. The next Day the poor Curate coming to know his Destiny, my Lord told him, That he had used his Endeavours to serve him as to the Curacy, but with no Success, the Reverend Gentleman having dispos'd of it before. The Curate, with a deep Sigh, return'd his Lordship Thanks for his Goodness, and was going to withdraw; when my Lord calling him back, said, with a Smile, *Well, my Friend, 'tis true, I have it not in my Power to give you the Curacy; but if you will accept of the Living, 'tis at your Service.* The Curate, almost surpriz'd to Death with Joy, in the most moving Expressions of Gratitude, return'd his Lordship Thanks, whose Goodness had in a Moment rais'd him and his Family from a necessitous Condition, to a comfortable State of Life.

A *Gascon*, one Day reading in Company a Letter he had just received from his Father, who therein acquainted him, that he was threatened with an Assessment, which would be very hard upon him, whose whole Estate was not above two Hundred Livres per Annum. This Sum was written in Figures thus (200) but the *Gascon* reading two Thousand, instead of two Hundred, a Lady that stood behind him, and read the Letter without uttering a Word, so that he could not perceive her, hearing him say two Thousand. *Hold, hold, Sir,* said she, *there are but two Hundred.* *Let me be bang'd,* said he, turning about to her, *if the Coxcomb (meaning his Father) has not forgot a Cypher.*

A certain Italian having wrote a Book upon the *Art of making Gold*, dedicated it to Pope *Leo X.* in Hopes of a good Reward. His Holiness finding the Man constantly following him, at length gave him a large empty Purse, saying, *Sir, since you know how to make Gold, you can have no Need of any Thing but a Purse to put it in.*

The Duke of *Medina* having a crook'd-back Lady to his Wife, ask'd his Jester on a Time *What he thought of his stately new Hall at Madresjos?* The Jester answer'd, *A stately Hall indeed, my Lord, yet cannot my Lady stand upright therein.*

A Countryman seeing a Lady in the Street in a very odd Dress, as he thought, begg'd her to be pleas'd to tell him what she call'd it? The Lady, a little surprized at the Question, call'd him impertinent Fellow. *Nay, I hope, no Offence, Madam, cry'd Hodge; I am a poor Countryman, just going out of Town, and my Wife always expects I should bring her an Account of the newest Fashion, which occasioned my enquiring what you call this that you wear. It is a Sack,* said she, in a great Pet. *I have heard,* reply'd the Countryman (heartily nettled at her Behaviour) *of a Pig in a Poke, but never saw a Sow in a Sack before.*

A Gentlewoman commending a Gentleman to his Face, and saying, *That he was a goodly big Man.* He answer'd, *All that is Great is not Good, but all that is Good is Great.*

A Gascon Officer, who had served under *Henry IV.* King of France, and not having received any Pay for a considerable Time,

came to the King, and confidently said to him, *Sir, three Words with your Majesty: Money or Discharge. Four with you,* answer'd his Majesty, *neither one, nor t'other.*

One said to his Acquaintance, *I greatly wonder that you are so richer, because I know you may spend Eight Shillings a Day, if you don't spend above Two.* The other answer'd, *Two I pay, Two I lend, Two I spend, and Two I live.* The *Two I pay,* are those I allow my poor Father and Mother towards their Maintenance. The *Two I lend,* are those I allow for my Son's Education in the University, which I hope he will one Day repay me again (if I live so long) as now I do unto my Father. The *Two I spend,* are upon myself, my Wife, and Family. The *Two I lose,* are those my Wife spends every Day in Toys and Baubles upon herself, which I never look for more.

A Captain discharging a lame Soldier out of his Band, the Soldier angry thereat, said unto him, *The War needs no Men that can run away, but such as can bide by it.*

An exceeding tall Man presenting his Service to a great Prince, the Prince began to admire at his Huge-ness; and he, to make himself less monstrous, said, *And please you, Sir, I have a Brother who doth far exceed me in every Proportion. What,* said the Prince, *had you a Giant to your Father?*

A tall personable Man offered to accompany a Dwarf in the Street; saying, *That the People would the less gaze and wonder at his miserable Littleness.* The Dwarf answered, *Rather will they wonder at my Folly, to see me lead an Ass along by me and not ride.*

*A Series of* LETTERS *from a Gentleman in Syria*  
to his Sister in London,

LETTER IX.

*Containing an Account of several Revolutions in Persia, to the Usurpation of the famous Kuli Khan.*

Dear Sister,

Sultan Hossin, chusing to live an indolent unactive Life among his Women, left the whole Administration of Affairs to his Ministers, who burthen'd the People with heavy Taxes, in the Time of Peace, to enrich themselves, turn'd out and put in whom they pleas'd, and spread a general Corruption over the whole Magistracy.

Among many others who were, at this Time, displac'd for want of a Bribe, or Present suitable to the Ministers Expectations, was the famous Mereweys, who was originally a Tartar, and commanded four or five Hundred Tents in the utmost Confines of the Persian Empire, towards Usbeck Tartary, where the Persians live in Herds like the Tartars, and move from Place to Place, for the sake of Cattle and Provisions. This Gentleman, understanding that he was remov'd only to make Room for another who had over brib'd him, in a short Time found Means to raise a Sum which procur'd him to be reinstated. However, this last Present to the Ministry reduc'd him to such low Circumstances as made him uneasy; and, taking Advantage of the Weakness of the Government, he resolv'd to seize on the Province of Candabor, and set up for himself. To effect

this he had recourse to Stratagem. He sent to the Governor of Candabor, to acquaint him, that he had receiv'd a Commission to succeed him; and, as is usual in such Cases, the Governor came out to meet him. After some Compliments pass'd, Mereweys's Men fell upon his Guards, cut them in Pieces, and march'd into the City. Mereweys, at this Time, had no farther Views than to protect himself against the Persian Forces, and to secure the Possession of this Province, by erecting it into an independent State. Candabor formerly belonging to India, he immediately dispatch'd an Omrah to the Mogul's Court, with Proposals of an Alliance against Persia. The Mogul, hoping hereby to recover Candabor, and make Mereweys dependent upon him, sent him Promises of Friendship, and offer'd what Number of Forces he thought fit to support him, at the same Time giving him the Title of Prince of Candabor. The Persian Ministry, inform'd how Mereweys had surpriz'd Candabor, sent four or five Thousand Horse to reduce him; but he, having been join'd by the Usbeck Tartars, defeated them. This Defeat very much alarm'd the Ministry; they sent another General against him, of whose Skill in War, and Fidelity, they had a very great Opinion; but he had no better Success than the former. In these two

Engagements *Mereweys* furnish'd his Followers with Arms, &c. who before were little better than a naked Rabble. He now also began to talk of marching to the capital City of *Ispahan*, though his Troops, as yet, consisted but of about ten Thousand Horse; but first he thought proper to put *Candabor* into a Condition to resist any Attempt made against it, during his Absence. He also made an Alliance with the Grand Signior, and the Bassa of *Bagdat* was immediately order'd to march an Army to the Frontiers of *Persia*. He now therefore stiled himself the Protector of *Persia*, and made Preparations for his March to *Ispahan*; but, in the Midst of all his Projects, Death put an End to his Views. This Event, in all Probability, would have dishearten'd his Friends and Followers, had he not left a Son behind him, equal, if not superior to him in all Respects, whose Name was *Mahamood*. This Gentleman industriously conceal'd his Father's Death, and all Things went on as if no such Accident had happen'd. *Mahamood* had the Command of the Army, when it march'd to *Ispahan*. The King, when he heard the Usurper's Army was near the Capital, offer'd to resign to his eldest Son, who declin'd the Offer; but Sultan *Thamas*, his second Son, had Courage enough to accept of the Succession, and accordingly put himself at the Head of the Army, and all Things had so good a Countenance, that it was thought he would soon have driven the Usurper from *Ispahan*; when News came one Morning, that *Thamas*, with a few Friends, had left the

Army, and was gone Nobody could tell where. Hereupon all the great Officers, as well as Citizens, endeavour'd to make their Peace with the Usurper, and he was invited by them into the Town, which he took Possession of, making the old King, and the whole Court Prisoners. *Mahamood* effected this with so small a Force as seven Thousand Horse, in the Month of *February* 1721-2: But finding an empty Treasury, and being oblig'd to raise more Forces, he first confiscated the Goods of all those who were not in his Interest, then cut off the Heads of the Prime Minister, and some others, who had been accus'd of fleecing the People. By these Means he rais'd great Sums, and gain'd a general Applause. This done, he sent the old King Prisoner to *Candabor*, took Possession of the Royal Palace, and extorted so much Money from the *English* Merchants, as almost ruin'd the Factory\*.

*Mahamood* did not long enjoy the Fruits of his Rebellion, before one of his chief Officers, call'd Sultan *Esreff*, cut him off, and succeeded in the Government. He made an Alliance with the *Turks* and *Atufcovites*, and gaye up all the Towns they had taken on the *Persian* Frontiers, provided they would guarantee his Usurpation. But these Alliances prov'd fatal to him; for the *Persians*, observing their best Towns deliver'd up to their Enemies, resolv'd to adhere to Prince *Thamas*, who went privately away from *Ispahan*, on *Mahamood's* approaching that Capital, and determin'd to proclaim him their Sovereign. *Thamas* by this Time had rais'd a considerable

\* I am credibly inform'd that the *East-India* Company sent to their Factors to get off as well as they could.

iderable Body of Men in the northern Provinces of *Persia*; and, being assisted by *Kuli Khan*, a wise and experienc'd General, defeated *Esriff*, and slew him. And now *Kuli Khan* growing very popular, from a long Series of Success, at length set up for himself, depos'd his Master Sultan *Ybamas*, sent him into Banishment, and then enter'd into an Alliance offensive and defensive with the *Russians*, against the *Turks*: But the *Persians* not approving his Conduct, form'd several strong Parties against him; and a Brother of *Merweys's*, who was in

Possession of the Town and Province of *Caudabor*, rais'd an Army, and began his March towards *Issaban*. Hereupon *Kuli Khan* clapp'd up a Peace with the *Turks*, and turn'd his Forces against his Enemies at Home, whom he soon defeated, and now reigns Sovereign of *Persia*, without any Competitor. The Life and Transactions of this Prince shall be the Subject of my next; who am,

Dear Charlotte,

Your affectionate Brother, &c.



## LETTER X.

### *The Life and Adventures of Thomas Kuli Khan.*

Dear Sister,

*Shah Nadir* was born at *Calot*, in the Province of *Khorasan*, lying to the North-East of *Persia*. His Father was Governor of a Fortress on the Frontiers of *Usbeck Tartary*, and Chief of a Clan of the *Asbar* Tribe; but, dying while he was a Minor, committed the Care of his Estate, and particularly the Fort, to his Uncle. The Nephew was then call'd *Nadir Kuli* \*. When the young Gentleman came of Age, his Uncle refus'd to give him Possession of his Estate, or even the Command of the Fortress; representing to the Garrison, that he was of a cruel Disposition, and very unfit to govern. Hereupon *Nadir Kuli* retir'd to *Musbad*, where the Viceroy of that

Province resid'd, who receiv'd him kindly, and soon after gave him a Troop of Horse, in which Post he behav'd so well against the *Usbeck Tartars*, that he was soon advanc'd to be Commander of a Thousand, and, continuing to give many signal Proofs of his Valour and Conduct, he was at length created General against the *Tartars*, who had made an Inroad into the Province; whom he defeated, tho' much inferior in Number, and kill'd their General with his own Hand. On this Victory, the Viceroy promis'd to write to *Issaban*, and procure him the Post of Lieutenant-General of the Province: But another being preferr'd to that Command, *Nadir Kuli* could not forbear upbraiding the Viceroy with Breach of Promise, in such a rude Manner, as provok'd that

\* Which signifies, "Slave of the Wonderful;" one of the Attributes given to the Deity, by the *Persians*.

that Prince to order him to be basted on the Soles of his Feet, to that Degree, as the Nails of his Toes dropp'd off, and he was afterwards dismiss'd.

After this hard Usage, he return'd to his Uncle, in Hopes he would restore to him his Estate, which was refus'd. Having nothing to depend upon, he engag'd with two Men in much the like Circumstances, who had determin'd to provide for themselves by Acts of Violence. The first Attempt they made, was upon some Carriers, travelling with four Mules, loaden with Merchandize, which they seized; with the Produce hereof they procur'd Horses and Arms, and admitting more into the Gang, they form'd a little Troop of about twenty. They now attack'd a Caravan of thirty Camels and Mules, and carried the Prize into the Mountains, where they were join'd by others, and by five Hundred Soldiers in particular, who had serv'd under *Nadir Kuli*. Thus reforc'd, they laid the whole Country under Contribution, plundering the Houses, and driving away the Cattle, wherever the People refus'd to comply with their Demands.

At this Time a civil War broke out in *Persia*. The Court could not spare any Forces to suppress these Robbers; but, on the contrary, fifteen Hundred Men revolted from the Army of *Shah Thomas*, Son of the late depos'd King, join'd *Nadir Kuli*, and render'd him very formidable. No one dreaded the Success of his Arms more than his Uncle, who had wrong'd him of his Patrimony; and therefore, in order to curry Favour with his Ne-

phew, he offer'd to procure a Pardon for him and his Associates from *Shah Thomas*, on Condition they would enter into his Service. *Nadir Kuli*, approving of this Overture, his Uncle actually procur'd a Pardon for him; which so soon as *Nadir* receiv'd, he went to see him, where he and his Followers were nobly entertain'd; but *Nadir Kuli*, reflecting on the Injury he had done him, and unmindful of the late Favour receiv'd, took the Fortress of *Calot* by Surprize the following Night, and also murder'd his Uncle in his Bed. Here he continu'd some Months, the Country for near fifty Miles round being subject to him, when *Shah Thomas* was advis'd to invite him into his Service. *Nadir Kuli* accepted the Invitation, and fully answer'd all his Expectations; insomuch, that he was appointed General of all his Forces in 1728.

Sultan *Efress*, who succeeded *Mahamood* the Usurper, being inform'd of the Success of *Nadir*, marched from *Ispahan* against him, with thirty Thousand Men; but was defeated by *Nadir Kuli*, with Half the Number. Hereupon *Shah Thomas* made *Nadir* a Present of his Name; \* and, from this Victory, he was afterwards call'd *Thomas Kuli Khan*. *Efress* rais'd another Army, and attack'd *Shah Thomas* a second Time, about thirty Miles from *Ispahan*, where he was totally defeated, and fled back to *Ispahan*; then pack'd up all the Treasure and Jewels he could find in the Palace, and made off with it towards *Schiras*. *Thomas Kuli Khan* pursu'd him close, and the next Day arriv'd at the Capital, which was in November 1730; where he staid three Weeks,

will

\* The highest Honour he could confer upon him.

Will *Shah Thomas* his Master arriv'd. For this Service, he demanded a Power of raising Money in any Part of the *Persian* Dominions at Discretion, for the Support of his Army. The King, with great Reluctance, invested him with this Power, and also gave him his Aunt in Marriage. But, tho' it was the Middle of Winter, *Kuli Khan* march'd in Pursuit of *Esreff*, and defeated him again. After this, *Esreff* fled with fifteen Hundred Men towards *Candabor*, but was overtaken, and cut to Pieces. The General now march'd against the *Turks*, and defeated them in two Battles. They sue for Peace; which *Shah Thomas* grants them, but the General oblig'd the King to break the Truce. After this, he invited the King to a grand Entertainment in his own Tent; where, having drank freely, and falling asleep, the General order'd him to be convey'd

to one of his Palaces, which he surrounded with Troops he could confide in; and, about three Days after, sent him to *Mazandaran*, a Part of *Persia* inhabited by the *Afgbans*, and others of the *Turkish* Sect. The next Day he set the infant King on his Father's Throne, and proclaim'd him by the Name of *Shah Abbas*.

I doubt not, dear *Charlotts*, but you may lament the Treachery and Ingratitude of this great General. It concerns you therefore to observe, that Ambition claims Kindred with every other Vice; stoops, and takes up every Sin which lies in its Way; and if, upon Enquiry, you find it to be such a complicated Mischief, do you earnestly endeavour to shun it yourself, and seriously to detest it in others.

I am,

Your most affectionate Brother, &c.

(To be continu'd.)



### Continuation of the History of AMELIA, from FACTS.

AMELIA had, from *Cleantes*'s Behaviour, suspected that he entertained a Passion for her, which she could not look on with Indifference; but the meeting with him and *Avenia* alone, something staggered her in her Opinion, and made her think she had need keep a better Guard over her Heart, than to give it to one who would, in all Probability, despise it. *Cleantes* was as far from being easy. He had his own Passion to struggle with, as well as *Avenia*'s. Before he went Home, he found Means to slip the following Note into her Hand.

MADAM,

IF I have given you any Reason to suspect I entertained a Pretention to your Heart, I am sufficiently punished by your Words To-day; which, the more I reflect on, the more I am certain you was not in Earnest when you spoke them. However they were meant, I assure you my Heart is not in that Situation they seem'd to suppose.

I am, &c.

CLEANTHES,

A



*Avenia*, on the Receipt of this, flatter'd herself that it was an Acknowledgement of his Passion to her; but her Surprise and Anger nothing could equal, when she read it. She blush'd and turn'd pale alternately, when she consider'd how she had been deceiv'd, and how indifferent he appeared to her. She revolved in her Mind several Incidents in his Behaviour, which had hither pass'd her unnoticed; and she was quickly convinced, that the Love she thought he bore to her, was directed to another Person—no less than her young Cousin *Amelia*.

Envy, Hatred, Love, Compassion, Friendship (for no Woman is without good Qualities, however some may imagine) and all the various Passions of her Breast, were stirred up at once; but her Love (if I may so call what does not seem the Happiness of the beloved Object) triumphed over all.

Neither *Cleantes* or Mrs. *Dalver* was there the next Day; and *Avenia* ask'd Mr. *Dalver*, to let *Amelia* go with her to her House: Adding, That she thought it wrong to let her continue in a Place, which must continually awaken in her the Sense of the Loss she had sustained; and all their Efforts to bring her to forget it would be in vain, without she was removed for some Time, that other Ideas might take the Place of those gloomy ones that were before her Eyes, and would absolutely spoil her Health. Mr. *Dalver* readily consented to her Proposal, and agreed that they might set out next Day, if *Amelia* was willing; who, on being ask'd, shewed no Reluctance. To say the Truth, *Amelia* rather exulted that she should quit so dangerous a Person as *Cleantes*; and that she

should punish him for her Mistake (as she thought it) by depriving him of *Avenia's* Company.

The next Day they set out very early; and Mr. *Dalver*, having not quite finished some Affairs belonging to the Estate, promis'd to be with them in a Week's Time. Soon after they were gone, Mrs. *Dalver* and *Cleantes* came to pay them a Visit, who were very much surprized at their going away in such a Hurry; but the latter was extremely uneasy. He had at last perswaded himself to declare his Love to *Amelia*, rather than suffer her to think him any way engaged with *Avenia*. Indeed he had before intended to have let it alone, 'till more ripening Years approached; and, in the mean Time, he thought he might gain her Affections unperceivably. Judge then, if he was not in Pain at losing her in such a Manner. He had some faint Suspicions that the Letter he had sent was the Cause of her Removal, but he could not be certain of it, as he could not apprehend that *Avenia* suspected his Love to her Cousin: But he did not consider, that Lovers Eyes and Actions are great Tell-Tales.

They spent the Day with Mr. *Dalver*, but not in the same sprightly Manner as usual. *Cleantes* appeared very dull, which was only attributed to his Turn of Temper; and tho' there was the greatest Esteem between Mr. *Dalver* and his Sister, yet there was wanting that pleasing Levity which seasoned their Conversation when *Avenia* and Miss *Wellmore* were there.

To return to the two Ladies on their Journey. They both arrived safe (without meeting with any Thing

Thing worth relating) at *S—*, within half a Mile of which was *Avenia's* House, to which they walked. Their Conversation I cannot refuse to relate, as I never heard it was at all interesting, and consisted perhaps in nothing but dry Formalities. The Time passed on very tedious to them both (for neither of them was very easy in their Minds) for near a Fortnight, when *Mr. Dalver* arrived, with *Mrs. Dalver* and *Cleanthes*; to whom he former had proposed to come and stay at his House in *Warwickshire* while the Summer lasted, which they had agreed to, and to make some Stay at *Avenia's* in their Way.

*Avenia* and *Amelia* shewed much the same Emotions in their Faces, at the Sight of *Cleanthes*; while his Behaviour shewed, to discerning Eyes, that he was very much confused; and *Avenia* thought she read in *Amelia's* Eyes and his, a reciprocal Love. Fired with Anger (or Jealousy, for she thought she had conquer'd her Love) as soon as he had an Opportunity, she insinuated to *Mr. Dalver*, that it was a Pity such a fine Youth as his Nephew should not have an Education suitable to his Capacity, which could never be supplied by earning of the Masters only that his Mother had procur'd for him; and he said, she thought he should be sent to the University, as in all Likelihood there would be a large Fortune for him, when he came of Age.

This Advice, which seemed to

be very candid and sincere (as to be sure it was good, had the Motive been the same) *Mr. Dalver* thought very reasonable, and soon after spoke to his Sister on the Subject, who readily agreed to it; and, after consulting *Cleanthes* (who could not make any Difficulty) they agreed he should set out in a Week's Time for *Oxford*, and that *Mr. Dalver* should go with him to settle him there. In the mean Time *Cleanthes* could find no Opportunity of declaring his Mind to *Amelia*, as she always avoided being alone with him: Nay, if she had been willing, it would not have been very easy for them to have discoursed privately, as *Avenia* was always watching them.

At length the Day arrived that was to separate them, when *Cleanthes* could only get an Opportunity of slipping a Note into her Hand, as he was taking his Leave publickly of her. After he and *Mr. Dalver* were gone, she retir'd to her Chamber to see what it contained. The Purport of it was to acquaint her of *Avenia's* Passion for him, the Repulse he had given her, and a Hint of his own Love for *Amelia*. She was very much surprized at what she read; nor indeed did she understand rightly the Meaning of the Letter, which could not be called a Declaration of his Love, tho' it was hinting that Way: However, 'twas some Satisfaction to her, as it cleared her Mind of the Suspicions she had entertained of him.

(The Remainder in our next.)

Conclusion of PLACEO and LAVINIA: Or,  
Love and Friendship.

"MY dear Friend," says *Ferdinand*, "I insist on your returning to *Venice*, for which Place a Ship will sail in a few Hours. My Ransom is paid, and every Thing settled with your Master. Neither the Thoughts of Slavery or Chains sit heavy at my Heart, since they will give Liberty to one whom I love as my own Soul."

*Barbarossa*, *Placeo's* Master, beheld the generous Contention of these worthy Friends with Astonishment. Sentiments like these, he imagin'd, were too exalted to possess the human Breast. He was struck with them; and declar'd, That he would no longer be the Instrument of making them unhappy. "You shall both return to your Friends and Country," said he. "I will rely on *Placeo's* Honour for the sending me his Ransom; and may you both be as happy as you seem to deserve."

No sooner had he pronounc'd these Words, than he order'd a Slave to take off *Placeo's* Chains; which being done, he said, "You are both free, and may leave this Place whenever it shall be convenient to yourselves."

Before *Placeo* left *Barbarossa*, he assur'd him his Ransom should be punctually remitted, and render'd him proper Acknowledgements for the Confidence he repos'd in him;

and, on leaving the House, he told the Servant who permitted him to converse with his Friend (and by whose Means the Treachery of *Achmet* was frustrated) that his kind Offices should not be forgot.

*Ferdinand* conducted his Friend to the Ship, which set sail the next Morning. They arriv'd safe at *Venice*, to the inexpressible Joy of their Friends, whom *Placeo* acquainted with the extraordinary Generosity of *Ferdinand*.

They were now all completely happy. *Placeo* was married to his beloved *Lavinia*, and *Ferdinand* blest'd with her Cousin *Serina*, a young Lady of great Merit, Beauty and Fortune. *Placeo* sent the Sum agreed on for his Ransom to *Barbarossa*, with an Hundred Sequins as a Present for the Servant, who us'd to attend him while he was in Bondage.

After a Series of Misfortunes, they were possess'd of every Thing that could make Life desirable; Health, Riches, Honours, and all the Happiness the Fair can give. They were blest'd with many and sincere Friends, and belov'd by all who were acquainted with them. They were happy in a beautiful and numerous Offspring, who were a Comfort to their Friends, and an Ornament to human Nature.

life (fatal most, because it was the prologue to all the rest) yet, altho' had scarce ever been from the blistering Whing of my Parents before, my little Heart never flutter'd with such extatic Joys. False Joys! despitful Pleasure! Alas! I little thought this the last Time I should ever meet my dear Parents, with Truth and Innocence.

It was not long before we arrived at ———; where, as soon as we came to the Door, a Footman came to open the Door of the Chaise, and conduct us into the Parlour, where we were met by a very fat Lady,

exceeding well dress'd, tho' with a Face as red as the Sun against Frost. She came and saluted me, with a Breath that seem'd as tho' it would contaminate the Air.

We were soon conducted to Dinner, where I was surpris'd with the Appearance of a Number of fine young Ladies, and almost as many Gentlemen. As I am now going to Dinner, it will not be improper to conclude, for the present, with assuring you,

I am, &c.

CLARINDA.

(To be continu'd.)



## HAMET and FATAMA.

An EASTERN TALE.

**HAMET**, a Youth of about Seventeen, of middling Stature and a most delicate Complexion, was Son and Heir to one of the most potent Kings of *India*. He was particularly fond of rural Pleasures. He would often leave his Father's Palace, his splendid Retinue and Equipage, to wander in some silent Grove, admiring the various Beauties of Nature. The Hills, the Dales, the Groves, the Streams, with their Productions, charm'd him more than all the Splendor of a Court, where Flattery and Adulation reign predominant, to catch the Royal Ear and force their Way to Favour, by the vilest Prostitution; fawning, cringing, persuading the transitory Monarch that he is a God,

'till Death comes and proves the Falacy of their Words.

'Twas from such as these that *Hamet* took an early Dislike to the Court, and made him haunt the Fields and Groves. He would often exclaim, "How strange it is! how absurd! that Man, who boasts of Reason superior to all Animals, should debase himself beneath the Brute. Truth! sacred Truth! the Bond of Community, the Cement of Friendship, they entirely discard, for bare insidious Flattery and Falshood. I'd rather live in these Woods a Commoner among the Brutes, which they so much despise, than herd with those, who so scandalously debase themselves."

(To be continu'd.)

A Col.

*A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks,  
Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.*

**SOLUTIONS to the CONUN-  
DRUMS**

*In Number XII.*

111. **B**ECAUSE it has Wards  
in it.  
112. Because it is full of Stops.  
113. Because she is Mis-taken.  
114. Because he is light-headed.  
115. Because it is Sur-mounted.  
116. Because he is gravelled.  
117. Because he goes a-Tick.  
118. Because she is full of Reflec-  
tions.  
119. Because it is mitey.  
120. Because it is in Sheets.

**SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES**

*In Number XII.*

23. Wisdom. 24. Bottled Ale.

**SOLUTIONS to the REBUSSES**

*In Number XII.*

25. Miss Smith. 26. London.

**CONUNDRUMS.**

121. **W**HY is a Tallow Candle  
like *Poloponesus*?  
122. Why is one's Head like a Por-  
ter?  
123. Why is a Dancing-Master like  
a Tree?  
124. Why is a Man that is deceiv'd  
like a Girl in Leading-Strings?  
125. Why is a Tavern like a Table?  
126. Why is a Brewer's Horse like a  
Tapster?  
127. Why is an empty Playhouse  
like some Fishwomen's Baskets?

128. Why is a Hackney Horse like  
Scarlet?

129. Why is a Man that lays Wagers  
on a Game, like a Man that  
helps another to steal?

130. Why is the seeing of a Sign a  
manifest Token of Sight?

[\* \* *The Solutions in our next*]

**RIDDLES.**

25. **W**HEN Virtue smil'd, and  
spread her purple Wings  
O'er Senates, Laws, and held the  
Crowns of Kings,  
How happy I! who by a just Ap-  
plause,  
Converted all to one essential Cause;  
Bid Merit rise, and held impartial  
Sway,  
'Till *Athen* fell: O! black and aw-  
ful Day!  
Then lofty *Rome*, to ev'ry Virtue  
prone,  
To Arts and Arms, with heighen'd  
Lustre shone;  
Smiled in Records of immortal Fame,  
And rais'd a Triumph suited to my  
Name;  
Approv'd my Worth, ador'd my ten-  
der Care,  
And made me Guardian to the charm-  
ing Fair.  
*Broad-Street.* **CASTIEAU.**

26. **A**T two Days old, good *Latin*  
I speak,  
Tho' for it I ne'er went to School;  
Arms I have four, which come out of  
my Back,  
And in Yellow am dress'd like a  
Fool.  
All Men me seek, tho' few can me  
get;  
When caught, I'm confin'd like a Fish  
in a Net,  
*Broad-Street.* **CASTIEAU.**

[\* \* *The Solutions in our next*]

R E-

REBUSSES.

7. **T**ake the sixth of a Creature  
for Mischief renown'd,  
And the Name of a Musical In-  
strument join;  
Then the Name of a beautiful Fair  
will be found,  
Who the rest of her Sex doth  
greatly outshine  
*Broad-Street.* CASTIEAU.

28. **T**ake the Name of a Weapon,  
which oft' causes Death,  
And then think what that Thing is  
thro' which we draw Breath;  
When this you have done, if they're  
both put together,  
'Tis twenty to one, but the Place  
you'll discover.  
*Broad Street.* CASTIEAU.

[\* \* The Solutions in our next.]

A PARADOX.

**F**OUR People sat down one Even-  
ing to play;  
They play'd all that Evening, and  
parted next Day.  
Could you believe, when I tell you,  
as thus they all sat,  
No fifth Person play'd with 'em, nor  
did any one bet;  
Yet when they 'rose up, they each  
gain'd a Guinea,  
Tho' neither did lose to the Amount  
of a Penny.  
If you answer this Question in next  
Magazine,  
You are free to make one at the Play  
which I mean.

*Broad-Street.* CASTIEAU.

[\* \* The Solution in our next.]

AN EPISTLE to a LADY  
in the Country.

By Mr. JOHN OAKMAN.

**N**OW has rough Winter re-  
assum'd his Reign,  
And Fogs and Frost alike infest the  
Plain;

Each Tree has lost the verdant Hue  
of Spring;  
To charm the Ear no more the War-  
blers sing;  
No more the distant Hills with Flocks  
are white,  
No Nymphs and Swains now gambol  
to the Sight:  
The Shepherd keeps his Flock with-  
in the Fold,  
Then seeks his Straw - thatch'd Cot  
secure from Cold;  
Close to the blazing Hearth he sits  
him down,  
And quaffs his Jug, each anxious  
Thought to drown;  
While Wife and ragged Brats fill up  
the Space,  
Pale Want and Penury staring in  
each Face.

Say, can my *Della* like such Scenes  
as these?  
Sure Cold and Poverty can never  
please!  
Haste then to Town, and leave those  
Scenes, my Fair;  
Haste, and the Town's still varying  
Pleasure share;  
The Stage shall bid a thousand Pros-  
pects rise,  
And artificial Spring salute thy Eyes.

Or if your Heart, susceptible of  
Woe,  
Like the soft Scenes of *Southern*,  
*Otway*, *Rosce*;  
Haste, and enjoy that heaven-like  
Pleasure here;  
*Powell* shall draw the sympathetic  
Tear:  
By rising Sighs thy Passions will be  
shewn,  
Thy Bosom heave with Sorrows not  
its own.  
Then, to assuage the too strong Tide  
of Grief,  
The comic Muse steps in to your Re-  
lief;  
*King*, *Woodward*, *Garrick*, all their  
Powers exert,  
And Spleen, or dull-bred Care, a-  
way divert.

Fancy

Fancy her Art shall shew in Pan-  
tomime,  
And all alike consent to kill Old Time.

Come then, my *Della*, leave the  
rustic Throng ;  
Come, and bring Love and Tender-  
ness along ;  
Oh ! haste, my Love, I long to view  
thy Charms,  
I long to fold thy Beauties in my  
Arms ;  
To gaze with Rapture, while my  
Sighs explain  
My heart-felt Passion, and my plea-  
sing Pain.

Ah ! *Della*, come, and ease my  
tortur'd Mind,  
Nor share the Folly wedded to thy  
Kind ;  
*Inconstant Woman* is a Proverb grown,  
And vast Examples make that Folly  
known :  
Oh ! let me not compare you with  
the rest,  
But come at once, and ease my anxious  
Breast ;  
Come, and by one great Act your  
Conduct prove,  
And shew that *WOMAN* can be true,  
in Love.

Alas ! I rave !—I should thy Worth  
defend,  
For thou hast been my Guardian,  
Wife, and Friend ;  
Some other Motive keeps thee from  
my Sight ;  
Some Good, for Goodness still was  
thy Delight :  
To cloath the Naked, or to feed the  
Poor,  
To keep the tyrant Landlord from  
the Door ;  
To soften Misery, to seek the Bed  
Where Age, or Sickness, lays the ach-  
ing Head ;  
To palliate each Distress, and every  
Woe,  
And trace the Path to Heaven ere  
you go.

If this employs you, I must not re-  
pine,  
But curb my Passion and my Sair de-  
cline :  
Yet, 'midst thy Charities remember  
me,  
Think how I languish thy dear Form  
to see ;  
Think on my lonely Night, my lonely  
Day ;  
All Pleasure's tasteless while thou art  
away.  
Then speed thy pious Work ; and  
haste, my Fair,  
And bring thy Love, that Cordial for  
Despair.

*On seeing the Tragedy of George Bar-  
well perform'd by a Company of  
Strollers.*

THE murd'ring *Barnwell* Tears  
bespoke,  
And swore his Heart no longer  
callous ;  
But though the Part he play'd in Joke,  
In Earnest he deserv'd the Gallows.  
Crito.

*The following is an Impromptu on the  
Figure of Venus, in Plaster of Paris,  
falling down in a Room where a beau-  
tiful young Lady was present.*

Your's, &c.

J. J.

AS *Polly*, beautiful and gay,  
And blooming as the Month of  
*May*,  
Tript in the Room where *Venus* stood,  
The animated Flow of Blood  
That mantled in her Cheeks ; the Mien  
That spoke the conscious Soul serene,  
Envyng she saw ; but when her Voice  
Bade all the list'ning Soul rejoice,  
Where Music, Fancy, Sense and Ease,  
United all their Pow'rs to please,  
Down, down she fell, and strew'd the  
Place  
With here a Charm, and there a  
Grace ;  
Indignant that young *Polly's* Smile,  
Should use her only as a Foil.

*Upes*

*Upon a Mole on a Lady's Bosom.*

A Mole, my *Emma*! no, my Sight  
Can pierce the snowy Lawn  
that shades

Thy swelling Breast of purer White;  
No Mole that spotless Shrine in-  
vades.

While thus my longing love-sick  
Eyes

Thy cower Graces bare behold;  
*Apollo* bids a Vision rise,  
The mystic Wonder to unfold.

A little Smile—engender'd Love  
Springs from his Throne in that  
blue Eye,

O'er all thy Beauty bent to rove,  
Each distant Seat of Bliss decry.

He flies with Terrors round equip'd;  
Each killing Feature lends a Dart,  
By that bright Glance with Light'ning  
tipp'd;

The Bow thy sprightly Brows im-  
part.

Now o'er thy Lips his Flight I trace;  
Where Smiles, and Sports, and  
Pleasures light,

Persuasion sweet, and ev'ry Grace,  
Beam forth ineffable Delight.

Now awe-struck o'er thy Bosom pure  
He starts—"Is this the Queen of  
Love,

"In Vesture white that sits demure,  
"My little blissful Mounts above?

"On each sweet Mount, of sterner  
Air,

"What Virgin Forms are seated  
now?

"Sure that's pale *Dian*'s icy Stare;  
"And this *Minerva*'s marble Brow.

"Intruders, hence!" exclaims the  
Spright,

"My Queen with hostile Shapes  
beset!

"Revenge, Revenge! lo! swift as  
Light

"Gainst both is Love's Artillery  
set."

*Pallas* the flying Shaft arrests,  
While *Cynthia* grasps the twanging  
Bow;

The Quiver from his Shoulder wreaths,  
Nor less the struggling Urchin goes

"Come, Sisters," *Venus* cries, "for-  
give:

"He sees not; look, the Boy's  
half blind;

"That link'd in friendly League we  
live,

"Love, Wisdom, Virtue, here  
combin'd.

"Here *Dian*, here *Minerva* place  
The Bow, the Quiver, and the  
Dart:

"A Mole to mortal Eyes, they grace  
The living Snow, nor touch her  
Heart:

"Till, worthy of these Charms di-  
vine,

"Some Youth we all approve, be  
found;

"Then Virtue, Wisdom, Love shall  
join

"To give and bless the double  
Wound."

# EPIGRAM

BElated once, a Trav'ler of Re-  
nown,  
Came to an Eating House in *Suffolk*  
Town;

Ask'd for a Room—"Ah, please  
your Honour, Sir,

"Here's one, the best in all my  
House, I swear."

Straight he was shewn into a small,  
close Room,

Where Smoak confin'd suffus'd a  
thickening Gloom.

Choak'd with the Vapour, in a Rage,  
he vows,

"This is indeed a Suffocating  
House."

So! Ho!

A TRIFLER.



## AN ACROSTIC.

**R**ehearse, great Bards, in your  
most pleasing Strains,  
**E**ach matchless Grace that to this  
Fair pertains;  
**B**ehold her beauteous Face, her  
Shape and Air,  
**E**ach noble Virtue that her Soul  
does share;  
**C**ollect their various Parts, and  
there you'll find  
**C**ommanding Charms in Person  
and in Mind,  
**A**dor'd by all the Virtu'us and the  
Kind.

**B**ehold the Lilly, and the Damask  
Rose,

**U**nequal to compare by far with  
those

**T**ranscendant Colours Nature to her  
gave,

**T**o rival all her Sex, and ours en-  
slave.

**O**n her Sweet Smiles alone I wish to  
live;

**N**one but th' Initials can that Bles-  
sing give.

## The PENSIVE SHEPHERD.

Address'd to Miss E—— S——.

**O**NCE I was a happy Swain,  
Ignorant of Pain or Care;  
Fed my Flocks upon the Plain;  
No *Eliza* then was there.

Happy rising ev'ry Morning,  
Healthy drew the vernal Air,  
Soon as *Phœbus* 'gan his Dawning;  
Then *Eliza* was not there.

Chearful Home at Night returning,  
With my tender fleecy Care;  
No Love-cares my Heart concerning,  
For *Eliza* was not there.

Ev'ry Thing in Nature pleasing,  
All was gay and debonnaire;  
Free and cheerful, without ceasing;  
But *Eliza* was not there.

'Till, O fatal! one Day I saw  
To a neighb'ring Village fair;  
Prov'd, alas! my sad Undoing,  
For I saw *Eliza* there.

Ev'ry Swain her Beauty praising,  
And her easy, graceful Air;  
Could I then refrain from gazing,  
When so sweet a Maid was there!

Nothing now but sad complaining,  
Mix'd with Doubt and deep De-  
spair!

In my Heart no Peace remaining,  
Since I saw *Eliza* there.

Would the Damsel prove relenting,  
Could I gain the charming Fair!  
I would then refrain repenting  
That I saw *Eliza* there.

Stratford.

ALEXIS.

## ON AUTUMN.

**I** At my Window sitting, view  
Autumn the Regions round in-  
vade;  
The Earth with Leaves I see it strew,  
For Summer will not be delay'd.

The parting Goddess hastes away,  
But strips the Trees before she goes;  
Resolv'd to make no longer Stay,  
Rich Fruits in Plenty she bestows.

Now Beauty, Health, and Vigour  
fade,

The Summer's gay and splendid  
Pride;

The Ground's o'erspread with Leaves  
decay'd,

That flourish'd for awhile and  
dy'd.

'Tis thus by swift, but silent Pace,  
The Years by winged Time is  
roll'd;

The Seasons change, and Nature's  
Face

Now smiles, in Youth; now frowns,  
grown old.

True

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was  
gay;

With gloomy Brow now Autumn  
low'rs;

The Flowers of Spring are swept  
away,

And Fruits from Trees descend in  
Show'rs.

The verdant Leaves, that quiv'ring  
play'd,

And wanton'd in the western Breeze,  
Neglected now on Earth are laid,  
As Boreas strips the bending Trees.

No more, whilst at the solemn Hour  
Of Midnight pensively I stray,  
My Heart feels Love's restless Pow'r,  
As *Phylmel* pours forth her Lay.

From this capricious Clime she flies,  
Oh! wou'd some Pow'r but Wings  
bestow,

Where Spring does with each Morn-  
ing rise,

I'd follow her, and fly from Woe.

What Bliss can Autumn then afford,  
If Glooms, and Storms, and Show'rs  
prevail;

If Fields are not by *Ceres* stor'd;  
If Flowers, and Fruits, and *Phœbus*  
fail?

What then does Autumn in the Plains  
Produce, to cheer the gloomy Hour?  
The Grape, the Friend of Wit re-  
mains,

In Love and Mirth of equal Power.

Haste! let the Goblet then o'erflow,  
The parting Ray *Apollo* darts;  
Wine Joys sincerest can bestow,  
Wine can exhilarate our Hearts.

Still! still! shall flow the jocund  
Strain;

The Pulse shall beat with Rapture  
high;

My *Stellas* thence new Charms shall  
gain,

For Wine adds Lustre to the Eye.

T H.

To Miss M—RR—S, at her Glass.

TELL me, Charmer, why this  
Care,

To improve a Face so fair?  
Nature sure has done her Part,  
Why then court the Aid of Art?  
Lilly and the rosy Hue,  
Far transcend your *Naples* Dew;  
And all other Tricks in use,  
Are to Beauty an Abuse.

Ne'er in Dress destroy your Time,  
Vanity's a Sort of Crime;  
Rather raise your Thoughts to Heav'n,  
Grateful for each Charm that's giv'n:  
He that gave can take away,  
Ere To-morrow's Dawn of Day;  
Think on this, and be, through Life,  
Happy Maid, and happy Wife.

AMOROSO.

To Miss KITTY COTTON.

The Author walking with her one Morn-  
ing, found some Flowers, which she  
desir'd he should write on.

AS walking on the Bowling-  
Green,  
Some Flowers (by Chance) I found,  
Which from some Fair One's Breast,  
unseen,  
Had fallen to the Ground.

Kitty, who saw my flow'ry Prize,  
Bid me th' Occasion use:  
"See Chance has giv'n," the Fair  
One cries,  
"A Subject for your Muse."

Howe'er unequal to the Task,  
My yet unpinnion'd Muse;  
Say where's the Swain, should Kitty  
ask,  
That cou'd the Nymph refuse?

To you, my Fair, these Lines belong,  
Accept the moral Lay;  
For once plain Truth shall guide my  
Song,  
And what I mean, I'll say.

3 S s

Behold

Behold those Flow'rs, which Yester  
Morn,  
Saw blooming fresh and gay,  
Which did the Breast of *Stede* \* adorn,  
How fallen to decay !

Such, such a Life, tho' sweet, yet  
short,  
True Emblem is this Flow'r ;  
Then let us not, in idle Sport,  
Waste e'en a single Hour.

Let Virtue all our Mind employ,  
That can true Pleasure give ;  
So nought shall rise to damp our Joy,  
Whene'er we cease to live.

'Till when, may you each Blessing  
prove,  
That can await the Fair,  
A Youth deserving of your Love,  
To solace ev'ry Care.

### O D E to S L E E P.

By *William Rawick, Sprgeon.*

COME, balmy Sleep, and to my  
Soul,  
Restore its former Rest !  
Dispel the gloomy Thoughts that roll  
Within my pensive Breast.

In thee, the Slave forgets his Chains,  
Nor for lost Freedom pines ;  
The love-sick Swain, from anxious  
Pains,  
A short Releasement finds.

Come, gentle God, and close mine  
Eyes,  
That midst thy pleasing Sway,  
I may a while suspend my Sighs,  
My Tears be wip'd away.

Restore fair *Celia* to my Arms ;  
With Raptures let me gaze  
On Looks that vie with Summer's  
Charm,  
And *Sol's* retulgent Rays.

O'er flow'ry Lawn, and verdant Mead,  
Where balmy Zephyrs play,  
And bleating Lambs around us feed,  
May we together stray.

Or underneath some Myrtle Shade,  
Where lurk no envious Spies,  
Soft on the verdant Turf be laid,  
While Love our Theme supplies.

Those tender Strains still may I hear,  
From her soft Lips that fell,  
When trembling with a Lover's Fear,  
I bade the Nymph farewell.

Since waking I am ne'er at Rest,  
But endless Grief sustain ;  
If thus in thee I can be blest,  
Ne'er let me wake again.

### HUMANITY.

*Humani nihil alienum.* Terent.

G.

AH me ! how little knows the  
human Heart,  
The pleasing Task of soft'ning others  
Woe,  
Stranger to Joys that Pity can impart,  
And Tears sweet Sympathy can  
teach to flow.

If e'er I've mourn'd my humble,  
lowly State,  
If e'er I've bow'd my Knee at *Fer-*  
*tune's* Shrine,  
If e'er a Wish escap'd me to be great,  
The fervent Pray'r, Humanity,  
was thine.

Perish that Man who hears the piteous  
Tale  
Unmov'd, to whom the heart-felt  
Glow's unknown ;  
On whom the Widow's Plaints could  
ne'er prevail,  
Nor made the injur'd Wretch's  
Cause his own.

How little knows he the extatic Joy,  
The thrilling Bliss of cheering woe  
Despair ?  
How little knows the pleasing warm  
Employ,  
That calls the grateful Tribute of  
a Tear ?

The

\* *Stede, the Lady that lost them.*

The splendid Dome, the vaulted Roof  
to rear,  
The Glare of Pride and Pomp, be  
Grandeur, thine;  
To wipe from Mis'ry's Eye the wail-  
ing Tear,  
And sooth the oppress'd Orphan's  
Woes, be mine.

Be't mine the Blush of modest Worth  
to spare,  
To change to Smiles Affliction's  
rising Sigh,  
The kindred Warmth of Charity to  
share,  
'Till Joy shall sparkle from the  
tear fill'd Eye.

Can the loud Laugh, the Mirth-in-  
spiring Bowl,  
The Dance, or choral Song, or  
jocund Glee,  
Affect the glowing, sympathizing  
Soul?  
Or warm the Breast, Humanity, like  
thee?

The pallid Coward's Heart thou  
scorn'st to bear,  
Thy Seat's the gen'rous Bosom of  
the Brave;  
The same bold Warmth that bids the  
Valiant dare,  
Bids him the trembling, prostrate  
Victim save.

Not all the Laurels on Great *Cesar's*  
Brow,  
Not all the Honour *Rome* to pay  
him, strove,  
Could such a glorious, deathless Meed  
bestow  
As the fair Wreath that meek-  
cy'd Mercy wove.

Shall murd'rous Conquest point the  
Path to Fame?  
Shall Scenes of Ravage still employ  
the Mule?  
And shall not tender Mercy have her  
Claim?  
The Palm to her shall still the Song  
refuse.

Ah no! the Prowess of the Hero's  
Sword,  
(When but to Rapine and to Waste  
confin'd)  
The Shouts of Triumph can no Name  
afford,  
No Title like *the Father of Man-  
kind*.

Young *Ammon's*, or the *Swedish*  
*Charles's* Fame,  
May win the Wonder of th' un-  
thinking Crowd,  
But Reason's sober Voice shall still  
proclaim,  
"The Paths to Glory are not wet  
"with Blood."

To purge an impious, bold, offending  
Race,  
The stagnant, poison-breeding Air  
to cleanse,  
The indignant Father bids his Wrath  
take Place,  
A Conq'r'or now, and now a Whirl-  
wind sends.

Relenting then, he bids the Storms  
abstain,  
And lo! a *Titus*, or a *Brunswic*  
reigns;  
Justice and Mercy bless the happy  
Age,  
And Peace and Plenty cheer the  
smiling Plains.

H. N. W.

The Batchelor's Supplication.

*Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto qui  
dicitur, uxor Pudicitiam et Pudorem.*

PLAUTUS.

IF on this busy Theatre of Life,  
My Destiny alots me to a Wife,  
Auspicious Powers! Oh, may my  
Nuptials prove  
The calm Result of Judgment mix'd  
with Love!  
Oh! may I ne'er precipitately wed,  
By a false Flame of sudden Passion  
led;

But

But may my Love be permanently plac'd  
 On that which ne'er can be by Time effac'd.  
 'Tis Merit that alone can point the Dart  
 Which finds a Passage to my guarded Heart.  
 The gay Coquet, and artful Jilt shall be,  
 With the starch'd Prude, alike condemn'd by me.  
 The Heiress too, who gains into her Arms  
 More Lovers by her Thousands than her Charms,  
 Has not the least Allurement in my Eyes—  
 Her Dress, Wit, Wealth, and Airs, I all despise.  
 No interested Views can sway my Mind,  
 I'm to all Charms, but those of Merit, blind.

Oh! may the Maid to whom I yield my Heart,  
 Be free alike from Vanity and Art!  
 May every Virtue grace her spotless Breast;  
 May she each Folly of her Sex detest;  
 May foul-mouth'd Scandal ne'er pollute her Tongue;  
 Ne'er may she be by ranc'rous Envy stung;  
 May Affectation, Coquetry and Pride,  
 And every Vice that is to them ally'd,  
 Be foreign to her Bosom; may each Grace  
 Inhabit there, as in her lovely Face:  
 May Wit thro' all her Converse be diffus'd,  
 But may it still good-natur'dly be us'd:  
 May Gaiety and Prudence e'er be join'd  
 With social Sweetness in her cheerful Mind:  
 May her Soul breathe a true Benevolence,  
 May Virtue every Action influence:

May she by every Act herself endear;  
 Gentle, obliging, modest, free, sincere:

May she each idle Dissipation shun,  
 And ever in domestic Cares delight  
 If not too trivial, may becoming Dress  
 A plain and easy Elegance express;  
 May it with Taste be chose and not by Whim,  
 Neither too modish, nor too nicely prim.

Accomplish'd thus by Nature and by Art,  
 Excelling thus in every varied Part,  
 Oh! may she have a tender, faithful Heart.

To these may Constancy and Honour join;

And then, ye gracious Pow'rs, Oh! make her mine!

And if she views me with Love's partial Eye,

With her I e'er could live, with her could die;

Nay, the whole Business of my Life should prove

But one Endeavour to deserve her Love;

Our Years would in continual Blessing flow,

And we should almost taste of Heaven below.

*Gloucester.*

### THE HAPPY PAIR.

SEE in yonder chequer'd Grove,  
 Sacred to the Queen of Love,  
 Damon and his Phillis sporting;  
 Phillis and her Damon courting.  
 Damon happy in possessing,  
 Damon blest, and Phillis b'essing.  
 See her lean upon his Neck;  
 See him press her damask Check:  
 Hand in Hand they mutual join,  
 I am thine; and thou art mine.  
 Thro' the mazy Walk of Life,  
 Chequer'd o'er with Care and Strife,  
 We each other will attend,  
 Be each other's faithful Friend:  
 While remote from Noise and Folly,  
 And dejected Melancholy,

In

In a peaceful Straw-thatch'd Cot,  
The World forgetting, and forgot,  
Pleasure's radiant Sun shall shine,  
Rich with Blessings, thine and mine.  
While each dawning Day shall rise,  
Beaming forth celestial Joys;  
Joys which brighter Bloom display  
Than the brilliant Di'mond's Ray;  
Joys which Heaven on us will pour,  
Till Life's too fleeting Scene is o'er.

DAMON'S FAREWELL.

THE Morning dawn'd with all  
unwelcome Ray,  
"And heavily in Clouds brought on  
"the Day,"  
When Damon from the Country was  
to part  
And leave the darling Pleasures of  
his Heart:  
The Coach appear'd—and *Jolton*  
mounted sat  
To drive the heavy Tumbril from the  
Gate,  
When Damon, with reluctant Grief  
oppress'd,  
Thus eas'd the Pain that labour'd in  
his Breast:

"Farewel, ye verdant Fields, and  
"rural Shades,  
"Ye gentle Shepherds, and ye tender  
"Maids;  
"Farewel each soothing, each en-  
"chanting Joy,  
"That us'd my happier Minutes to  
"employ:  
"No more must I admire these  
"painted Scenes"  
"Of flow'ry Meadows mixt with  
"verdant Greens;  
"No more deceive the solitary Hours  
"In shady Arbours and in fragrant  
"Bow'rs;  
"The chilling Winter comes, the  
"Summer's fled,  
"And all Things droop as Nature's  
"Self were dead.  
"How oft, when tempted to the  
"silent Glade,  
"By the Morn's Freshness or the  
"Evening's Shade,

"In State I've walk'd, incircled by a  
"Train  
"Of lovely Nymphs, the Glory of the  
"Plain!  
"How Time unheeded flew, while  
"pleasing Talk  
"Insensibly prolong'd the inticing  
"Walk;  
"While envious Shepherds, as we  
"pass them, cry,  
"To be so blest who would not glad-  
"ly die!  
"But, Oh! how short, how vain  
"is human Joy!  
"Our Mirth's a Bubble, and our  
"Bliss a Toy!  
"Now gentle Swains my cruel For-  
"tune mourn,  
"And all your Envy to Compassion  
"turn;  
"The Pangs of Absence I must now  
"deplore,  
"Now ev'ry fading Pleasure is no  
"more;  
"The Phantom's vanish'd, and the  
"Vision's past—  
"Such Transports are too exquisite  
"to last."

The NUNNERY.

*Damibi perpetua, Genitor charissime; dixit  
Virginitate frui; dedit hoc pater ante  
Diana.* OVID.

WHAT wond'rous Projects form'd  
the fickle Fair?  
How stately rose the Castle built in  
Air,  
When Maids their Charms from  
Lover's Eyes to screen  
Made a rash Vow no longer to be  
seen?  
Whose Pen shall dare to tell what  
secret Cause,  
Incited Nymphs to spurn great *Hy-*  
*men's Laws?*  
Or shew how soon the fatal Cov'nant  
fail'd,  
And Mirth, and Flattery, and Shew  
prevail'd?

Of Maids a beauteous Bevy late  
disdain'd,  
In matrimonial Fetters to be chain'd;  
A!

All banish Man with one consenting  
Voice,  
Some think by Force, but more agree  
by Choice.

But how this bold Rebellion to  
maintain,  
A thousand Stratagems fill every  
Brain ;  
Through diff'rent Ways their Re-  
solutions tend,  
But all unite in the same fatal End.

Round the Tea - Table many a  
Time they fate,  
Th' important Scheme at Leisure to  
debate ;  
Till one prolific Head above the rest,  
With serious Mien th' assembled Fair  
address.

" How blest the Nymphs in clois-  
" ter'd Walks immur'd,  
" From all the Follies of the World  
" secur'd ;  
" With what Contempt its empty Pomp  
" they view,  
" And with its Pleasures bid its Cares  
" adieu ;  
" Whatever Joys they see, they envy  
" none,  
" Because no State is equal to their  
" own.  
" Triumphant Votaries ! whose Hearts  
" possess  
" Unshaken Peace and genuine Hap-  
" piness.  
" This Bliss shall no good Protestant  
" obtain ?  
" Shall only Papists break the nup-  
" tial Chain ?  
" Forbid it, Stars ! Let *English* Wit  
" contrive,  
" At equal Ease and Liberty to live.  
" If you, my Sisters, this Advice ap-  
" prove,  
" My Scheme our Ills will cure, our  
" Fears remove.

" Each fleeting Will more durably  
" to bind,  
" Let all our Fortunes in one Stock  
" be join'd ;  
" Then where some gloomy Grove  
" or lonely Plain,  
" Hears the faint Murmurs of the  
" distant Main,

" Let modest Art a pleasing Manhood  
" build,  
" With thirty willing Vot'ries to be  
" fill'd ;  
" But Volunteers alone let Choice  
" admit——  
" One cross'd in Love is but a Hy-  
" pocrite.  
" One only Male our vestal Floor  
" shall tread,  
" A Priest with ardent Heart and  
" hoary Head,  
" Of blameless Manners, and of Learn-  
" ing try'd,  
" To read good Lessons, and good  
" Books provide,  
" Hereafter on the Hours we will agree,  
" For Pray'r, for Work, for Reading  
" and for Tea."

Thus spoke the Fair : The Project  
all commend,  
And all their Wishes to the Nunnery  
bend.  
The Chaplain nam'd, and Articles  
begun,  
Full Half the Work appear'd already  
done :  
Whene'er they met they spoke of  
future Joys,  
And the Nun's Castle all their  
Thoughts employs.

But when the various Statutes were  
survey'd,  
And nicely read by each judicious  
Maid,  
What sudden Changes in their Looks  
appear !  
Some are too mild, and some are too  
severe.  
*Dorinda* cry'd, are Visits then a Crime ?  
And shall we see no Friends at any  
Time ?  
Shall Dancing be allow'd, *Sempronius*  
said,  
And yet no Partner ever to be had ?  
Must no Man enter here ? brisk *Lucia*  
cry'd :  
Then burn the Plan, fair *Thestylis* re-  
ply'd :  
Let Fellows rather rile me Wife  
than Nun ;  
And thus the Castle sunk ere yet be-  
gun.

*A Collection of Favourite New Songs.*

SONG CXXVI.

The FULL FLOWING BOWL.

*Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.*

THE Swain, with his Flock, by  
a Brook loves to rest,  
With soft rural Lays to drive Grief  
from his Breast;  
The Fop, light as Air, loves himself  
to behold;  
The Briton his Foe, and the Miser his  
Gold:  
The Pleasures I chuse yield more Joy  
to my Soul,  
The Delight of my Heart is a full  
flowing Bowl:  
The Huntsman, fatigu'd with the Toil  
of the Chase,  
By the Side of a Fountain delights to  
solace;  
At his Mistress's Feet the fond Lover  
to whine,  
The Beau at the Play or Assembly to  
shine;  
The Pleasures I chuse yield more Joy  
to my Soul,  
The Delight of my Heart is a full  
flowing Bowl,  
The Delight of my Heart is a full  
flowing Bowl.  
My Chloë's in Raptures to hear her-  
self prais'd;  
The Courtier, to hear that his Income  
is rais'd;  
Some Nymphs love the Town, and in  
Jewels to blaze;  
And some, silent Shades, with a Lover  
can please:  
The Pleasures I chuse yield more Joy  
to my Soul,  
The Delight of my Heart is a full  
flowing Bowl:  
Some Cards love, some Coffee, some  
Dice, and some Tea,  
Some Talking, some Fiddling, some  
Dancing, some Play;

Their Choices are dull, there's a  
Pleasure in Wine,  
Which more than enlivens with Rap-  
ture divine.  
The Pleasures I chuse, &c.

SONG CXXVII.

The CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

THE Sun being set, and my  
Work being done,  
One more of my Days being spent;  
O'er Meads to my Cottage I tript it  
along,  
To set myself down in Content.  
My Cottage, sweet Woodbines doth  
deck it all round,  
A Jasmine grows at my Door;  
Within it no Trouble is there to be  
found,  
Tho' nothing but Ground for the  
Floor;  
Within it no Trouble is there to be  
found,  
Tho' nothing but Ground for the  
Floor.  
Tho' my Bed is of Flock, my Sheets  
are Home-spun,  
No Trouble takes Place in my  
Breast;  
But, at Night being tir'd, I lay my-  
self down,  
And sweetly I taketh my Rest:  
With the Lark in the Morn I rise to  
my Work,  
Where nothing perplexes my  
Mind;  
If my Lambs go astray, I carefully  
look,  
For sure, if I seek, I shall find.  
No Thought about Honour, e'er en-  
ters my Head,  
No Riches I e'er shall desire;  
The chief of my Study is earning  
my Bread,  
Proud Titles I ne'er shall aspire:  
3 T My



My Pipe, made of Straw, for Amusement I play,  
While my Lambs they skip over the Plain;  
Being blest with Content, my Time slips away;  
At Night to my Cottage again.

At the Foot of a wide swelling Oak we reclin'd;  
I lean'd on his Breast, while he whisper'd his Mind!  
His Offer was Marriage, I cou'dn't say, No;  
Pray which of ye all is't that wou'd have done so?

## SONG CXXVIII.

**E**N V Y in vain, with scornful Eyes,  
Depreciates my Fair;  
See! *Venus* quits the gilded Skies,  
And leaves her starry Chair.  
Ah! tell me, *Chloe*, why that Frown?  
Why falls that silent Tear?  
That thou hast Charms, we all must own—  
When *Kitty* is not near.

As *Cynthia*, Empress of the Night,  
Reigns over ev'ry Star,  
We see no other Orb so bright,  
Till *Phœbus* shows his Car.  
So when my *Kitty* takes her Chair,  
Let ev'ry Fair retire,  
Lest she eclipse each boasted Fair,  
By her superior Fire.

## SONG CXXIX.

Sung by Miss Miles, at Marybone-Gardens.

**N**AY, jeer ye not, Sisters, by Love unbetray'd,  
But pry a fond, yet an innocent Maid;  
I stept but with *Johnny* to yonder Hedge-Row,  
And which of you all, pray, wou'd not have done so?

If with him, he said, to the Coppice I'd stray,  
He'd gather me Violets, and Bloom of the May;  
Then kiss'd me so sweetly, I cou'd not but go;  
And which of you all, pray, had answer'd him, No?

As the Ivy around this stout Oak doth intwine,  
So, Sweeting, said he, thou must do when thou'rt mine;  
Then clasp'd me close to him, I begg'd I might go;  
But he press'd me still closer, and cry'd, my Dear, No.

Alas! gentle *Johnny*, sweet *Johnny*, I said,  
Remember your Promise, nor hurt a poor Maid;  
Consider my Virtue, and pray let me go;  
But he kiss'd me still warmer, and cry'd, my Dear, No.

I ever have thought him as mild as a Dove;  
How weak is the Heart that gives Sanction to Love!  
Yet he swears that To-morrow to Church he will go;  
He shall ne'er get me out again, 'till he does so.

## SONG CXXX.

## LIBERTY.

Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh-Gardens.

**S**INCE ev'ry Charm on Earth combine,  
In *Chloe's* Face, in *Chloe's* Mind;  
Why was I born, ye Gods, to see,  
What robs me of my Liberty?  
Why was I born, ye Gods, to see,  
What robs me of my Liberty?

Until that fatal hapless Day,  
My Life was lively, blithe and gay;  
Cou'd

Could sport with ev'ry Nymph, but  
 she,  
 Who robs me of my Liberty.

Think then, dear *Chloe*, e'er too late,  
 That Death must be my hapless Fate;  
 If Love, and you do not agree,  
 To set me at my Liberty.

Now to the darksome Woods I rove,  
 Reflecting on the Pains of Love,  
 And envy ev'ry Clown I see,  
 Enjoy the Sweet of Liberty.

We'll follow *Hymen's* happy Train,  
 And ev'ry idle Care disdain;  
 We'll live in sweet Tranquillity,  
 Nor wish for greater Liberty.

SONG CXXXI.

MATRIMONY.

WHILE Love with softest In-  
 fluence beams,  
 In *Amy's* radiant Eyes,  
 Of Bliss what clear—what lucid  
 Streams,  
 From *Hymen's* Fountain rise.  
 With loveliest Charms my Fair One  
 Smiles;  
 Her Aspect how serene!  
 O! how she lightens all my Toils,  
 While Pleasures intervene.

Luxurious Draughts of Bliss I quaff,  
 While beauteous *Amy's* near;  
 With her I raise the gladd'ning  
 Laugh,  
 Or drop the quiv'ring Tear.  
 While Kisses sweet—while sweetest  
 Chat.  
 Prolong the short-liv'd Hour,  
 I envy not the wealthy Great,  
 Nor all the Pomp of Pow'r.

SONG CXXXII.

COLLIN and LUCY.

A & *Collin* rose at early Dawn,  
 And briskly tript it o'er the  
 Lawn;

The lovely *Lucy* pass'd him by:  
 He look'd, he sigh'd, he knew not  
 why.

Delighted with her Shape and Air,  
 Swift he o'ertook the blooming Fair:  
 They talk'd, they gaz'd with rap-  
 tur'd Eye,  
 And each was pleas'd, they knew not  
 why.

But, Oh! what Sorrow fill'd their  
 Heart,  
 When Time oblig'd them to depart!  
 Their Bosoms heav'd, a deep-felt Sigh  
 Rose in their Breasts, they knew not  
 why.

It shortly happ'd that on the Plain  
*Collin* and *Lucy* met again;  
 A secret Bliss dwelt in each Eye,  
 And each was pleas'd, they knew not  
 why.

With falt'ring Tongue add courtur'd  
 Breast,  
*Collin* the Virgin thus address'd:  
 Since on the Lawn you pass'd me  
 by,  
 I've lov'd, I've sigh'd, I know not  
 why.

I see you feel a mutual Flame;  
 Why spreads this Fondness o'er our  
 Frame?

Come, let's the nuptial Union tie,  
 And then, if ever, we'll know why.

She blush'd Consent, their plighted  
 Hands  
 Were join'd in *Hymen's* sacred Bands,  
 To *Collin's* Dwelling swift they fly,  
 Then each was pleas'd, and each knew  
 why.

The Youth was fond, the Maid was  
 fair;  
 To please each other all their Care:  
 All Love's transporting Joys they  
 try;  
 Then each was bless'd, and each knew  
 why.

*Houston.*

W. Y.

SONG

## SONG CXXXIII.

The CHARMS of FANNY.

**F**AIR is my *Fanny*, beauteous Maid,  
In all the Pride of Spring array'd,  
Which paints the verdant View;  
Blest with the pleasing Means t' obtain,  
O'er Man a lasting, sure Domain,  
The happy Gift of few.

Her Lips the lovely Pink disclose,  
Her Cheeks excel the blushing Rose,  
In mutual Red and White;  
Her Forehead vies with *Paphia's* Queen,  
Her Smiles are chearful, sweet, serene,  
Sure Source of true Delight.

But how shall mortal Pen display  
Her vivid Eyes! her genial Ray;  
Celestial Orbs of Light!  
They, like the Sun, with kindly Glow,  
Bid Flowers, Fruits, and Nature grow,  
And dazzle human Sight.

Her Bosom bids fair Lillies yield,  
And vanquish'd quit the dew-topt Field;

Her Locks in Ringlets flow;  
Her Breath excels *Arabia's* Groves,  
Where ev'ry Sweet spontaneous roves,  
Where richest Spices grow.

Her Shape, her Grace, her virtuous Mind,  
Like Adamant our Senses bind,

Eccentric none can stray!  
Such beauteous Looks, such innate Grace,  
Attend her Speech, her Steps, her Face,  
That willing all obey.

What Garland shall my Fair adorn?  
What Flow'rs fresh op'ning with the Morn,  
Shall deck my *Fanny's* Breast?—  
I'll cull *Narcissus*, *Rose*, *Jonquil*,  
*Auricula*, which powder'd, still  
Affixes the Beau full dress.

'Tis done, and added *Jessamine*,  
Sweet *Stocks* and blue-cy'd *Colombine*,  
Assist the flow'ry Wreath;  
With strip'd *Carnations*, *Laylock*,  
*Pea*,  
Sweet *Briar*, *Tulip*, *Myrtle Tree*,  
Scarce equal to her Breath.

But, ah! why droop ye, fresh cul'd  
Flow'rs!  
Why lose your native, fragrant  
Pow'rs,  
In *Fanny's* bosom plac'd;  
Alas! alas! 'tis envious Pride,  
To find themselves in Beauty wied,  
Not adding Grace, but grac'd.

## SONG CXXXIV.

*Sung by Miss Brent.*

**O**H! Love, tyrannic God, whose fatal Dart  
Subdues all Nature to its proud Control;  
I feel thy vengeful Shaft transfix my Heart,  
And yield to thee the Empire of my Soul.

††† *Gentlemen or Ladies, who are possess'd of any Pieces which may contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them inserted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal-Exchange, for the Authors of The Jester's Magazine.*

☞ The Fourteenth Number will be publish'd the First of DECEMBER.

# JESTER'S MAGAZINE:

OR, THE  
MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER.

For *November* 1766.

*Being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the Kind or Price.*

Containing (among many other curious Particulars)

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| <p>I. A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &amp;c.</p> <p>II. The Life and Adventures of <i>Thomas Kuli Khan</i>, continu'd.</p> <p>III. Conclusion of the History of <i>Amelia</i>, from Facts.</p> <p>IV. The Lady's Preceptor in the Affair of Love; with the Picture of a True Lover. Translated from the <i>French</i> of Mons. <i>Pa vilion</i>.</p> <p>V. Account of a most surprizing hot Wind, which blows in <i>Arabia</i>, communicated in a Letter from an Officer in the Service of the Hon. the <i>East-India</i> Company to a Gentleman in <i>London</i>.</p> <p>VI. Conclusion of <i>Hamet and Farama</i>. An Eastern Tale.</p> <p>VII. Letters from <i>Clarinda</i> to <i>Dorinda</i>.</p> | <p>VIII. A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &amp;c. &amp;c.</p> <p>IX. A Solution to the Paradox, in Numb. XIII.</p> <p>X. The Foil Stone and Diamond. A Fable.</p> <p>XI. The <i>Armenian</i> Harper. A Fable.</p> <p>XII. Verses on reading Miss <i>Carter's</i> Poems.</p> <p>XIII. Address to the Town, by Way of Epilogue, to <i>The Country Girl</i>. Spoken by Miss <i>Reynolds</i>.</p> <p>XIV. The Academy of Animals.</p> <p>XV. A Pastoral Elegy.</p> <p>XVI. Verses on the Death of a Friend.</p> <p>XVII. Favourite NEW SONGS: Sung at <i>Ranelagh</i>, <i>Vauxhall</i>, <i>Marybone</i>, <i>Sadler's Wells</i>, &amp;c. &amp;c.</p> |
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*Ride si Sapit.*

Laugh, if you are Wise.

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Numb. XIV. *To be continu'd Monthly.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by *S. Bladen*, in *Pater-noster-Row*; *J. Williams*, in *Fleet-Street*; *J. Kingman*, near the *Royal-Exchange*; by most Booksellers; and by the Persons who sell News.

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T H E  
**JESTER'S MAGAZINE,**  
For November 1766.



*A Collection of Jests, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

*Young Couple at Bristol, who had been out-asked, went to Church with some Friends, in order to be married. When they came there, the Parson was not come; but, after waiting some Time, the young Man grew impatient; and said he would go Home and smook his Pipe, and come again. While he was gone, the Parson and Clerk came; who staying a considerable Time, and the Bridegroom not coming, went away likewise. Upon this the Company went to the Bridegroom, and the Bride ask'd him, What he meant by serving them in that unhandsome Manner? *Why*, says he, *what a Row here is? I am but one, and methinks ye might very easily have done without me.**

A Gentleman in the Country having the Misfortune to have his Wife hang herself on an Apple-Tree, a Neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give him a Cyon of that Tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own

Orchard; *For who knows, said he, but it may bear the same Fruit.*

A Gentleman, who had been out a shooting, brought home a small Bird with him; and, having an *Irish* Servant, he ask'd him, *If he had shot that little Bird? Yes*, he told him. *Arrah, by my Shout, Honey*, reply'd the *Irishman*, *is was not worth Powder and Shot; for the little Thing would have died in the Fall.*

A certain Person came to a Cardinal in Rome, and told him, That he had brought his Eminence a dainty white *Palfry*, but he fell lame by the Way. *Why then*, said the Cardinal to him, *I'll tell thee what thou shalt do; go to such a Cardinal, and Such-a-one, naming half a Dozen, and tell them the same; and so as thy Horse, if it had been sound, could have pleas'd but one, with this lame Horse thou shalt please half a Dozen.*

Monf. *Vaugelas* having obtained a Pension from the French King, by the Interest of Cardinal *Richlieu*, the Cardinal told him, He hoped he would

would not forget the Word *Penston* in his Dictionary. No, my Lord, said *Vaugelas*, nor the Word *Gratitude*.

It chanced that a Merchant Ship was so violently tossed in a Storm at Sea, that all, despairing of Safety, betook themselves to Prayer, saving one Mariner, who was ever wishing to see two Stars. Ob! said he, *that I could see two Stars, or but one of the Two*: And of these Words he made so frequent Repetition, that disturbing the Meditations of the rest, at length one ask'd him, What two Stars, or what one Star he meant? To whom he reply'd, *Ob! that I could but see the Star in Cheapside, or the Star in Coleman-Street, I care not which*.

A certain Author was telling *George Sewel*, that a Passage he found fault with in his Poem might be justified, and that he thought it a Metaphor. *It is such a one then*, said the Doctor, *as truly I never Met-a-fore*.

A certain Man being to go a Journey, his Friend advised him not to go that Day; *For, I believe*, says he, *it will rain*. No Master for that, says the other, *if it be but dry under Foot*.

Three Citizens walking in the Fields, one said, *We shall have a great Year of Blackberries*; for, *the last Week, I pluck'd a Handful of the fairest red Blackberries that ever I saw*. A second Person laughed at him, saying, *Red Blackberries is a Bull*: But the third Person, with much Gravity, justified what the former had said, and very sagely asked, *Are not Blackberries always Red, when they are Green*.

It was said of a Person, who al-

ways eat at other Peoples Tables, and was a great Railer, That he never open'd his Mouth but to Somebody's Cost.

The late Sir *Godfrey Kneller* had always a great Contempt, I will not pretend to say how justly, for *Jervais* the Painter; and being one Day about twenty Miles from *London*, one of his Servants told him a Dinner, That there was Mr. *Jervais* come that Day into the same Town with a Coach and Four.. Aye, said Sir *Godfrey*, *if his Horses draw no better than himself, they'll never carry him to Town again*.

A Braggadocia, chancing, upon an Occasion, to run away full Speed, was ask'd by one, What was become of that Courage he used so much to talk of? *It is got*, said he, *all into my Heels*.

A seedy, poor, half-pay Captain, who was much given to blabbing every Thing he heard, was told, There was but one Secret in the World he could keep, and that was, *where he lodg'd*.

*Fabricus*, the Roman Consul, shew'd a great Nobleness of Mind, when the Physician of King *Pyrrhus* made him a Proposal to poison his Master, by sending the Physician back to *Pyrrhus*, with these memorable Words: *Learn, O King, to make better Choice, betwixt thy Friends, and of thy Foes*.

It was said of one that remember'd every Thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrow'd, that he had lost Half his Memory.

A moving Sermon being preached in a Country Church, all fell weeping but one Man, who being ask'd, Why he did not weep with the rest? Ob! said he, *I belong to another Parish*.

Mr.

Mr. Nash used frequently to relate, with great Glee, the following Story of an ignorant Fellow, who passed among his Acquaintance for a Scholar. He said, as he was strolling Covent-Garden, two Men were walking before him in loud and earnest Discourse; one of whom said great Compliments to the other on his Learning and Parts, wishing he was as fine a Scholar, and the like; when happening to cast his eye on the Motto, which was then on the Dial of the Church of St. Paul's Covent Garden, he ask'd his learned Friend the *English* of that *Latin* Motto. The Words were, *Sic transit, Gloria Mundi*. The pretended Scholar not having his Sentence by Rote, as he had many others, was quite at a Loss what *English* to give it; therefore concealed his Ignorance, by declaring it was not *Latin*. No, says the other, *what Language is it then?* Why, you Blockhead, answers the Man of Brudition, *what you take for a Latin Motto is no other than the Names of the Church-Vardens at the Time of putting up the Dial. They are very odd Names*, replies the Enquirer. Aye, says the first, *they were Foreigners, you may be sure; why England was always over-run with Foreigners, and is to this Day.*

Two Women were chatting together; says one, *My Daughter has not laid her Eyes together these four Nights. You Fool*, says the other, *how should she? Does not her Nose lie between?*

A Bishop sent half a dozen of Capons to an Abbot, and the Bearer eat one of them for his Dinner by the Way: Now when the Abbot had read the Bishop's Letter, which certified that he had sent him six

Capons, he then said unto the Messenger, *My Lad, I pray thee tell my Lord Bishop I humbly thank his Lordship for five Capons; and, as for the sixth, do thou give him Thanks for it thyself.*

Alphonfus, King of Naples, had in his Court a Fool, who used to write down in a Book all the Follies of the great Men in his Time that were at Court. The King one Day having a Moor in his Household, sent him to the Levant to buy Horses with ten Thousand Ducats: This the Fool marked in his Book, esteeming it a pure Piece of Folly. Some Time after, the King, as he used to do when he had a Mind to be merry, called for the Book, and found at last his own Name, with the Story of the ten Thousand Ducats. The King being somewhat moved, asked the Reason why his Name was there? *Because*, says the Jester, *you have committed a Piece of Folly, to give your Money to one you are never like to see again. But if he does come again*, says the King, *and brings me the Horses, what Folly is that in me?* Why, if ever he does come again, replies the Fool, *I'll blot out your Name, and put in his.*

One that had a white Head and a black Beard, was ask'd, *How is came to pass?* He answered, *Marry, the Hair of my Head is twenty Tears older than my Beard.*

A wife Barber, having been to trim a Gentleman at Night, was bid to take a Candle to light him down Stairs: Which having done, and lighted himself down, he very orderly brought it up again, returning Thanks; and so went down Stairs again in the Dark.

A Horse-stealer was brought to be examined before a Justice, who



finding the Felony apparent——  
*Well, Sirrah,* says he, *if thou art not hanged for this, I'll be hanged for you. I humbly thank your Worship,* replied the Thief; *and when the Time comes, I desire you not to be out of the Way.*

Mr. Nash used to tell of an eminent Counsellor at Law being retained in an Affair of a Mortgage, who did his utmost in Behalf of his Client, and supported his Cause with great Eloquence. But a remarkable Circumstance appearing in the Course of the Evidence, which proved his Client to be a very bad Man, the Judge could not help saying to the Counsellor, *Well, Sir, what think you of your Client now?* To which the Counsellor replied; *Why, to tell you the Truth, my Lord, I find it is not my Client's Interest to pay the Principal, and I am afraid he has not Principle to pay the Interest.*

A prating Woman having lost her Teeth, asked a Physician the Reason, she being young and breakthful: *Why, I can't guess at any other Reason,* says he, *but that your Tongue grates too much against them.*

A Gentleman being at Dinner at a Friend's House, the first Thing that came upon the Table was a Dish of Whittings; and one being upon his Plate, he found it stink so much, that he could not eat a Bit of it; but he laid his Mouth down to the Fish, as if he was whispering to it, and then took up the Plate, and put it to his own Ear. The Gentleman, at whose Table he was, enquiring into the Meaning, he told him, That he had a Brother lost at Sea about a Fortnight ago, and he was asking that Fish if he knew

any Thing of him. *And what Answer made he,* said the Gentleman? *He told me,* replied the other, *that he could give me no Account of him, for he had not been at Sea these three Weeks.*

A Barber was saying to a Mower, That great Persons sate bare to him. *Pub,* says the Mower, *I can sit upon my Werk, and that you dare not do.*

A poor Clergymen applied to Mr. Nash to use his Interest with a certain Nobleman in his Behalf, who had a Living in his Gift at that Time vacant; and to induce Mr. Nash to undertake this kind Office, told him he had a Wife and seven Children. *I'll tell you what, Sir,* says Nash, *I believe you to be a very worthy and ingenious Man, but in this Affair you have acted very imprudently, for you have begun at the wrong End.* The Clergyman begged he would be so kind as to explain himself, for he really did not understand him. *Why,* says Nash, *you should have got the Living first, and the Children afterwards.* Very true, replied the Parson with a Smile; *but I doubt not but you might bring this Business to a right End, if you would be so good as to apply to the Nobleman.* Which Mr. Nash did, and succeeded in his Application.

A Gentleman eating some Marrow that was very tough, said, It put him in Mind of an old *English* Poet. Being ask'd who that was? *Chau—cer,* replied he.

A lighted Candle falling out of a Candlestick; says one that stood by, *You must stick it fast, or it will fall again, for I see it is light-headed.*

*A Series of LETTERS from a Gentleman in Syria  
to his Sister in London.*

LETTER XI.

*The Life and Adventures of Thomas Kuli Khan, continu'd.*

Dear Sister,

AS I am perswaded you will not think me tedious in relating the surprizing History of this great Man, I shall be the more particular therein, and go through it with greater Pleasure.

When he had fix'd the Infant *Shah Abbas* on the Throne, he displac'd all such Officers and Governors whom he could not confide in, then march'd with his Army against the *Turks*, and laid Siege to *Bagdat*; but was oblig'd to raise it soon, and afterwards was defeated in a general Battle by *Orbman Bassa*: However, he rais'd another Army in *Hamadan*, and gain'd a signal Victory over the *Turks*, in which Battle *Orbman* was kill'd, then laid Siege to *Bagdat* a second Time, and made a considerable Progress therein; but was forc'd to raise it again, to suppress an Insurrection which had been rais'd in *Persia*, by *Mahomet Khan Bulluche*, one of his Generals, in Favour of *Shah Thomas*. To this End, he march'd with such Expedition, and came upon them so unexpectedly, that *Bulluche* was surpriz'd and defeated; and, flying towards the Gulph of *Persia*, with intent to embark there, fell into the Hands of the *Arabs*, who deliver'd him

up to *Kuli Khan*; whereupon he was immediately committed to Prison, in Hopes of discovering his Accomplices by Torture: But *Bulluche* was before-hand with him; for, after having burnt all his Papers, he hanged himself that Night.

When *Kuli Khan* had stifled this Insurrection, he returned to the Frontiers of *Turkey*, and recovered several considerable Towns; then prevailed with the *Russians* to abandon all their Conquests, except *Derbent* and *Barda*, on the *Caspian Sea*, and to evacuate *Persia*.

Having now got together an Army of an Hundred and fifty Thousand Men, he sent a Summons to all the Princes, Governors of Provinces, and Nobility in *Persia*, to attend him in the Plains of *Chuli Mogham*. When the Grandees were all arriv'd, he propos'd to them the Election of a King, either *Shah Thomas*, or any other they were better affected to; telling them, at the same Time, that he determin'd to live in Retirement for the future, unless his Country should stand in Need of his Service again, and then withdraw. While they were deliberating on the General's Speech, some of the Assembly, knowing his Inclinations, propos'd to advance him to the Throne, on Account of his

Merit. Hereupon it was unanimously agreed to make him a Tender of the Crown, which I am inform'd he accepted with some Reluctance, and only on Condition they would make it Hereditary in his Family, and consent to a Uniformity in Religion; that is, to profess the same Religion the *Turks* profess'd, who were of the Sect of the *Sunnis*, as he himself was \*. The *Grandeess*, who were most of them of the Sect of *Ali*, did not instantly agree to this last Article, but came into the other very readily, desiring he would hear their *Mullah Bashi* concerning their Religion. He being introduc'd, represented to the King, that they had for many Ages been Followers of *Ali*; that to make Alterations in Religion was a Step always productive of fatal Consequences, and seldom or ever attempted but by and with the Advice of those whose more immediate Business it was to judge of religious Affairs. *Kuli Khan*, not suffering the *Mufti* to say any more on this Subject, order'd him to be strangled before them, and ask'd the Nobles again if they would conform; who, fearing to oppose it after this sudden Execution of their High-Priest, subscrib'd their Assent. The following Day, in March 1735-6, *Kuli Khan* was proclaim'd King, by the Name of

*Shah Nadir*, and Coronation Medals were struck; with this Inscription; "This Coin proclaims thro' the Earth, the Reign of *Nadir*, King of *Persia*, the Conqueror of the World."

This done, the *Grandeess* and whole Assembly were magnificently entertain'd, and dismiss'd with suitable Presents; except the *Priests*, whom he had made his implacable Enemies: However, to prevent their doing him Injury, he seiz'd on the greatest Part of their Lands, amounting to Three Hundred Thousand Pounds *per Annum*, which he distributed among his Officers and Soldiers, and then caus'd a Proclamation to be made, that all his Subjects should conform to the Religion of the *Sunnis*. The *Soldiery* were, for the most Part, of that Religion already, therefore highly pleas'd with the Change; and the rest of his Subjects, seeing the *Priests* Lands confiscated, soon entertain'd a favourable Opinion of it.

*Shah Nadir*, having thus established himself in the Kingdom of *Persia*, was crown'd, and took the Coronation Oath at *Cosbin*, where the *Persian* Monarchs usually are: After this he went to *Ispahan*, and made Preparations for the Reduction of *Candabor*, which was still in the Hands of his Enemy *Hoffein Khan*.

\* The *Persians* and *Turks* differ as much about the Interpretation of the Alcoran, as they do about the Successors of *Mahomet*. The *Persians* assert, that the Comments made by *Ali*, and his Successors the *Imams*, ought only to be regarded; while the *Turks* adhere to those made by *Abubeker*, *Omar*, and *Osman*, and these in many Points are directly opposite to each other. The *Persian* Sect are the Followers of *Ali*, and are call'd *Ghia*: The *Turks*, who rely on *Abubeker*, are call'd *Sunni*. Neither of these Sects believe those of the other can be saved, but hate each other to a greater Degree than they do Christians or Pagans, and seldom speak to one another but with Curses, even in their Devotions. *Salmon*.

*Khan*. When he went upon this Expedition, he left the Administration of the Government to his Son *Reza Kuli Mirza*. After a Siege of eighteen Months, he took *Sandabor*, and put *Hoffein* and his Son to Death. He then invaded *Tibet Tartary*, and took the capital City of *Bochara*, where he found immense Riches.

I shall conclude, with giving you the following Character of this heroic Robber, wrote by a Gentleman who liv'd at his Court for some Time.

*Shah Nadir* is fifty-five Years of Age, six Feet high, and well made, of a robust Constitution, and sanguine Complexion, but inclining to at. He has black Eyes, and is very handsome. He has a strong Voice, and gives his Orders at a considerable Distance. He drinks moderately, but is exceeding fond of Women, and affects Variety. His Diet is plain; and, when Affairs require it, he neglects his Meals, and contents himself with parch'd Pease, which he carries about him, and a Draught of Water. He is easy of Access, reviews his Forces, and pays and clothes them himself: bountiful to those who have serv'd him, but severe in his Punishments on the Guilty.

He had only one Daughter by the late King's Aunt, but several Children by his Concubines, and two Sons by a Woman he married before his Advancement. The eldest, named *Keza Kuli Mirza*, was bred a Soldier; his second Son, called *Nefr Allah Mirza*, was constituted Governor of *Khorasan*.

*Shah Nadir* is greatly admir'd for his Memory. In those numerous Armies he can call almost every Officer by his Name, and knows every Soldier who has serv'd any Time. He can dictate to several Secretaries at the same Time, on different Subjects; and his Presence of Mind, to take Advantage of every Accident in Battle, is very surprizing. If he sees any Officer give Ground, before he is reduc'd to the last Extremity, he will ride up to him, and kill him with his Battle-Axe. He has never yet been wounded, tho' he often charges at the Head of his Troops, and has had several Horses kill'd under him.

I shall leave you, dear *Charlotte*, to reflect upon the Courage, Parts and Success of this Favourite of Fortune, and am, as usual,

Your most affectionate Brother, &c.

(To be continu'd.)

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## Conclusion of the History of A M E L I A, from F A C T S.

*Cleantes* met with nothing remarkable in his Journey, but soon arrived and was settled by his Uncle at the University; who then

left him, and returned Home. He had been two Years at *Oxford* (without seeing or hearing from *Amelia*, except by Mr. *Dalver*) when

when he set out, with *Mr. Dalver*, for *London*, in order to study something of the *Laws* of his Country, as necessary to complete his Education. Here he continued above a *Twelvemonth*, without meeting with an Object worthy his Attention, nor indeed did he seek for any. At length quite absorb'd in his Passion for the beautiful *Amelia*, which Time could not abate, he gave himself up to the Pleasures of the World. With an unrestrained Appetite he plunged himself in all the fashionable Vices of the Age, in order to send, if possible, all Traces of a Passion (that, to all Appearance, could never succeed) from his Breast.

But why did he not employ his Reason? Alas! he had employ'd it too much. It had shewn him the Value of the Object he ador'd, and the Impossibility of ever attaining his Wishes; which last Thought had urged him to the fatal Extremity of trying to drown his Cares (vain Trial!) in Vice and Folly.

But what did this Sacrifice cost him? But, rather, what did it not cost him? Did it not make him more than doubly miserable? It did—His Constitution, not used to be fatigued in the turbulent Manner he now practised, was greatly impair'd, and he was at length seiz'd with a Fever, in which his Life was despaired of. He now felt, and saw his Error.

When brought to their Death-Bed, even the wickedest Wretches upon Earth, who never before felt what we call Conscience, generally feel inexpressible Horror on the Reflection of their past Lives and Actions; but this Horror serves only to sink them lower in the Pit

of Despondency and Despair. Not the least Spark of Hope (that heavenly Illumination!) remains to their darken'd Souls. They die with the most terrible Blasphemies in their Mouths—the most intolerable Agonies in their Minds—while they wish that their Souls may shrink to Annihilation with the Brutes, whose Actions they have more than copied.

But when a Man, enlighten'd by Reason and Religion, takes God for his Guide, and makes his Conscience the Light and Scale of his Actions—when such a Man as this meets with the trivial Blasts of Wealth, of Power, of Hate, of Love, or various other Passions, what Cause can he have to err from his upright Way, when he has such an Omnipotent Head to lead him thro' all Temptations—But, alas! are we not all involved in the same Crime! is it possible for any of us to claim Perfection?—Man is beset with Storms, which his weak Mind makes him think invincible—He throws away the Rudder of Reason and Religion, quits the Helm, and lays himself down in the Deck of Despair, while the hapless Vessel is toss'd about at the Mercy of the Winds and Waves: But at last, when he hears it crack against the Rock, and the Waters of Misery come flowing in upon him, he starts up amazed—and, (if happy enough) seizes some Part of the dividing Wreck, with which he steers himself to Land; and blesses and adores the Power, with the most ardent Fervor, who in His Goodness had not suffer'd him to perish, tho' he had not trusted in him, and vows never more to err from his Paths.

Thus

Thus it was with *Cleantes*. He got over his Distemper, and was thoroughly satisfy'd of the Wickedness and Sully of his former Ways, and begg'd that he might return to his Country with his Uncle and Mother, who were both in Town, and agreed to it with great Joy; and accordingly they all set out, and arrived safe at their Seat in *Warwickshire*.

Soon after their Arrival there, they had Notice of a Visit from *Avenia*, who could not avoid bringing *Amelia* with her, tho' they were not upon very good Terms together. But the former durst not absolutely use her ill, for fear of having her look from her. These Ladies could scarcely disguise their Emotions at the Sight of *Cleantes*, who was as much disturbed as they could be; but he determined to declare his Passion in the strongest Terms to *Amelia*, which he did, and was received with as much Regard as he could wish for: But still there seem'd unavoidable Difficulties to encounter with, as *Avenia* would probably never consent to a Match so opposite to her Inclination. Which Difficulties were not imaginary, for *Avenia* asked Mr. and Mrs. *Dalver*'s Consent to marry *Cleantes*; which, as they had no other Views, they thought an excellent Match for him; and accordingly gave their Consent very freely, provided *Cleantes* approved of it.

Judge what a Stroke this was for poor *Amelia*, who was acquainted with it directly by her spiteful Cousin; and an Addition to it, that *Cleantes* himself was not averse to it: But she was soon undeceived by

him, in regard to the latter Part; and he assured her, that he would never consent to a Marriage with any one but herself, on whom his future Destiny depended.

These Assurances quite satisfy'd her; and they agreed, as the best Method they could take, to inform Mr. *Dalver* of their mutual Engagements; and *Cleantes* accordingly acquainted his Uncle with it, who agreed to intercede with his Mother to break off this Marriage with *Avenia*, but he could not foresee that *Avenia* would ever consent to his having *Amelia*. However, he spoke to his Sister, and she readily consented to put off her Son's Marriage; and they agreed soon after to marry him to *Amelia* in private, by a neighbouring Curate.

*Avenia* was extremely affronted and enraged at their Marriage; but, as she was of a light Disposition, in less than a Year's Time she agreed to forgive them, and give up that Part of *Amelia*'s Fortune, otherwise her Right; and being addressed at the same Time by a Gentleman of Merit, she accepted of his Hand, and their Marriage was celebrated with the greatest Joy.

After this, she lived in the greatest Harmony with *Cleantes* and *Amelia*; who, tho' they are now no more, live perceptibly in their Children, who inherit all their Virtues and their Estate, with the Addition of a Title lately added, to distinguish their high Merit; tho' nothing can add to the Peace and Harmony they maintain between each other.

To the Authors of *The Jester's Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

*I have sent you three Letters of Advice for Unmarried Ladies. As I am certain they may be of Service in that State of Life, your inserting them will greatly oblige*

Your's,

LAVINIA.

*The LADY's PRECEPTOR in the Affair of LOVE;  
with the Picture of a True Lover.*

Translated from the French of Monsr. PAVILLION.

LETTER I.

To C E L I A.

THERE are some Mothers who will not suffer the Name of Love to be pronounced before their Daughters. This Caution is, in my Opinion, too scrupulous, and may perhaps prove of ill Consequence. Unhappy those to whom Love is unknown, 'till they come themselves to experience it! This is what Galants chiefly search for; innocent young Girls. God knows the Pleasure they propose to themselves in giving them the first Lessons. I would fain prevent its being your Case, if possible; and would teach you that Art, in which your Lovers would gladly be your Masters. If my Teaching pleases you less than theirs; still you will have this Advantage, that it will cost you less.

You are now coming into the World, charming *Celia*; therefore it is necessary for you to know the different Measures you should take, with the different Sorts of Lovers, you are likely to meet withal. You will find every publick Place full of insipid Admirers, indefatigable

Sayers of soft Things; before whom a young Face and tolerable good Eyes can never appear, without being immediately attack'd by an infinite Number of flattering Speeches. Their Admiration will give you no Quarter. You will neither be able to stir a Step, or speak a Word, that will not draw upon you a Torrent of Praises: And wherever you go their Eyes will follow you.

I have seen young Ladies greatly pleased with these People. The first fine Things they hear, they generally think very good, let them be what they will. I don't imagine you want Advice upon this Head; but, in case it should happen to be necessary, pray give Ear to these Galants two or three Times; that will be sufficient to undeceive you. I have also seen young Ladies so tired of their fine Speeches, that they have expressed it to them. Be careful not to make Use of this Method, for it is the Way to make them repeat their Praises; and, in so doing, you will draw more flattering Speeches upon yourself. They imagine,

Imagine, the Difficulty you lie under is to give Credit to what they say; and that they can convince you of the Veracity of it, by urging it in stronger Terms. This is not a likely Way for you to rid yourself of their Visits. Act more reservedly; agree with them, when they commend you. Appear to be of their Mind, when they give you Praises \*; and share with them, in admiring yourself. Sometimes prevent their fine Speeches: But let this be done so discreetly, as to shew an agreeable Slight, and not a silly Self- Complacency; and I will answer for it, whatever Wit they may have, you will see them out of Countenance.

There are great Numbers of young Men in the World, who have as good an Opinion of themselves, as they have a bad one of Women. A single Adventure they have met with, makes them draw general Consequences, with regard to the rest of the Fair Sex. They say, they know Women, and have learn'd, by Experience, that whatever good Appearance they make, they are at a Loss how to defend themselves against those who know how to attack them. You may easily discern this Species by a confident Air they put on, whenever they speak; by some lofty Ways they have retained from their former Conquests; by

their being so sparing of their precious Esteem; imagining that Women are gained by a blind Complaisance. This they profess, but it is a feigned one; through which you may easily discover that they are satisfied their Labour will not be lost. If you receive their Protestations with Coldness, you will find them not greatly concerned at it: For they think themselves certain, that it is only Affectation in you. Should you happen to be alone with those Gentlemen, you will not perceive that agreeable Fearfulness, which is the certain Mark of a real Passion. They are not at a Loss to explain their Meaning; because they are so persuaded of the Honour they do you in declaring themselves, that they enter upon the Subject immediately. They complain with a dry and forced Air, and with terrible Exagerations; and they never fail of comparing you with other Mistresses they have had, much less cruel than yourself: For they imagine (and with some Women it often proves too true) that the Favours they have received from some, will be a Means of engaging others to follow their Example; that one Piece of good Fortune draws on another; and that a Lady will permit herself to be conquer'd, by the Reputation of her Lover's former Successes. If any

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of

\* *Monf. Pavillon* seems not to have well considered this Point. There is a certain Behaviour that is much more likely to succeed; which is a civil, modest, unaffected Inattention to their Praises. A Behaviour which can give neither Encouragement or Offence. Don't be intimidated at letting him see that while you slight the Love, you have a Regard for the Man. This Deportment, should they be sincere, will make the Love they profess improve into a respectful Esteem; and, should they not, will discourage their farther Attempts, and make them ashamed of being worsted by you, in a Manner that leaves them no room, either to applaud themselves, or cast the least Blame upon you.



of these People should fall into your Hands, revenge all the Fair Sex upon them. Hearken to them, in order to convince them of their Error; but rather shun them as much as possible. Let all your Conduct with them be extremely reserved. Remember that you must be as much upon your Guard in respect to the Appearance, as to the Reality. A Note, in order to make a Party at Cards, is very innocent: However, don't even venture that with them. They will shew your Writing to a thousand People, without letting them read it. Sometimes they will be alone with you, only for the Credit of being caught in your Company. They affect taking great Notice of you in Publick; and, however, say in general Terms, that they are not Persons who will lose their Labour. In short, there are some Men whom you had better love, than only be beloved by one of this Class.

How many Things could I say to you in regard to the Lovers you may have, who are above you in Rank and Fortune? Take Care to reject the dangerous Vanity of having every Day a Nobleman's Coach at your Door. Those Lovers know how to make you in a Manner ashamed of the Resistance you make them, by telling you, that you behave like a Country Lady, and compare your Ways with those whom they esteem better bred: And, perhaps, some Ladies may have bestowed considerable Favours upon them, only for fear of being thought not to understand polite Behaviour. Shew all due Respect to a Person's Quality, but take care not to go beyond what is due; otherwise, they will conceive too great Hopes—

Keep yourself below the Title, if Persons of such Distinction should seek your Company, but infinitely above the Lover.

One of the most dangerous Sorts of People you can be acquainted with, are those who will give you Advice, and take upon them to regulate your Conduct. They know the World, and are extremely free of their Decisions. A young Lady is glad to meet with them at first, as Protectors of her Merit, when she begins to appear in the World, and is willing to obtain from them the Knowledge she wants to acquire—By Degrees she gives them an Ascendant over her, which gradually grows stronger—They endeavour, either to make you suspicious of those who rival them in your Esteem, or else to set them aside by their own Affidovities—They set you at Variance with all their Enemies; and, when they have made your House as solitary as they think proper, they declare themselves Lovers; or, rather, command you to love them.—Prevent that unworthy Servitude, not by refusing Advice (make Use of it, if agreeable, without making yourself dependant on those who give it) but by not permitting yourself to be governed, in any Respect, by the Person you receive it from: And, tho' it were only to prevent that Subjection, sometimes neglect it, when it does not relate to Matters of Consequence.

These are, I believe, the chief Characters you ought to guard against—If you profit by my Lessons (which you may be convinc'd are disinterested, since I am not of an Age to pretend to your Affec-

Affection) at least you will only will inform you what Sort of a  
be in Danger of parting with your Man he ought to be, that you may  
Heart, when you meet with a Lover not permit yourself to be deceiv'd—  
who is truly deserving: But, as in It is a Description which I will give  
that Case, I should have very little you another Time.

Advice to give you against him; I

(To be continu'd.)

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*Account of a most surprizing hot Wind, which blows in Arabia, communicated in a Letter from an Officer in the Service of the Hon. the East-India Company to a Gentleman in London.*

**T**HIS hot Wind, peculiar to the Desert of Arabia, is call'd, in the Arabian Language, *Samsh*. It blows over the Desert in the Months of *July* and *August*, from the North-West Quarter, and sometimes it continues with all its Violence to the very Gates of *Bagdat*, but never affects any Body within the Walls. Some Years it does not blow at all, and in others it appears six, eight, or ten Times, but seldom continues more than a few Minutes at a Time. It often passes with the apparent Quickness of Lightning.

The *Arabians* and *Persians* who are acquainted with the Appearance of the Sky, at, or near the Time this Wind ariseth, have Warning of its Approach by a thick Haze, which appears like a Cloud of Dust arising out of the Horizon, and they immediately upon this Appearance throw themselves with their Faces to the Ground, and continue in that Position till the Wind is passed, which frequently happens, to be almost instantaneous; but if, on the contrary, they are not cheerful or brisk

enough to take this Precaution, which is sometimes the Case, and they get the full Force of the Wind, it is instant Death.

The above Method is the only one which they take to avoid the Effects of this fatal Blast; and when it is over, they get up and look round them for their Companions, and if they see any one lying motionless, they take hold of an Arm, or a Leg, and pull and jerk it with some Force, and if the Limb thus agitated separates from the Body, it is a certain Sign that the Wind has had its full Effect upon it; but if, on the contrary, the Arm or Leg does not come away, it is a sure Sign there is Life remaining, although to every outward Appearance the Person is dead; and in that Case they immediately cover him or them with Cloaths, and administer some warm diluting Liquor to cause a Perspiration, which is certainly but slowly brought about.

The *Arabs* themselves can say little or nothing about the Nature of this Wind, only that it always

leaves behind it a very strong sulphurous Smell, and that the Air of these Times is quite clear except about the Horizon in the North-West Quarter, before observed, which gives Warning of its Approach.

I have not been able to learn whether the dead Bodies are scorched or dissolved into a Kind of gelatinous Substance, but from the Stories I have heard, there has been frequent Reason to believe the latter; and, in that Case, I should attribute such fatal Effects rather to a noxious Vapour, than to an absolute and excessive Heat.

The Story of its going to the Gates of *Bagdat* and no further, may be reasonably enough accounted for, if the Effects are attributed to a poisonous Vapour, and not to excessive Heat.

The above-mention'd Wind, *Semmel*, is so well known in the Neighbourhood of *Bagdat* and *Bassora*, that the very Children speak of it with Dread.

I had this Story related to me in the Course of our Passage from *Bombay* to *England*, by a very intelligent Gentleman, *M. Vanderbulse*, who has been Chief of a *Dutch* Settlement (*Karrack*) for some Time, in the Gulf of *Persia*, and who now, Dec. 27, 1963, resides in *London*. *M. Vanderbulse*, a few Years ago, lost a very valuable Servant, a Native of *Bassora*, whom he sent on a Message to the *Basha* of *Bagdat*. The Servant above-mentioned was Linguist in the *Dutch* Company, and was charged with Business of Importance to the *Basha*.



## Conclusion of H A M E T and F A T A M A.

### AN EASTERN TALE.

ONE Day, as he was walking in a solitary Mood, he drew near a Village, where the Youth, of both Sexes, were enjoying the the Pastime they were fond of, Dancing, Singing, &c. in their rustic Manner. He stood sometime to view them, and was very sensibly struck with the very extraordinary Beauty and Behaviour of one of the Damsels, who was about Seventeen; and, on going back, in his usual musing Manner, he said to himself, "How charming would a Life pass with such innocent People as these! With them Nature exists in true Simplicity. I have long wish'd for an Opportunity to throw off the Burden of Court Sycophants, and a Circumstance offers which may

succeed. I'll dress myself in the Habit of a Female Servant, and get a Service among them. By that Disguise I shall elude all Search which might be made after me; and my Features, being rather feminine, I can with Ease pass for what I represent."

He went Home to the Court, and, in a short Time, put his Scheme in Practice, which succeeded so well, that he got hired by the Father of the very Charmer who had captivated his Heart. With her he every Day used to feed, or milk the Flock, or any other rural Employment.

For some Months they lived together in the strictest Friendship; and tho' he loved the fair *Fatama* more and more every Day, yet so pure

between sleeping and waking, I the rest; and, 'till I write again,  
 found myself really in his Arms. believe me  
 shade me, ye Furies! Cover me, ye  
 Mountains! Oh! *Dorinda*, guess  
 Tour's, &c. CLARINDA,

(To be continu'd.)

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A Collection of Conundrums, Riddles, Rebusses, Acrosticks,  
 Poems, Tales, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.

SOLUTIONS to the CONUN-  
 DRUMS

In Number XIII.

121. **B**ECAUSE it is Part of  
*Greece.*  
 122. Because generally within Caul.  
 123. Because he is full of Bows.  
 124. Because she is Miss-led.  
 125. Because it has Drawers in it.  
 126. Because he draws Drink.  
 127. Because it is full of Place.  
 128. Because it is Hi-red.  
 129. Because he is Abetting.  
 130. Because it is a Sign you see.

SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES

In Number XIII.

25. *Willow.* 26. A *Guinea.*

SOLUTIONS to the REBUSSES

In Number XIII.

27. *Miss Morgan.* 28. *Dartmouth.*

SOLUTION to the PARADOX

In Number XIII.

Four Musicians.

An Answer to a REBUS in our  
*Magazine for September.*

**Y**OUTH certainly is prone to  
 Love;

Your Letter *N* must be:  
 The Title's *Don*, I think, by *Yove*;  
 Which makes *London*, I see.

J. BRANSCOMB.

CONUNDRUMS

131. **W**HY are Illuminations  
 like the Lungs?  
 132. Why are turn'd Coats like Sai-  
 lors?  
 133. Why is an old Ship like a Va-  
 gabond?  
 134. Why is a fine Woman like a  
 Diamond?  
 135. Why is a Lady in her Shift like  
 the *Hague*?  
 136. Why are a Pair of Spectacles  
 like the Inhabitants of the  
 Parts adjacent to *Prague*?  
 137. Why are Wagers like Eggs?  
 138. Why is a Watchman like a Mill,  
 horse?  
 139. Why is a poor Man like a Semp-  
 stress?  
 140. Why is a neat prim Lady like a  
 Book?

[\* \* The Solutions in our next.]

RIDDLES.

27. **I**N a small Cell I live, that is  
 arch'd over Head,  
 Not with Stone, Brick or Plaster;  
 Wood, Silver or Lead;  
 I am grateful to all; from the Clown  
 to the Prince;  
 Yet, excepting my Feeling, I want  
 ev'ry Sense.  
 Tho' sometimes in Dainties and  
 Wealth I abound,  
 I'm sometimes so Poor that I lie  
 on the Ground;  
 No Liquor or Food in my House to  
 be found.

I trust

I travel as well by the Night as by  
Day,  
And am seldom or ever found out of  
my Way.

If you touch but my Door, tho' I  
can't see or hear;  
(As already I've said) yet I know you  
are there:

If you tap e'er so gently, as I live all  
alone,

I straight make all fast, and will open  
to none.

For to open my Cell, when with Force  
you contrive,  
I'm turn'd out of Doors, robb'd, and  
buried alive.

28. **T**HE Friends of human Race  
all hate me fore;  
The Foes of Mortals still do shun me  
more:

Those who are wounded with Love's  
piercing Dart

Oft court my Aid, and dress me up  
with Art;

Use me for basest Ends—and oft  
succeed;

Those I deceive, are Wretches made  
indeed!

My Outside's fair, tho' I a Monster  
be;

Yet strange!—The Ladies are in  
Love with me!

T. T.

[\* \* The Solutions in our next.]

#### REBUSSES.

29. **W**Hen Things are most plea-  
sing to fam'd Albion's Fair,  
And what once contained all Beings  
that were:

These together cement, then you  
will soon see,

The Name of a Town that's here  
meant by J. B.

J. BRANSCOMB.

30. **W**hat a Person in Years is  
oft seen to do,  
When he walks on the Terrace or  
Floor;

Where a Cat is oft seen, when aloft  
to our View,

She has escap'd on a House from  
Trap-Door.

Cement these together, 'twill shew  
you a Place,

Where with, Pleasure my Time I  
could spend,

If bless'd with Competence; with  
Health, and with Peace,  
And enjoy'd the Delights of a  
Friend.

J. O.

[\* \* The Solutions in our next.]

#### An EPIGRAM on SCOLDING.

**G**REAT Folks are of a finer  
Mould;

Lord! how politely they can scold.

While a coarse *English* Tongue will  
itch,

For Whore and Rogue, and Dog and  
B—h.

#### FAST and LOOSE.

**C**OLLIN was married in all Haste,  
And now to rack doth run;

So knitting of himself too fast  
He hath himself undone.

#### TRUTH told at last.

**S**AYS Collin, in Rage, contradic-  
ting his Wife,

"You never yet told me one Truth  
"in your Life."

Vext Fanny no Way could this Thesis  
allow,

"You're a Cuckold," says she, "do  
"I tell you Truth now?"

#### An EPIGRAM.

**I**F Beauty be Fancy,  
I fancy your Beauty;  
Then prithee, dear Nancy,  
Accept of my Duty.

My Duty, dear Nancy,  
Accepts of thy Beauty;  
Then e'en let thy Fancy,  
Accept of my Duty.

Accept of my Duty,  
And then, my dear Nancy,  
The Slaves of thy Beauty  
Will laugh at thy Fancy.

The FOIL-STONE and DIAMOND.

A F A B L E.

WITHIN a Toyman's Shop by Night,  
Replendent by the Taper's Light,  
A Foil-stone hung to make a Shew,  
As glittering Things attract the View;  
Pleas'd with the wide surrounding  
Blaze,  
He thus began himself to praise.

" Of all the Gems that deck the  
" Fair,  
" What Jewel can with me compare ;  
" The Garnet Red, the Sapphire Blue,  
" Or others of whatever Hue,  
" Some Folks may think extremely  
" fine ?  
" Yet poor their Charms, compar'd  
" to mine.  
" What are those Lights that shine  
" on high ?  
" But glittering Foil-stones of the Sky;  
" Order'd by *Jove*, that glorious  
" Place  
" The Earth to light, the Sky to  
" grace.  
" Fix'd on *Clarinda's* Breast, my Rays  
" Would rob her of her wonted  
" Praise ;  
" Her Eyes, that make the World  
" adore,  
" Was I but by, would shine no  
" more :  
" Was Merit fair to stand the Test,  
" Superior I should shine confest ;  
" Unequall'd I should reign alone,  
" As this poor Taper to the Sun."

" The Taper's Ray no more de-  
" ride,"  
Reply'd a Diamond at his Side :  
" 'Tis to his Power alone you owe  
" Your present superficial Glow :  
" Some fatal Hand remove the Light,  
" Adieu ! thy Glory sets in Night ;  
" While I, deep hid within the Mine,  
" By Nature's Hand am form'd to  
" shine :  
" But thou poor Compound, made  
" by Art,  
" In Nature have not any Part ;

" The Product of some Artist's Brain,  
" To imitate my Glow in vain :  
" By all true Judges thou'rt despis'd,  
" By Fops and Fools alone are  
" priz'd ;  
" And this thy chiefest Value known,  
" To deck some vagrant Actor's  
" Crown.  
" Thy Worth, all easily can see,  
" How thou wast christen'd Foil to me.  
" Silent thou hadst not suffer'd  
" Blame ;  
" Fools, by their prating, cause their  
" Shame."

E P I G R A M.

H U S B A N D.

I 'Tis decreed, that I must first de-  
part,  
And leave my Wife, fond Darling of  
my Heart ! —  
Was I to choos't, I'd see you first at  
Rest,  
For, ah ! I'm sure, I can bear Sor-  
row best.

W I F E.

Dear Spouse, to you my unfeign'd  
Thanks are due,  
As Sorrow's Weight can best be  
borne by you ;  
But, candid Sir, I'd have you first  
expire,  
As Joy, you know, was always my  
Desire.

*On an ill-match'd Couple in Cornwall.*

T H A T Maxim of Matches being  
made up in Heaven,  
This Marriage I'm sure must con-  
fute ;  
No God lent a Hand, it was made  
up in *Devon* ;  
An Angel was join'd to a Brute.  
TOM SHOT, of Anthony.

To Miss JENNY. —

D E A R *Jenny*, since I cannot  
move  
Thy icy Breast to Joy and Love ;  
Since all my Grief, and all my Care,  
Serve but to heighten my Despair ;  
Ma'

Make some Requit for my Pain,  
And give me back my Heart again:  
But teach me, when I'm repossess'd,  
How to retain it in my Breast.

But then, alas! thou must forbear  
Thy Syren Song, thy graceful Air;  
And lest I fall again thy Prize,  
Must ne'er unvail those brilliant Eyes;  
Hide too thy Bosom, snowy white,  
And Checks out blushing Morning  
Light;  
For ev'ry Charm emits a Dart,  
And I again should lose my Heart.

### THE ATHENIAN HARPER.

#### A FABLE.

By Mr. JOHN OAKMAN.

IN every State, in every Station,  
In every Age, and every Nation,  
Still Vanity and Discontent,  
Their mutual Aid to each have lent.  
Ah, me! what Pangs must fill the  
Breast,  
Where these two Fiends have got  
possest'd!  
What dire Calamities ensue;  
Yet, ah! how very justly due.

In high-fam'd *Athens* long ago,  
There liv'd, as *Æsop's* Fables shew,  
A simple *Harper*: But whose Lays  
Procur'd him much *Phœbian* Praise.  
When Night drew on, in thrumming  
Strain,  
He'd oft divert the *Tipling Train*:  
The *Tipling Train* would dance and  
sing;  
And swear of Harpers, *He was King!*

Philosophers have oft confess'd,  
The Love of Fame in every Breast  
Inherent is: And most would fain,  
Her Trumpet's loudest Blast obtain;  
Yet very few, of all who've strove,  
So far have gain'd that *Lady's Love*;  
But discontented with their Lot,  
Have lost the little Share they'd got.

Puff'd with the Praises of the Crowd,  
With Vanity his Breast o'er-flow'd.

"Shall I," says he, "whose Skill's  
"so rare,  
"That few to play with me will  
"dare;  
"Shall I, whose heavenly-sounding  
"Strains,  
"Can move those Wretches without  
"Brains;  
"I, who like *Orpheus* or *Amphion*,  
"Can tame the savage Bear or Lion,  
"And make e'en Stocks, or Stones,  
"or Trees,  
"Caper and dance just as I please;  
"Shall I divert the Rabble-Rout,  
"And give my *Airs* to every Lout?  
"No—if these feel, so great my  
"Art,  
"How I shall touch the noble Heart!  
"How small each Artift will appear,  
"If once I touch the skillful Ear!

"It shall be so—ye Clowns,  
"adieu!  
"I've spent my Time too long with  
"you.  
"Profit and Fame shall make Amends,  
"I have them at my Fingers Ends."

Behold him on the *Athenian* Stage.  
A War with Harmony engage:  
Untowardly he strikes the Strings,  
And harsher than his Harp he sings.  
Enrag'd the Audience pelt and scoff:  
And Clamour rends the House, "Off!  
"Off!"

Amaz'd! he from the Stage with-  
drew,  
And sought again the clownish Crew:  
But *Fame*, who kept above his Pace,  
Had told them all his late Disgrace;  
With Scorn they kick'd him out of  
Door,  
And bid him Hum-strum there no  
more;  
But with his soft and heavenly *Airs*,  
Go play to *Trees* and *Dancing Bears*.

### A COMMON CASE.

WHEN *Sally* first my Eyes survey'd  
Deck'd with each charming  
Grace;  
I thought, indeed, the lovely Maid  
Was more than mortal Race.

My Wonder still the Fair One drew,  
For when she Silence broke,  
Soft fell her Words, as heav'nly Dew,  
And nought but Sense she spoke.

Me soon she added to her Train,  
And made her willing Slave;  
With Joy I hugg'd the pleasing Chain,  
Nor Liberty would have.

Soon with dissembled Looks and Arts,  
Which Shepherds oft have feign'd,  
To steal unwary Maidens Hearts,  
The Fair One's Love I gain'd.

My Wish—Possession having crown'd,  
Love prov'd but cloying Food;  
And Goddess Sally soon I found,  
Mere mortal Flesh and Blood.

No longer with her now I'm seen,  
To walk, and kiss, and dally;  
For other Nymphs I range the Green,  
As fond—and fair as Sally.

G.

VERSES on reading *Miss CARTER's*  
*Poems, by the Rev. Mr. WISE,*  
*Author of a Poem on PROVIDENCE.*

**F**AIR Celestial, found below!  
Willing I this Tribute give:  
What Devotion does bestow,  
Goodness kindly will receive.

Tuneful Birds, in vernal Eves,  
Sweetly heavy, moist and mild,  
'Mong the Forest's velvet Leaves,  
Mellow sing their Love-Notes wild.

O'er great Nature's Feast of Joy,  
Odours breathing from each Tree;  
They delightful Notes employ,  
Yet they fail to charm like thee.

*Sappho*, ev'ry fading Flow'r  
Rifted in the *Cyprian* Groves;  
*Venus*, her adored Pow'r,  
Drawn, in amorous Pomp, with  
Doves.

O, unlike her Hymns and thine!  
O, unequal in their Force!  
Strong to make the Soul divine,  
More than she to make it worse.

Numbers gay *Anacreon* stole  
From the beam-encircled Pow'r,  
Soft and easy as his Soul;  
Thine, *Eliza*, please me more.

*Young* may nurse, in nightly Cells,  
Holy Rage; or *Gay* impart,  
Mildly in his simple Tales,  
Morals worthy of his Heart.

*Thomson*, his Description join;  
Or in airy Visions rise.  
*Collins*, fancifully fine:  
*Carter* shall not want a Prize.

Noble *Shakespeare* (sacred Name!)  
*Britons* ever shall adore,  
First in Merit as in Fame,  
Equal to behold no more.

*Pindar*, fierce in Light'ning dress,  
Grand Enthusiast, raves with Skill,  
Glowing like his Hero's Breast,  
Rapid as his flying Wheel.

*Homer*, bold in Epic Song,  
*Virgil*, cool and curious, sings;  
*Milton*, with angelic Tongue,  
Personates the King of Kings.

*Dryden's* Fire, my Soul does touch;  
*Pope's* fine Art politely free—  
Glorious Poets!—Ah! but such  
Soft Enchantment dwells with thee!

Pious *Carter*! happy Merit!  
Fam'd *Anacreon's* Sweetness flows  
Thro' thy Numbers, while thy Spirit  
Ardently seraphic glows.

Angels Glory crown'd Above,  
Charming Songster! heav'nly Fair!  
Wife! divinely wife! will love  
Thee, sweet Partner in their Care;

Thee on blest triumphing Wings  
Bear, who early understood  
Well to praise the King of Kings,  
Endless Office of the Good.

THE ROSE. A FABLE.

**A** Giddy Youth had bent his  
Way  
To where a Bed of Roses lay;  
3 Z 2 Charm'd



Charm'd with the Beauty of a Flower,  
He pluck'd it; but, O fatal Hour!  
A Thorn beneath the Foliage lain  
Had torn his Hand with biting Pain.  
"Curse on thy Beauty," cry'd the  
Boy——

"Were Charms like these but to  
"destroy?"

"Learn hence this Lesson," said the  
Rose;

"A thousand Odours I disclose

"To please the Youth, and charm  
"the Fair,

"If pluck'd with Prudence and with  
"Care:

"But if no Caution they employ

"T'obtain the fickle-fated Joy,

"No Pleasure shall these Wantons  
"gain——

"Each Joy shall be absorb'd in  
"Pain;

"By them keen Anguish shall be  
"borne——

"I blossom not without the Thorn."

Thus, 'midst Life's variegated Way  
A num'rous Throng of Pleasures gay,  
Sweetly delusive take their Stand  
To strike each Eye, and court each  
Hand;

These chose with Prudence, us'd with  
Art,

Tend to invigorate the Heart;

They chase the Ills of Life away,

And out of Darkness bring the Day.

But if, in gaudy Colours drest,

Each transient Joy enflames your  
Breast;

And, fir'd by Lust, with furious  
Haste,

You rush the fleeting Bliss to taste,

Soon shall the Joy you strove to gain,

Instead of Pleasure, end in Pain;

Soon shall appear the hidden Dart,

And with keen Anguish wound the  
Heart,

*ADDRESS to the TOWN, by Way of  
EPILOGUE, to The Country Girl,  
Spoken by Miss Reynolds.*

**B**UT you, good Gentry, what say  
you to this?

You are to judge me—have I done  
amiss?

I've Reasons will convince ye all, and  
strong ones;

Except old Folks, who hanker after  
young Ones:

*Bud* was so passionate, and grown so  
thrifty,

'Twas a sad Life——and then——he  
was near Fifty!

I'm but Nineteen——my Husband  
too is young,

So soft, so gentle, such a win-  
ning Tongue!

Have I, pray Ladies speak, done  
very wrong?

As for poor *Bud*, 'twas honest to de-  
ceive him;

More virtuous sure to cheat him, than  
to grieve him.

Great Folk, I know, will call me  
simple Slut;

Marry for Love! they cry, the Coun-  
try Put!

Marriage with them's a Fashion——  
soon grows cool:

But I'm for loving always, like a  
Fool.

With Half my Fortune I would rather  
part,

Than be all Finery with an aching  
Heart.

For these strange awkward Notions  
don't abuse me;

And, as I know no better——pray  
excuse me.

*No VERSES can last long, that  
are written by Wine-Drinkers.*

*Translated from the Lusus Westmonas-  
terienſis.*

**W**HEN social Friends give up  
the Day

To Mirth, to Love, and Rounde-  
lay,

Which ev'ry Bosom fires;

Each Man inscribes upon his Glass,

A Spennet to his fav'rite Lads,

As Love or Wine inspires.

Fill'd with each God, the jolly  
Souls,

In loose Disorder, break their Bowls,  
With

With Wine and Mirth clate ;  
In vain each seeks his am'rous Lay,  
The Glasses broke in one dire Fray,  
Together meet one Fate.

SOMEBODY.

To Miss D—vis, at Duck—ton,  
Oxf—shire.

*Urit me grata Protervitas,  
Et Vultus nimium lubricus affici.*

TELL me, my little lovely Dear,  
“ While trembling with a  
“ Lover's Fear,”

Thy Pity how to move ;  
The soft Emotion how to raise,  
How best to modulate thy Praise,  
In Hymns of grateful Love.

Did sweeter Sounds adorn my Tongue  
Than Man pronounc'd, or Angel  
sung,

All, all, alas ! were vain ;  
The *Delphian* God would vain in-  
spire,  
In vain would strike th' harmonious  
Lyre,  
To swell the loftiest Strain.

From thy fair Looks what Beauties  
flow,

What Virtues in thy Bosom glow,  
And deck thy youthful Mind ;  
While those bright Orbs their Beams  
disperse,  
Which shine replete with manly  
Sense,  
And Female Sweetness join'd.

Not lovelier rose the *Cyprian* Queen,  
When all her graceful Charms were  
seen,

Supply'd by every Art ;  
The *Pbrygina* Boy\* her Power con-  
fess'd,

Alike with Extacy express'd,  
The Secret of his Heart.

Cease wond'ring at the numerous  
Throng,

Why round thee press the Gay, the  
Young,

And gaze with fond Surprise !  
Why each their Adoration pay,  
The self-inspiring Wish betray,  
To gain th' immortal Prize !

As such, dear Fair, esteem the Muse,  
Who, lost in these enchanting Views,  
Still heaves the plaintive Sigh ;  
Oh ! swift relieve his wretched State,  
Think, think of Life's uncertain  
Date,

Then bid him *live* or *die*.

The ACADEMY of ANIMALS.

A FABLE.

By J. W. at Mr. Rule's Academy,  
Islington.

THIS Education forms the Mind.  
By that our Manners are re-  
fin'd ;

From that alone we may derive  
The Reasons why we fail or thrive ;  
That this may evident appear,  
A Fable with Attention hear.

A Bat of grave and solemn Air  
Resolv'd of Youth to take the Care,  
And thought (so great his pedant  
Pride)

Himself for Teaching qualified ;  
His Scheme appearing well advis'd,  
He soon his Purpose advertis'd,  
And o'er his Door these Words ap-  
pear,

*Youth boarded and instructed here.*  
Crowds quickly to the School re-  
pair,

And the first Scholar was the Hare ;  
Merchants Accounts he was to learn ;  
For his wife Father could discern  
That he by Nature's Self was made  
To grow immensely rich by Trade.  
The Mule was by his Mother brought,  
She'd have him *Greek* and *Latin*  
taught,

Because his Studies once being ended,  
Her Son was for the Church intended,  
For a rich Kinsman (hence her Drift)  
Had a good Living in his Gift.

The

The Deer for Military Station  
Learns Fencing and Fortification;  
His Master, that he might grow va-  
liant,

Talks to him much of Angels saliant,  
And in his Lessons always harps  
On Ravelins and Countercarps;  
The Fencing Master with great Art  
Teaches the Youth to parry Quart.  
Intended for the Sea, the Ox  
The Compass foot must learn to  
box,

And though he had a clumsy Paw,  
'Twas proper he should learn to  
draw.

The Bear, possess'd of an Estate,  
Should not with Learning vex his  
Pate,

But was to learn such Things as suit  
The Quality of gentle Brute.

French, Musick, Drawing, and to  
dance,

For 'Squire must take a Trip to  
France.

And Ape, who was his Mother's Dar-  
ling,

Must not be taught by Blows and  
Shaming;

But was to School sent, as we hear,  
Left Danger should to th' Child come  
near.

But what did all this Care produce?  
What was such Education's Use?

The Merchant Bankrupt was de-  
clared,

His Failure ne'er could be repair'd.  
The Student, sent to lay in Know-  
ledge,

Could never take Degree at College.

The Officer; tho' very gay,

In Fight was first to run away.

The Sailor in a sudden Gale

Could not so much as reef Top-  
sail.

The Bear, who to the Continent  
Politeness to acquire was sent,

Return'd a rustic Country 'Squire,

And no Improvement could acquire.

The Ape, sent by his Parents Care

To School, learn'd each Vice prac-  
tis'd there.

(But now I'll try if I am able

To tack a Moral to my Fable:

"Parents, from interested Views  
"Ne'er for your Sons Professions  
"chuse,

"But above all Things be intent  
"To find their Genius' real Bent;  
"By Nature ev'ry human Mind  
"Is some peculiar Way inclin'd;  
"Find but that Way in ev'ry Son,  
"The Work of Education's done."

On a F.A.N., in which was painted the  
Story of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS.

By Mr. P O P E.

COME, gentle Air, th' *Æolian*  
Shepherd said,  
While *Procris* panted in the sacred  
Shade;

Come, gentle Air, the fairer *Delia*  
cries,

While at her Feet her Swain expiring  
lies;

Lo! the glad Gales do o'er her Beau-  
ties stray,

Breathe on her Lips, and in her Bo-  
som play.

In *Delia's* Hand this Toy is faithful  
found,

Nor could that fabled Dart more  
surely wound;

Both Gifts destructive to the Givers  
prove,

Alike both Lovers fall, by those they  
love:

Yet guiltless too this bright Destroyer  
lives,

At Random wounds, nor knows the  
Wound she gives:

She views the Story with attentive  
Eyes,

And pities *Procris*, while her Lover  
dies.

Extempore, on seeing Miss ARCHER  
at the Playhouse at Plymouth.

YE Gods! I receiv'd a most del-  
perate Wound,

And in a most sensible Part;

But my Wonder soon ceas'd, when  
an *Archer*, I found,

Had shot at my delicate Heart.

A Marine Officer.

A P A S.

A PASTORAL ELEGY,

In Imitation of SHENSTONE.

**A**H! hearken, ye Shepherds, I pray;  
And see your sad *Philodel* weep;  
Attend all ye Nymphs to my Lay,  
And leave the sweet Care of your  
Sheep: —

I'll tell you how fickle is Bliss,  
And, Oh! Hope, how deceitful thou  
art!

How thou dream'st of soft Pleasure  
and Ease,

And how thou ensnarest the Heart.

For, alas! how deluded is he

Who fondly depends on thy Smile;

Let Reason instruct you to flee,

Ere its flattering Witchcraft beguile.

What Swain was so happy as me;

My Bliss did e'en *Damon's* outshine;

I thought—but, Oh! how might it  
be—

My *Phillis* would surely be mine.

I'll languish no longer forlorn;

To Caverns, and Grottoes I'll fly;

And the Dew-drops which hang on  
the Thorn,

I'll compare with the Drops in my  
Eye.

But, Oh! how can Memory die?

How shall I forget ev'ry Grace?

I liv'd on the Laugh of her Eye;

With what Rapture I gaz'd on her  
Face!

How can I forget that her Mind,

As my Passion, is noble and chaste;

Or how, since the Maid was so kind,

Must her Image be banish'd my  
Breast?

She said, with soft Grief in her Eye,

I ne'er must revisit the Plain;

She bade me depart with a Sigh;

And declar'd that she pity'd my  
Pain.

When she vow'd that our Fate was  
severe,

How I sigh'd—and yet lov'd her  
the while! —

Denial she blest with a Tear,

And she soften'd Despair by a Smile.

But, ye charming Delusions, availed!

Ah! quickly, for Pity, remove;

Let my Breast be no longer your  
Haunt—

Adieu, ye gay Visions of Love.

Farewel, ye blest Shepherds; to you

My wandering Flock I resign:

Ye innocent Sports, all adieu;

And adieu now to all that was mine:

From my Kids will I hasten away

To hide all my Woe in the Grove:

And, while far from each Eye as I lay,

Will weep for the Loss of my Love—

Be she happy wherever she goes,

May Sorrow sit light in her Heart;

And ne'er may her gentle Repose;

Be disturb'd by her *Philodel's* Smart.

But if Fortune proves always unkind,

And no tenderer Tie should intend:

May I still be in Love with her Mind,

And be *Phillis* for ever my Friend.

*The P E A S A N T and his G O D.*

A FABLE, from Mr. PERRAULT.

**L**OVE, the great Parent of Man-  
kind,

Once to a Peasant, Lands assign'd

In Trust, at the Years End to yield

Half the neat Profits of the Field;

With this proviso, that the God

Should now attend the Farmer's Nod;

Hail, Rain, Blow, Freeze, or send

Sun-shine,

Just as the Peasant should incline:

On this, the Man with Pain and Toil,

Plough'd, sow'd, and harrow'd well

the Soil,

Which first he dung'd and saw with Joy,

For as he pleas'd, his Power employ.

Just as he fought, the Weather came,

Now had one Neighbour's Grounds

the same.

Well, Harvest comes, and then he saw,

A Field not full of Corn—but Straw.

At this *Love* smil'd, who, little car'd,

How well he as a Partner far'd;

And only meant to shew—how vain

To Providence is human Pain:

See, Friend, he to the Peasant said,

How ill, on your own Terms you've

sped!

When Wind and Snow, and Rain and

Sun,

Round daily at your Option run.

Go, plough, sow, dung, and tend  
your Ground,

I, in my Province will be found;  
Your Labour shew, nor doubt my Skill,  
But leave the Weather to my Will.  
So said, so done—the Harvest come,  
Such mighty Loads of Corn came  
home,

That 'twas with equal Skill and Pain,  
The Barns were made to hold the  
Grain.

Such was the Change, when feeble Man  
No more beyond his Limits ran.

*Verfes on the Death of a Friend.*

**A**BOUT the Time that *Sol* re-  
tires to rest,

And paler *Cynthia* takes her Turn  
to reign;

He ruddy glowing to'ard the distant  
West,

She fainter gilding o'er the verdant  
Plain.

When the sweet Warblers of each  
Field and Grove,

Drop the tir'd Wing and seek the  
bending Spray,

No more melifluent chaunt their  
Songs of Love,

But Sleep recumbent 'till the Dawn  
of Day.

When *Philomel* resumes the Song alone,  
And pining *Echo* soft returns the  
Sound!

Perch'd on a Thorn that aggravates  
her Moan,

And but for her all silent were around.

With just a Friend that follow'd close  
behind,

I met a Coarse, and startled at the  
Sight;

But, ah! what Pangs, what Tor-  
tures fill'd my Mind;

My Hair upstart soon with dire  
Affright.

When that same mourning, solitary  
Friend,

In broken Words, and Sighs, and  
shaking Head,

“Behold the last Remains, the fatal  
“End

“Of *Heartwell* murder'd!” That was  
all he said.

Grief stopp'd his Tongue, and Tears  
bedew'd his Face;

His Breast he beat, and silent pass  
along;

Yet, in Revenge for *Heartwell's* deep  
Disgrace,

His Worth shall fill the Remnant of  
my Song.

By Nature form'd to charm with  
Mirth and Wit,

T' applaud the Good, to satirize  
the Bad;

To charm the Miser from his selfish  
Fit,

And wake to Joy the Hopeless and  
the Sad.

To praise a *Shakespeare's*, or a *Garrick's*  
Worth;

To damn conceited Authors in a  
Line;

To rival *Yates* or *Shuter* in their Mirth,  
And make a *Coxcomb* swear, or  
Hero shine.

True to his Country, loyal to his  
King;

A Spirit just, to blame or to com-  
mend;

The *Muses* deign'd his jocund Lyre to  
string,

And Virtue made him Father, Pa-  
rent, Friend.

Unknown to Fortune, not unknown  
to Fame,

He struggled in a base ungrateful Age;  
When, lo! some Villain, but con-  
ceal'd his Name,

With murdering Hands have struck  
him off the Stage.

Oh! would *Melpomene* assist my Lays!  
Thy Praise should flow according to  
thy Due;

Or round my Temples twine immortal  
Bays,

My Passport unto *Fame*, remembering  
you.

Yet, as it is, accept my artless Verse,  
The meanest Follower in the *Muses*  
Train;

May this excite some Nobler to rehearse,  
And give the Tribute due a nobler  
Strain.

DORILAS.  
*A. Col.*

*A Collection of Favourite New Songs.*

SONG CXXXV.

The FAVOURITE MAN.

*Sung by Miss Brown, at Sadler's-Wells.*

**I**F e'er I wed, as most Girls do,  
My Partner I'll describe to you;  
To you I'll tell my Plan:  
First Honour must his Actions guide,  
Not meanly low nor puff'd with Pride,  
Must be the Fav'rite Man.  
The Fav'rite Man, &c.

Let Fortune mod'rate Gifts dispense;  
A little Wit, a little Sense,  
Will place him in the Van:  
Be his Address genteel and free,  
Polite to all—but kind to me,  
Must be the Fav'rite Man.  
The Fav'rite Man, &c.

To have me, ne'er will be the Lot  
Of Coxcomb, Blockhead, Fool, or Sot.  
They merit a Ratan;  
Nor let the Rake, with wanton Eye,  
To win my soft Affections try,  
He'll be no Fav'rite Man,  
No Fav'rite Man, &c.

But Love, with fair Discretion join'd,  
An easy Form, a pleasing Mind,  
Will mutual Ardour fan;  
And if I taste connubial Bliss,  
Or e'er indulge the mutual Kifs—  
Such be the Fav'rite Man.  
The Fav'rite Man, &c.

SONG CXXXVI.

*Sung by Mr. Dodd, in the Country-Girl.*

**T**ELL not me of Roses, and  
Lillies,  
Which tinge the Fair Cheek of your  
*Phyllis*;

Tell not me of the Dimples, and  
Eyes,

For which silly *Corridon* dies.

Let all whining Lovers go hang:

My Heart would you hit.

Tip your Arrow with Wit,

And it comes to my Heart with a  
twang, twang,

And it comes to my Heart with a twang.

I am Rock to the Handsome and  
Pretty,  
Can only be touch'd by the Witty;  
And Beauty will ogle in vain:  
The Way to my Heart's thro' my  
Brain.

Let all whining Lovers go hang;  
We Wits, you must know,  
Have two Strings to our Bow,  
To return them their Darts with a  
twang, twang,  
And return them their Darts with a  
twang.

SONG CXXXVII.

The RICKLE LOVERS.

*Sung by Miss Parfett, at Finch's  
Grotto-Gardens.*

**D**AMON and *Phyllis*, Lovers both,  
Went to the Park one Sunday;  
And joining Hands, they made an Oath,  
To marry on the Monday.  
To marry, &c.

The Swain, awake at Break of Day,  
Lay musing on Love's Stories;  
Then dress'd himself, and slept away  
To Church along with *Chloris*.  
To Church, &c.

The Nymph, inform'd of what had  
pass'd,

Ne'er let her Spirits falter;  
But call'd *Philander* up in haste,  
And met them at the Altar.  
And met them, &c.

Each willing Pair the Vicar bound,  
In soft conjugal Ties;  
The happy Day a Banquet crown'd,  
A Prelude to new Joys.  
A Prelude, &c.

SONG CXXXVIII

DAMON and PHILLIS.

A DIALOGUE.

DAMON.

**D**EAR *Phyllis*, behold this blown  
Rose,  
Its Sweetness, and Beauties how rare!  
Yet To-morrow, e'er *Phæbus* repose,  
All faded and not worth our Car-

Thus, *Phillis*, thy Charms so divine  
Must wither and fall to decay;  
Then, *Phillis*, this Moment be mine,  
Nor put off our Bliss for a Day.

PHILLIS.

Each Flower that decks Nature's Field,  
Each Warbler that sings on the Spray,  
Whatever Creation doth yield,  
Must perish and moulder away.

Seek Virtue alone to possess,  
Impervious to Death's pointed Dart,  
No Beauties afford Happiness  
But those that are lodg'd in the  
Heart.

DAMON.

Fair Creature, by Heaven I swear,  
By thy precious Life I so love,  
That Virtue in thee is more rare,  
Thy Beauties its Lustre improve:  
Then, *Phillis*, sweet Maid, Oh, consent  
That *Hymen* our Joy may ensure;  
When Beauty's frail Treasures are  
spent,  
Our Virtues and Love shall endure.

PHILLIS.

Thy Passion, dear Swain, I approve,  
Thy Virtue and Goodness admire;  
My *Damon* for ever I'll love,  
To please him for ever desire.

DAMON.

The Contract I seal with a Kiss,  
Henceforth is sweet *Phillis* my own.

PHILLIS.

Thy Pleasure will be my chief Bliss,  
When *Hymen* our Wishes shall crown.

#### SONG CXXXIX.

The CHARMS of the BOTTLE.

*Sung by Mr. Dearl, at Finch's Grotto-  
Gardens.*

**Y**E Mortals, whom Trouble and  
Sorrow attend,  
Whose Life is a Series of Pain with-  
out End,  
For ever depriv'd of Hope's all-cheer-  
ing Ray,  
Ne'er know what it is to be happy a  
Day;

Obey then the Summons, the Bottle  
invites,

Drink deep, and I'll warrant it sets  
you to rights.

Obey then the Summons, &c.

Did *Neptuni's* salt Element run with  
fresh Wine,

Tho' all *Europe's* Powers together  
combine,

Our brave *British* Sailors need ne'er  
care a Jot,

Surrounded by Plenty of such rare  
Grape-Shot,

Obey then the Summons, &c.

Was each dull pedantical text-  
tanning Vicar,

To leave off dry Preaching and stick  
to his Liquor,

O how would he wish for that Power  
divine,

To change, when he would, simple  
Water to Wine.

Obey then the Summons, &c.

If Wine then can Miracles work such  
as these,

And give to the troubl'd Mind Com-  
fort and Ease;

Despair not, that Blessing in *Bacchus*  
you'll find,

Who showers his Gifts for the Good  
of Mankind.

Obey then the Summons, &c.

#### SONG CXL.

BETSY WHITLEY.

**K**IND Nature assist me, for Art I  
have none,

Nor know I the Fair Ones of *Ida's*  
high Throne;

Yet, modestly aiming my Nymph to  
address,

I'll tell ye what charms me in *fewer*  
*little* Befs.

She's pretty, indeed—ever modest  
and neat,

Her Features exact, and her Shape is  
compleat;

With one *hidden* Treasure that better  
can bless,

And that's the *pure* Mind of my *fewer*  
*little* Befs.

Her *personal* Beauties may fade in a  
Year,

But *mental* Perfections attractive appear  
Without the Assistance of Diamonds,

or Dress,

And fix fast the Empire of *sweet* Nor-  
folk Befs.

Tho'

'ho' station'd in Life on the perilous  
Stage,  
The Prop of her Parents, and Pride  
of the Age)  
o Souls well exalted she looks nothing  
less,  
bey still must admire my *sweet Swaff-*  
*ham* Befs.  
e Proud, Pert, and Dull, who on  
Riches rely,  
'Tis *Happiness* only can lure the *chaste*  
Eye)  
ook earnestly on her, and if I can  
guess,  
v'n you must approve of *Old Whit-*  
*ley's fair* Befs.

C. S.

SONG CXLI.

KISS: *Can you blame me for this?*  
*Sung by Mr. Raworth, at Marybone.*  
**W**Herever green Myrtles afforded  
a Shade,  
As *Collin* and *Phæbe* in Daliance play'd,  
The Youth unawares stole a rapturous  
Kiss,  
he frown'd, but he cry'd can you  
blame me for this?  
The Youth unawares stole a rapturous  
Kiss, &c.  
No, no, dearest Girl, e'en the God-  
dess of Love,  
When accosted by *Mars*, to thwart him  
ne'er strove;  
but whisper'd him softly, dear *Mars*,  
let us Kiss;  
Other Gods they will envy, not blame us  
for this.  
Other Gods they will envy, &c.  
Whether Mortal or Goddess, dear  
Girl, 'tis the same,  
No Brightness in either appears with-  
out Flame:  
No Flame without Fire; then come,  
let us Kiss,  
Since the Gods do the same, who'll  
blame us for this?  
Since the Gods do the same, &c.  
Now *Phæbe*, thus tenderly yielding,  
reply'd,  
own I was wrong, but no more will  
I chide;

You've Leave, dearest *Collin*; nay,  
why don't you Kiss?  
Since I find there's no Harm, I'll not  
blame you for this.  
Since I find there's no Harm, &c.

SONG CXLII.

A NEW MEDLEY.

**A**POLLO, the God that presides  
o'er the Day,  
To his Doxey, *Miss Thebis*, had just  
stole away;  
With her and a Bottle, to pass the  
dull Night.  
For Gods both in Women and Wine  
take Delight,  
*Derry down, &c.*

When three jolly Mortals, as *Bacchus*  
e'er saw,  
*Divinity* Orthodox, *Physick*, and *Law*,  
The Fatigue of the Day being over and  
done,  
To regale with a Bottle were met at  
the *Tun*,

*Derry down, &c.*

As the Glass circled round straight  
*Good-humour* slept in,  
And told them, a Song would be  
counted no Sin;  
So they all three agreed in a mutual  
Design,  
And *Law* first began in the Praise of  
good Wine,

*Derry down, &c.*

Of all the *Reports*  
I have heard in the *Courts*,  
In good Wine I ne'er yet found a Flaw;  
All the *Cases* I've read  
Agree on this Head,  
If its good, it will *stand good* in Law.

For good Wine while I've Breath,  
I'll *plead*; nay, in Death  
My *Voice* it shall have without *Fee*;  
And when my *Term ends*,  
I *council* my Friends,  
To live all as merry as we.

*Old Wigby*, a Doctor in *Physick* re-  
nown'd,  
With a Heart full of Glee was the  
next that was sound;

After



After *gargling* his Throat with a Glass  
of the same,

The Virtues of Wine began loud  
to proclaim,

*Derry down, &c.*

Let the *Faculty* rail, honest Truth  
will prevail,

In spite of old *Glauber* or *Galen*;  
I pronounce that good Wine is a  
Nostrum divine,

For ev'ry Disease never failing.

'Tis allow'd *Diuretic*, likewise an  
*Emetic*;

'Tis past all Description surprizing;  
And tho' Doctor *H*—— is a Man  
of great Skill,

This beats all his Puff-Advertizing.

The next was a Parson, a very good  
Soul,

With laudable Voice he good Wine  
did extol;

Like a Hymn or a Psalm, Sirs, he  
roar'd out the Strain,

'Till he made the Room echo and  
echo again,

*Derry down, &c.*

Let poor *sinful Mortals* no longer re-  
pine,

I pronounce they are blest if they  
taste of good Wine;

Let this be their Custom whenever  
they pray,

For there's nothing like this to wash  
Sorrow away.

Then circle the Glass, for good Wine  
ne'er can cloy,

'Tis the Fountain of Mirth and the  
Source of all Joy.

The Heathens, that follow *Mabomet's*  
dull Rules,

If they mind what he says are a Parcel  
of Fools;

We *Britons* such paltry Restrictions  
despise,

We allow all to drink 'till they make  
themselves wise.

Then circle, &c.

Then while I've good Wine, let me  
preach what I will,

In private I always will take a full  
Swill,

And grant an Indulgence for ever  
to those

Who are Lovers of Wine——for they  
can't be Church Foes.

Then circle, &c.

Then a Fig for your Snarlers, those  
Pedants and Fools,

Who fraught with dull Morals glean'd  
up from your Schools,

We'll not puzzle ourselves with much  
troublesome Thinking,

But urge and pursue the high Plea-  
sure of Drinking,

*Sing tantararara, &c.*

That our *Cause* is quite *valid* by *Law*  
is confess'd,

And *Physick* declares 'tis of *Medicine*  
the best;

The jolly *Priest* too has held forth in  
no Sin,

And what other Folks say we need  
not care a Pin,

*Sing tantararara, &c.*

NAM KOA.

### SONG CXLIII.

Pow'rful Guardians of all Na-  
ture,

Oh! preserve my beauteous Love:  
Guard from Insult the dear Crea-  
ture,

Virtue sure has Charms to move!

†† *Gentlemen or Ladies, who are possess'd of any Pieces which may contribute to the Entertainment of the Publick, may have them inserted, by sending them directed to J. Kingman, near the Royal-Exchange, for the Authors of The Jester's Magazine.*

➤ The Fifteenth Number will be publish'd the First of JANUARY.

THE  
**JESTER'S MAGAZINE:**  
 OR, THE  
**MONTHLY MERRY-MAKER.**

*For* December 1766.

*Being more in Quantity, and greater Variety, than any Book of the  
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- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>I. A Collection of Jests, Balls, Stories, &amp;c.</p> <p>II. The History of <i>Egypt</i>. Letter XII.</p> <p>III. Letters from <i>Clarinda</i> to <i>Do-<br/>       rinda</i>. Letter III.</p> <p>IV. The Lady's Preceptor in the<br/>       Affair of Love; with the Pic-<br/>       ture of a true Lover, continu'd.<br/>       Letter II. To <i>Celia</i>.</p> <p>V. Letter III. To <i>Celia</i>.</p> <p>VI. Solutions to the Conundrums,<br/>       in Numb. XIV.</p> <p>VII. Solutions to the Riddles, in<br/>       Numb. XIV.</p> | <p>VIII. Solutions to the Riddles, in<br/>       Numb. XIV.</p> <p>IX. Verses on the Death of the late<br/> <i>William Skenstone, Esq;</i></p> <p>X. <i>Jolson's Quarrel</i>.</p> <p>XI. A constant Swain.</p> <p>XII. A happy Life.</p> <p>XIII. To <i>Delia</i>.</p> <p>XIV. The happy Shepherd.</p> <p>XV. The Drone and Bee. A<br/>       Fable.</p> <p>XVI. Paraphrase on the 117th Psalm.</p> <p>XVII. The happy Man.</p> <p>XVIII. The Linnet and Thrush.<br/>       A Fable.</p> |
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*Ride & Sapis.*  
 Laugh, if you are Wise.

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Numb. XV. *Being the LAST.*

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L O N D O N :

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T H E  
JESTER'S MAGAZINE,  
For *December* 1766.



*A Collection of Jest, Bulls, Stories, &c.*

\* \* \* \* \* T a Tavern Meeting  
\* \* \* \* \* where Mr. *Nash* was  
\* \* \* \* \* A present, the Money  
\* \* \* \* \* usually allotted being  
\* \* \* \* \* expended, and the  
Company being in a merry Mood,  
were disposed to stay somewhat  
longer, a Whip was proposed, which  
*Nash* undertook to collect; but one  
of the Company, a testy old Gentleman,  
when applied to, made a  
great many Words at spending a  
Trifle extraordinary; and added,  
Suppose I have not a Mind to *whip*,  
what then? *Why then*, says *Nash*,  
*you must e'en whip away.*

One stealing a Cup out of a Tavern,  
was laid hold on; a Gentleman sent his Man to know what  
was the Matter; he came and told  
him, Only a Fellow had a Cup  
too much. *Pish*, says he, *that's*  
*my Fault, and many an honest*  
*Man's beside.*

A Scholar of *Cambridge*, in the  
Time of the Assizes, seeing a Boy  
in the *Castle-Yard* throwing Stone,  
at the Gallows; *Have a Care*,  
*Sirrah*, said he, *you don't hit the*  
*Mark.*

A Tinker was crying for Work;  
one ask'd him why he did not stop  
the two Holes in the Pillory? Says  
the Tinker, If you'll lend me your  
Ears, I'll lend you Hammer and  
Nails, and give you the Work into  
the Bargain.

A certain Lady standing by a fat  
young Gentlewoman, when her Stays  
were lacing on, took Occasion to  
joke her upon the Largeness of her  
Shape: To which the Girl said,  
*She could only wish it as slender*  
*as her Ladyship's Reputation.*

A Traveller relating some of his  
Adventures, told the Company, that  
he and his Servant made fifty wild  
*Arabians* run; when standing  
them

them, he observed, that there was no such great Matter in it; For, says he, we run, and they run after us.

A wife Mayor, with his discreet Wife, went to see a Collection of Wild Beasts. As they came in, an Ape caught at his Wife, and made Mouths at her; but the Mayor told the Ape, he was an unmannerly Gentleman to mock an ancient Woman, as his Wife was, and a Midwife too, and one old enough to be his Mother.

A Philosopher being asked, why Learned Men frequented rich Men's Houses, and rich Men seldom visited the Learned; answered, *That the first knew what they wanted, but the latter did not.*

One Randal, seeing his Friend wear a thread-bare Cloak, ask'd him, if it was not sleepy? Why do you ask? said the other. Because, said he, I think it has not had a Nap these seven Years.

Of all Trades a Tooth-Drawer is the most unconscionable, for he deprives a Man of that which he gets his Living by.

A Chandler having had some Candles stole, one bid him be of good Cheer; *For in a short Time,* says he, *I am confident they'll all come to Light.*

A Justice of Peace, who was strongly possessed of the *Cacoethes Scribendi*; or, Itch of Scribbling, and had published a Book on various Subjects, sent it by his amanuensis as a Present to Nash, who received it very thankfully: But afterwards dipping into it, and finding it full of Faults, he returned it with his Complainers, and desired his Worship would commit it to the House of Correction.

A Gentleman, with whom Mr.

Nash was but slightly acquainted, had borrowed a Sum of Money of him at Gaming, and neglected Payment, more from Want of Principle than Necessity; which, as soon as Nash was informed of, he determined to give him a Rub the first Opportunity. It happened, that one Day at Morgan's Coffee-House Mr. Nash was complaining of his having a violent Cold; when the above Gentleman, who was a Friend to Family Nottrums, told Mr. Nash he could give him a Receipt that would cure him presently, and very officiously wrote it out, and presented it to him. Nash thank'd him kindly for the Trouble he had taken, and told him he should be glad to return the Favour by giving him a Receipt. The Gentleman eagerly enquired for what? *For the Money you have been so long indebted to me,* Sir, says Nash.

A certain Captain, who had made a greater Figure than his Fortune could well bear, and the Regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great Part of his Equipage; a few Days after, as he was walking by the Road-Side, he saw one of his Soldiers sitting lousing himself under an Hedge: *What are you doing there,* Tom? said the Officer. *Why, Fairb, Sir,* answer'd the Soldier, *I am following your Example, getting rid of 'Part of my Retinue.*

A sober good Woman, who was treating with a Maid-Servant about Work and Wages, ask'd her, among other Questions, What Religion she was of? *A-Jack-a-Day, Madam,* said the poor innocent Girl, *I never troubled my Head about that; for Religion, I thought, was only for Gentifolks.*

One wished a young married Man Joy, for she heard his Wife was quick already, she told him. *Aye*, said he, quick indeed; for I have been married but six Months, and he was brought to-bed Yesterday.

Mr. Smith, the Ordinary of Newgate, in the Reign of King William, one of the famous Scruple-Drawers of his Time, had an impenitent Clipper once to deal with. *Why*, says the Fellow, *what Harm have I done?* *A Parcel of overgrown Shillings fell into my Hands, and I only par'd off their Superfluities. They would have bought but Twelve-pennyworth of Beef and Turnips at first, and they will buy Twelve-pennyworth of Beef and Turnips still.* *Aye*, but bark you, my Friend, cries the Ordinary, *what is it to clip a Thing, but to pare it round?* And *what is paring round called in Scripture, but Circumcision?* And *who, under the Evangelical Dispensation, dares practise Circumcision, but one that has actually renounced the Christian Religion, and is a Jew, a most obstinate and perverse Jew in his Heart?* Upon this the poor Clipper threw himself at his Feet, own'd the Heinousness of his Sin, confess'd that Sabbath-breaking had brought him to it, and wept like a Church-Spout.

A Gentleman threatening to go to Law, was dissuaded from it by his Friends, who desired him to consider, for the Law was chargeable. *I don't care*, replied the other, *I will not consider, I will go to Law.* Right, said his Friend, *for if you go to Law, I am sure you don't consider.*

The famous Buchanan being at Dinner where the Soup was exceeding hot, burnt his Mouth, and at

the same Time breaking Wind backwards: *It is well for you*, said he, *that you made your Escape, for I should have burnt you alive if you had staid.*

A poor Fellow, who growing rich on a sudden from a very mean and beggarly Condition, and taking great State upon him, was met one Day by one of his poor Acquaintance, who accosted him in a very humble Manner; but having no Notice taken of him, cried out, *Nay, it is no great Wonder that you should not know me, when you have forgot yourself.*

A Gentleman, being very drunk, came to a Friend's House, and told him, he came three Miles on Purpose to sup with him. To whom the other answered, *He was greatly obliged to him, since he came so far to see him before he came so himself.*

One good Housewife, who was a notable Woman for turning and torturing her old Rage, was recommending her Dyer to another; as an excellent Fellow in his Way: *That's impossible*, said the other, *for I hear he is a great Drunkard, and beats his Wife, and runs in every Body's Debt.* *What then*, said the First, *he may never be the worse Dyer for all these Things.* No, answer'd the other, *can you imagine so bad a Liver can dye well!*

One held a Paradox, That wise Men were great Lyars: *Far*, said he, *the old Proverb tells us, That Children and Fools tell Truth.*

A Gentleman talking of his Travels, a Lady in Company said, She had been a great deal farther, and seen more Countries than he. *Nay then*, Madam, replied the Gentleman, *as Travellers, we may lye together by Authority.*

*A Series of LETTERS from a Gentleman in Syria to his Sister in London.**The HISTORY of EGYPT.*

## L E T T E R   X I I .

*Dear Sister,*

**H**AVING brought down the Affairs of *Persia* to the present Time, I shall here, for Method sake, give you the History of the ancient Kingdoms of *Egypt*, *Troy*, and some others, now Provinces subject to the *Turks*; which, I am persuaded, will afford you sufficient Matter of Speculation.

*Egypt* is bounded on the North, by the *Mediterranean Sea*; on the South, by *Ethiopia*; on the East, by *Arabia Petrea*, and the *Arabian Gulph*, which makes a Part of the *Red Sea*; and, on the West, with the *Cyrenaick Province*. It may be divided into the *Upper* and *Lower Egypt*. The *Upper* is comprized under the Name of *Thebais*; so called, from the City of *Thebes*, the Capital thereof. The *Lower* comprehends the *Delta*, or the Island which hath the Figure of this *Greek Letter*, which is a Triangle, form'd by the *Nile's* dividing itself into two Branches, three Leagues below *Cairo*, *Rosetta*, *Damietta* (built on the Ruins of *Peleusium*) and other Cities, lying between *Cairo* and the *Mediterranean*. Various are the Conjectures from whence this Kingdom receiv'd its Name; of which briefly. Some are of Opinion, that *Egypt* was so call'd from

*Egyptus*, the Brother of *Danaus*, who fled into *Argolis*. Other Authors believe, that the whole Country took its Name from the \* Colour of the Inhabitants, who are brown and tawny; and the *Grecians* call that which is black, *Egyptian*. Others again will have it, that *Misraim*, having divided *Egypt* among his four Sons, *Kopt* (who was the youngest) usurp'd the Territories of his three Brothers; and that afterwards, by changing *K* into *G*, the Word *Egypt* was form'd. *Lightfoot* says expressly †, that it was called by its Inhabitants, *Copti*; by Strangers, *Ecophsi*; and that we ought to seek for no other Origin of it.

As the Original and Succession of the first Kings of *Egypt*, is an Obscurity which has puzzled many great Men, and the most learned have not been hitherto able to dispel: And as that Darkness has prov'd fatal to those who vainly imagin'd they had Light enough to penetrate it, but have nevertheless been bewilder'd; and those that followed them intirely lost themselves, by too great a Presumption, I am determin'd to take Warning by their Example, and not be too credulous, or presumptuous, therefore shall not endeavour to perplex your Imagination with such idle Conjectures. However, it may not be unnecessary

\* *Vossius Idolol.* Lib. ii. Chap. 56.  
in *Exod.* Sect. 21.

† *Lightfoot's Spicileg.*

this Place to observe to you, that there are ten Pharaoh's mention'd in Scripture \*

The first Pharaoh I had spoken in Scripture, was in the Time of *Abraham* †: The second, in the Time of *Joseph*, who was the Interpreter of *Pharaoh's* Dream\*: The third, ill rewarded the Services of *Joseph*, and treated the *Israelites* so better, under whom *Moses* was born ‡: To the fourth *Moses* and *Aaron* were sent, and he was drown'd in the *Red Sea* §: The fifth *Pharaoh* reign'd in the Time of *David* ||: The sixth, according to some Authors, was the Father-in-Law of

*Solomon* \*\*: The seventh, is *Pharaoh Sefar* ††: The eighth, *Pharaoh Sui*, or *Se* §§: The ninth, *Pharaoh Neco* |||: The tenth, *Pharaoh Hophra*, or *Vapres* ||\*. There are reckon'd above sixty Princes, of the Line of these *Pharaohs*, who reign'd in an uninterrupted Succession; the last of whom was *Pharaoh Psammenites*, in whose Reign *Cambyses* the Second, King of *Persia*, invaded *Egypt*, and laid Siege to *Pelusion*; which he took, neither by his Courage or Conduct, but by the Assistance of some Traitors, who suggested to him, that he should place before

4 C

\* *Pharaoh*, in the ancient *Egyptian* Language, signifieth a King, according to *Josephus*; according to others, a Crocodile, which was one of the Gods of this People. In the *Coptic* Language at this Day, which is much changed, *Ooure* signifieth a King; and, with the Article *Pi* or *Phi*, *Phiauro*, which may probably be a Corruption of *Pharaoh*.——*Lightfoot* insists, that in Memory of *Per*, one of the Sons of *Cbani*, the *Egyptians*, who look'd upon themselves as his Posterity, to do Honour thereby, and to distinguish Persons by their Employment and Nobility, added *Phar*, or *Phara*. He gives an Instance hereof in *Peti-phar*, Governor of *On*, who is mention'd *Genesis* xli. 45: And saith, that the Sovereign Character was always describ'd by that of *Pharaoh*, which was the common Name of their Kings. *Spicilegio* in *Exod.* Sect. 11.

† *Genesis* xli. 17.

\* *Gen.* xli. 1.

† *Exod.* i. 8.

§ *Exod.* v. 1, &c. The Sea, in which this *Pharaoh* was drown'd, was call'd *Red*, neither from the first Rays of the rising Sun, nor from its Sands, &c. but from *Esau*, surnamed *Edom*, i. e. *Red*, either for his Red Hair, or from the *Lentiles*, which are Red, for which he sold his Birth-Right. It is also call'd in Scripture the *Sea of Suph*; and there grows in it, in great Quantities, an Herb which the *Ethiopians* call *Suso*; and of its Flower, which is like Saffron, they make a red Colour, call'd also *Suso*, which is used in *Ethiopia* and *India* to dye Cloth. This Flower boil'd and mingled with Lemon Juice, makes also a very fine Carnation Colour, but not lasting. Now as this Sea lies between *Ethiopia* and *Palestine*, and *Suph* signifies *Red* in both Languages, it is not to be wonder'd at, that these People call'd the *Red Sea*, the *Sea of Suph*, upon Account of the Herb. There might be another Reason given for the Name, if we had a Confirmation of what *Kircher* says of it, in his *Subterranean World*; namely, that there are whole Woods of Coral in this Sea. *John de Castro*, the King of *Portugal's* Viceroy in the *Indies*, also saith, that the red Colour of this Sea, comes chiefly from the red Coral which grows at the Bottom of it.

|| *1 Kings* vii. 8.

\*\* *2 Kings* xxiii. 19.

†† *Reel.*

xxi. 2.

§§ *2 Chron.* xxxv. 20.

||| *2 Kin*

xiii. 19.

||\* *Jerem.* xli. 10.



his Army Dogs, Cats, and other Creatures, which were sacred to the *Egyptians*; and, as the Besieged ceas'd from shooting, for fear of killing any of them, the Stratagem succeeded. This important Place opened the *Persians* an easy Passage to the Conquest of that rich Country; and though *Psammenites* vigorously oppos'd them, after a fierce and bloody Battle, he was forc'd to fly to *Memphis*, where he was besieged. The City was taken, and *Psammenites*, by Way of Contempt, was lodged in the Suburbs. *Cambyfes*, to make another Trial of his Patience, sent his Daughter in the Habit of a Slave, with other Ladies of the first Quality, to draw Water on a Mountain, whence they could not descend with their Pitchers, without being seen by *Psammenites*. This Princess never pass'd by her Father, but she cried grievously, and her Father seem'd not at all to be mov'd by it. He saw his Son, with two Thousand *Egyptians* of the same Age, with Ropes about their Necks, and Bridles in their Mouths; and, though he knew they were all going to Execution, he shew'd the same Constancy: But seeing one of his Friends at a Distance, who had lost all, and liv'd upon nothing but Alms, he immediately began to weep, and in a pitiful Manner to beat his Head; at which *Cambyfes*, being surpris'd,

said, "What! the Affection you have for your Friend hath made you so sensible, as to draw Tears from you! but you have not bestow'd one Sigh on those, to whom you gave Being". "Thou Son of *Cyrus* (reply'd he to *Cambyfes*) extreme Grief is always silent; and the Heart which is pierced, is not in a Condition to sigh. The Calamity of my Family is such, that all the Tears I could shed, would never be able to express it; but the Misfortune of an old Friend, overwhelmed with Misery in the Decline of his Age, after all the Prosperity he has enjoy'd, appear'd to me worthy to be lamented". *Cambyfes*, touch'd with this Answer, order'd his Son to be sav'd: But this Order came too late, for they had already put the young Prince to Death. However, thenceforward he treated his Father very honourably; but, on Information that he was carrying on a Conspiracy against him, forc'd *Psammenites* to drink Bull's Blood, which was the Cause of his Death.

Here, my dear Sister, I shall leave you, to contemplate the Cruelty of *Cambyfes*, and the wretched State of *Psammenites* and his Royal Family; being

Your affectionate Brother, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Letters from CLARINDA to DORINDA.

#### LETTER III.

To D O R I N D A.

FROM the latter Part of my was not the most to be wish'd  
second Letter you will, I doubt in the World, by a Female of  
not, readily conceive my Situation, my Age, who had the least Idea  
of

which render him agreeable. Suppose he is not so elegant in his Cloaths, and dances with less Grace than another; it matters little, if his Heart is better.—Avoid all those Knaves with a good Air, who only win Womens Hearts, by changing their Cloaths, and increasing their Train.—True it is, all this spoils nothing; but many Things are necessary to be joined to it.—I have seen Men who had no other Merit than that, so much disputed for by Ladies, that they knew not where to fix.—If a Gentleman lives in a Village, and keeps three or four Footmen, every Lady would have her Door graced with them.

There are some who are above so gross a Piece of Vanity, yet run into one of another Sort.—They desire to be beloved by Men of Wit, and imagine that will give them a Title to it. Fidelity, Uprightness, Sincerity, and Delicacy, are with

them of no Esteem. It is sufficient to be of an entertaining, sprightly Conversation, or indeed to have the Reputation of it. It pleases them to be followed by Men of Wit, and they don't consider that they are generally less sincere and less tender than others.

Mind what is solid, charming *Celia*, and have for this superficial Merit, the Esteem which is due to it. Examine what Kind of a Heart your Lover has. You will ask me, How is this to be known? They all seem alike in Respect; all are submissive, all complaisant, and all are equally prodigal of their Vows of Fidelity. You are in the right. However, there is a discerning Art; by which you may distinguish Truth from Falshood. \* Would you try a Man's Discretion? Speak to him about his former Amours, if he has had any. Tell him you cannot believe he loves you, unless he will sacrifice

\* Our Author seems to err in his Judgment, in two Points. First, as to the artful Way he proposes, in order for a Lady to discover her Lover's former Amours. This Behaviour is very treacherous. Far be such a Conduct from a truly virtuous, discreet, and prudent Lady, who possesses any Share of Good-nature or Generosity. If she cannot come to the Knowledge of what she wishes to be satisfied of in a fair and open Manner, then let her consult herself. If she has Reason to suspect that her Lover has already proved unfaithful, and her Affections are yet in her own Power, the best Way is to dismiss him civilly, that she may secure herself against the like Treatment; Mr. *Pavilion* is so far in the right, that a Man who has been once guilty of Unfaithfulness, is never after to be depended upon, because it shews a Defect in his Principles; and a Woman must have a great Share of Vanity, when she imagines that her superior Merit will fix the Affections of a Man who has been guilty of Inconstancy to another; and when she finds she is mistaken, it is no Wonder that she is not pitied.—The other Point is this: The Author advises a young Lady to use her Lover ill, that she may try the Sincerity of his Affection. This favours of Artfulness, and is entirely opposite to that generous Treatment which engages the Affections of a worthy and deserving Man. It is also to be avoided, for fear the Person thus used should remember it in that State, where Submission on the Woman's Side is absolutely necessary; and where it will be the Husband's Turn to exercise that Sovereignty she formerly assumed; and convince her, when it is too late, that more Sincerity and kind Treatment, when she was in her own Power, would have secured his Affections and good Usage, when she was in his.

sacrifice to you, all the Tokens of Love he has received from his former Mistress; for Instance, their Letters. If he should present them to you, return them without reading; and tell him very civilly, that you are his humble Servant, and that you desire him to seek his Fortune elsewhere.—Take Care that you are not like some Ladies, who would be displeased at such a Refusal, and who find a Pleasure in being beloved, only because all those that have preceded them are sacrificed to them.—I am surprized they do not beforehand apply to themselves their Lovers Ill-usage of others. It is a good Hint to them how they will be used one Time or another; and, when that happens, they have no Cause to complain of being deceived. Another Way of trying your Lovers, is to use them with Indifference; till they have entirely abandoned you. Observe what Manner of a Retreat they make. You will certainly see the great Number of those who retire, revolt against you, and revenge themselves by every Means which their Resentment suggests to them. Let them go, they are better lost than found. But if you see one retreat in a modest Manner, and yet retain his former Esteem for you, immediately recal that Man; he is a Treasure. I suppose that he is a Man of Merit; for, in order to be recalled, something more is requisite than retiring with a good Grace.

Many other Means there are, by which you may find out (as much as it is possible) your Lover's real Sentiments. Know your own little Failings, and if you find that they commend you for them, if they carry their Assurance so far, they deceive

you. If you think that your Lover himself is mistaken, and if you are obliged to his Passion for the Error it has led him into, it is worth little more than the other. Believe me, when we are deceived in our Opinion of the beloved Person, our Affection is of short Duration. The Illusion is soon at an End; the Lover opens his Eyes, and finds an unknown Person.

We ought not to value People more than they ought to be valued. He that esteems you above your Merit, will come in Time not to esteem you at all. These are Maxims which do not agree with the Generality of Women. They will be beloved as madly as possible. They will be stiled the most accomplish'd Persons upon the Face of the Earth. When Passions are carried to such a Height, they ought to grow suspicious to you. I will not answer for their lasting long: And don't imagine that your Lover will be less passionate, for being more reasonable. He would lose nothing of that Spirit and Fire of Love, which appears so desirable in your Eyes. Your Lover will find in you, the Person whose Heart agrees the best with his own: But there is no Necessity, in order to that, for his thinking you incomparable in every Respect. On the contrary, he would love you enough to see your little Failings, without lessening his Esteem for you. He would study to wean you from them in an insensible Manner: And Love has this Advantage attending it, that, when judiciously placed, it is one of the best Schools in the World.

Thus, as I have said before, a true Lover will be almost a Husband to you. However, the Difference

rence between them is very great. A Lover and his Mistress owe nothing to each other. All they do for one another is seasoned with a certain Independency: And it is that alone which sets Matrimony so much below Love. It is no longer Love, it is a shocking Marriage, as soon as a Lover begins to usurp an Authority over his Mistress. I abhor that Sort of Empire, and cannot forgive those who have so mean a Spirit as to submit to it. Take care of that. A true Lover, even if you were willing to give him Authority over you, will refuse it in a Manner unperceived by you. He will always ask, with Respect and Tenderness, for what he is sure of obtaining. He will not plead the least Right to what has been granted him a hundred Times, and will always receive it as if it was the first. Though it might perhaps be more natural for you to have some Empire over him, yet exercise it no longer, when you are once come to own an Affection for him. It is so charming to require nothing, and yet receive all. Let him study, and prevent your Will; never declare it in an imperious Manner.—If something is refused you (I mean refused you with as much or more Tenderness than if it was granted) hearken to the Reasons which are given you for

it. No absolute Commands. Nothing offends more the Nicety of Love.

There are many Women who are only pleased with exercising a tyrannical Government, and propose every Minute to their Lover, either to give up his Reason, or else to quit them. They do not think themselves sure of a Man, who has yet some Regard for good Sense, Believe me, a blind Obedience from a Lover, who does not love you enough to be persuaded that you will accept of a reasonable Excuse, and who seems charmed with you, after he has discovered in you the Weakness of insisting on being absolutely obeyed, is an Artifice he makes use of, in order to find his Account in it.

But perhaps, lovely *Celia*, I launch out too far in my Advice to you; it may also seem too severe, and appear as if it came from a Man, whose Age removes him from all Thoughts of Love. If, however, you can make some Use of it; if you can accomodate yourself to this Way of loving, and being beloved (which indeed proceeds more from my own Imagination, than from my having seen it practised) there are several other little Matters on which my Advice may not be insignificant.



### LETTER III.

To *C E L I A*.

**I** Always fear, beautiful *Celia*, that you will be quite tired of my Advice. However, if you have but Patience enough to hear me to the End, it will be your own Fault, if

you have not the Experience of a Person of fifty Years of Age, with the Beauty of one of Fifteen.—Those that love one another are generally familiar together.—They

have not the Art of mixing, as they ought, the Liberty which Love allows them, and the Respect they owe to each other.—I do not preach up Pride to you, or a Stiffness of Mind which would render you incapable of a certain agreeable Toying which you must practice.—Keep a Medium. I own that is difficult, and we often mistake it in Society.

You may see some Houses where they take a Pride in allowing this fashionable Liberty.—A free and gallant Air there consists in putting every Thing into Confusion and Disorder.—They playfully beat one another, both Men and Women, in order to obtain an easy Behaviour. It will be much the same Thing between you and your Lover, if you don't know how to restrain him, or if he should not contain himself within the Bounds of that Freedom which is permitted him.—He ought not to exceed the little Rules of good Breeding, which the World has established. He must make use of his Privileges in a tender Manner, which will prevent your being sensible of their being Privileges.—Above all Things, you should avoid letting the World see any Appearance of the Familiarity there is between you.—I don't mean by this, that you must keep your Affection more secret, for that is not necessary; and many People have a great Affection for each other, without making a great Mystery of it: But, I mean, that even when neither of you desire to hide your Love, the Publick ought not to see any Effect of it.

I have observed Men, who, coming into Company, have distinguish'd their Mistress from all the rest, by a more familiar Bow, by

a Whisper, or by less punctually observing some Rule of good Breeding, than they would have done to another.—There are also Ladies, who having a Lover of some Consequence in the World, never fail to make a Shew of the Power they have over him, every Opportunity they have—"I will make him do this," say they. "I will make him come here."—These Affections look very unbecoming.—All that has any Relation to Love, ought only to be between two People.—If you would enjoy the true Sweets of a tender and lasting Love, you must, both of you, take Care not to suffer your Minds to be envenom'd with Jealousy.—May differ from me in this Subject.—They think Love is not real, if it does not produce violent Passions, and a Kind of Rage.—For my Part, I think that with them, this little God, instead of being accompanied by the Graces, has the Furies for an Escort. If Love had always that frightful Attendance, it ought to be avoided by every Body. There is no Necessity, because you have been in Company with another Man once or twice, for your Lover to come in Despair, and to ask you the Reason of this pretended Rival's private Affiduties; nor, because he has visited a pretty Woman two or three Times, should you act the Part of a betrayed *Ariana*.—None, I should think, can take Pleasure in so agitated a Passion.—Those who are Coquets and Gallants by Profession, only know how to accuse others, and justify themselves. They pass their Lives in this disagreeable Manner; and as none of them understand how to love with Fidelity, they can't believe that any will act better with them; and that Diffidence

lence produces endless Reproaches, Explanations, Ruptures, and Reconciliations, which at last end in declared Hatred. But those who have an honest Heart cannot so willingly suffer themselves to be distressed.

When once you are engaged, you will not like your Lover should think that it is but for a little while, and that you are ready to do the same for another. Your Lover, on his Part, if you have made a good Choice, will love you enough to perswade you, that he could run no Hazard with all the most beautiful Ladies in the World: And so you will both be above a Sort of Behaviour, which only suits those who deceive each other.—Nothing is more displeasing to those who give no room for Jealousy than to be suspected: And, in my youthful Days, it was a Thing which I was always very much troubled to brook, however violent my Love was.—But in fine, should it so happen (as it is very difficult to hinder it entirely) that one of you should conceive a Suspicion, it must immediately be explained; otherwise you will both find yourselves involved in great Difficulties.—One imagines he has Reason to complain; and, without asking for an Explanation, expects to be satisfied.—The other does not know what is meant, and persists sometimes in not knowing, out of spite. When both are in that Disposition, they envenom every Thing; and an important Quarrel commences, which might have been prevented by three or four Words.—In such a Case, don't observe the usual Way of proceeding. You may think it is your Lover's Business to say what ails him: But it is of no Conse-

quence who begins to clear up the Matter, provided it is done.

I have seen some of those Affairs so spoiled at last, by the Fault of both Parties, and put into so much Confusion, that neither of them knew where abouts they were, and with great Difficulty got over it.—

There is an obliging Manner of telling our Causes of Complaint, when we think we have received them; and I am surpris'd People will not act in that Manner with those they love.

If your Lover and you are of different Tempers, try to adjust them together, that your Company may be the more agreeable: That requires a certain Art, which every Person cannot attain to.—Most People dislike every Thing that does not resemble them.—But, I think, the Difference between two People's Tempers (provided they are both reasonable) makes an agreeable Diversity.—Two Persons that are very lively don't do well together; nor two that are very sedate. Nothing would be able to move them. But an easy Woman does very well with a Lover of a quicker Temper; she moderates him, when it is proper so to do. A Temper of this Sort gives to the other what it wants; and each borrowing something from the beloved Person, they both grow very accomplished.

They must likewise mutually reward each other, for their good Offices, by a great Deference for one another's Sentiments, which are contrary to their own; and they must neither of them desire (as it often happens) to force the other to adopt their Ways.

I have one Piece of Advice more to give you, which I don't know how to propose: For how can I

persuade two Persons, who love each other, that they must not be continually together? What often destroys Love, is, their being insatiable of each other's Company—By this Means all their Conversation is soon exhausted; and the natural Disgust, which is in all Hearts, soon takes Effect.—In my Opinion, those are not the unhappiest People, who complain, that they have not enough of each other's Company. A little Absence keeps Love alive.—I do not desire Lovers to absent themselves on purpose, tho' several have done it with Success; but, at least, when you are at Liberty to be together as much as you please, remember that the Day is twelve Hours long, and that they are not soon spent. The most agreeable

Persons sometimes find it so, tho' they love one another ever so well.

Don't tire yourself and your Lover, charming *Celia*, by renouncing the rest of the World.—Be both of you the most pleasing, and the most important Occupation of each other, but not the only one; and be both of you very cautious that you never part without having something more to say.

These are, I think, the most material Cautions which are necessary to be taken, in order to love long—Love grant, beautiful *Celia*, that you may soon profit by them; and when you find yourself the better for my Advice, remember a Man who is not displeas'd he is fifty Years of Age, to be a proper Counsellor for you.



## SOLUTIONS to the CONUNDRUMS, In Numb. XIV.

- 131. **B**ECAUSE they are Lights.
- 132. **B**ecause usually press'd.
- 133. Because it ought to be put in the Stocks.
- 134. Because she is a Jewel.
- 135. Because she is in *Holland*.
- 136. Because they are for-aged People.
- 137. Because they are laid.
- 138. Because he goes his Rounds.
- 139. Because he makes Shifts.
- 140. Because she's in Print.

## SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES

In Number XIV.

- 27. An Oyster.
- 28. Flattery.

## SOLUTIONS to the REBUSSES

In Number XIV.

- 29. *Newark*.
- 30. *Tetteridge*.

VERSES on the Death of the late  
William Shenstone, Esq;

By Mr. JOHN OAKMAN.

**W**HEN Majesty, yielding to Fate,  
Receives, as a Mortal, his  
Doom,  
What Pomp must his Burial await?  
What Splendor must nod o'er his  
Tomb?

Fond

Fond Fashion, in sable Disguise,  
Must seem to lament o'er his Bier;  
And the Nation put on, when he dies,  
Political Black—for a Year.

His Virtues in Life, Time unknown,  
Must stand to the Reader confess;  
And the Chisel, indenting the Stone,  
Proclaim—what he never possess.

How trifling and vain this Parade?  
Such Vanity many deplore;  
The Marble, by Time, is decay'd,  
And the Monarch is heard of no more.

Departed in Life's humble Vale,  
How different is *Corydon's* Lot;  
His Virtues o'er Time shall prevail;  
And live, when e'en Kings are forgot.

The Shepherds, who dwell on the Plain,  
Shall his Fame to their Children prolong;  
And sigh, when rehearsing the Strain,  
"This once was poor *Corydon's* Song."

Then, how-solemn the Sage shall repeat!  
How silent the Youths all attend!  
Yon House was his pleasant Retreat,  
With *Truth* his Companion and Friend.

\* Those Groves were his Planting and Care,  
Where Nature and Art both unite;  
The *Muse* oft' attended him there;  
The *Muse*, that oft' gave us Delight.

What Goodness still glow'd in his Breast!  
His Loss to the Plains what a Grief!  
There the Stranger was welcome to Rest,  
And the Poor found a constant Relief.

How charming his Pastoral Reed!  
What Taste and Simplicity join'd!  
His Songs were the sweetest agreed,  
And forever they'll dwell in my Mind.

Ye Shepherds, who honour his Lays,  
Forgive me this poor artist's Verie;  
Believe me, I seek not for Praise,  
But sorrowing follow his Hearse.

Yet why should such Grief be express'd?  
How idle! How vain is our Woe!  
Immortal he lives with the Blest,  
Eternal his Fame is below.

### JOHNSON'S QUARREL.

OLD *Johnson* and *Nell* his tart  
Wife once fell out,  
For Something—there's neither knew  
well what about:

*Nell* vow'd with her Tongue she would  
have the last Rap,  
Which made *Johnson* betake him once  
more to his Strap;

And swore, if she spoke but one  
crooked Word more,  
He'd kill her, he would, for an in-  
pudent Whore:

But *Nell*, nought regarding, soon  
made this Reply,  
*Rams Horns*, then you cockoldy Knave,  
if I die.

And now, if you kill me, this Com-  
fort I have,  
Which will please me, when low I  
am laid in my Grave;  
'Tis to think you'll be hang'd for't,  
you rascally Knave.

CRISPIN.

### A CONSTANT SWAIN.

HOW oft, dear *Sally*, have you  
said,  
(And then you did me Wrong)  
That *Stephen* was the sick'lest Blade?  
To nothing constant long.  
Ask ev'ry Nymph upon the Green,  
They'll all in this agree;  
No Youth more constant e'er was seen  
To dear Variety.

A HAPPY

\* The *Leffers*, near *Birmingham*.

+ X



## A HAPPY LIFE.

**H**OW happy is he born, or  
taught!

That serveth not another's Will;  
Whose Armour is his honest Thought,  
And simple Truth his highest Skill:

Whose Passions not his Masters are,  
Whose Soul is still prepar'd for  
Death;

Unty'd unto the World with Care  
Of princely Love, or vulgar Breath:

Who hath his Life 'from Rumours  
freed,

Whose Conscience is his strong  
Retreat;

Whose State can neither Flatt'ers  
feed,

Nor Ruin make Accusers great:

Who envieth none whom Chance doth  
raise,

Or Vice; who never understood  
How deepest Wounds are given with  
Praise,

Not Rules of State, but Rules of  
Good:

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his Grace than Gifts to  
lend;

Who entertains the harmless Day  
With a well-chosen Book or  
Friend.

This Man is free from servile Hands  
Of Hope to rise, or Fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, tho' not of Lands,  
And having nothing, he hath all.

## To DELIA.

**W**OUL'D you, *Delia*, wou'd  
you know,  
What lends your Charms their  
heightned Glow?

'Tis not, that you, while Lovers  
gaze,  
More graceful swim th' harmonious  
Maze:

'Tis not, that warbled from your  
Throat,

The Notes with softer Musick float;  
Nor in those Eyes which sparkling  
sweet

Shoot forth the very Soul of Wit;  
His Dart, that Love in Dangers dips,  
Nor that more pulpy pour your Lips;  
'Tis not that Form which Gods might

win,  
'Tis not that snowy Teint of Skin;  
But that these Charms and Thousands  
more

Than Poet ever sung before,  
To Nature or to Art you owe,  
Nor seem the dangerous Truth to  
know.

## The HAPPY SHEPHERD.

**H**appy Shepherd! ever blest  
With a lovely Shepherdess;  
*Delia*, ever gay and young  
Decks the Triumphs of my Song.

*Delia*, Pride of all the Plain,  
Fondly lov'd by every Swain;  
Yet the Fair and constant She  
Loves no other Swain but me.

*Delia* sits beneath the Rocks,  
Sweetly piping to her Flocks,  
I, her *Daphnis*, sitting nigh,  
Give for ev'ry Note, a Sigh.

Wanton Warblers all around,  
Silent sitting at the Sound;  
But if *Delia* cease to play,  
Chirps begin on every Spray.

Home we bend at Even-Tide,  
Charm'd with Birds on every Side;  
Thus the Sweets of Life we share,  
Happy Shepherd, happy Fair.

The DRONE and BEE

## A FABLE.

**A** Large Drone, of Wealth possess  
While sitting still in Ease and  
Ret,

Behold

Beheld a little active Bee,  
From Flower to Flower unwearied  
fly;  
To gather thence their balmy Sweet,  
For others, not itself to eat.

At length the Drone the Bee ad-  
dress,  
And thus his Sentiments express:

" Poor simple Thing, to work and  
" toil,  
" For others to receive the Spoil;  
" To thee accrues no other Gains  
" Than just your Labour for your  
" Pains:  
" Come take Example, Fool, by me,  
" Who am from Care and Business  
" free:  
" If I've enough my Ends to serve,  
" What is't to me that others starve?  
" I do no Harm to any one,  
" Deceit and Fraud I ever shun;  
" And let the World say what they  
" will,  
" He virtuous is who does no Ill."

The Bee reply'd, " Believe me,  
" Friend,  
" The Great Supreme did not in-  
" tend,  
" When he a Figure form'd like thee,  
" That it shou'd but a Cypher be:  
" He gave thee Wisdom, pray for  
" what?  
" Those to instruct who had it not:  
" He gave thee Wealth, a mighty  
" Store,  
" That thou might'st help the Sick  
" and Poor:  
" Learning thou hast, and prithe  
" why,  
" Since all those Blessings useless lye,  
" Virtuous thou can'st not be!"  
Then fled away the industrious Bee,  
And left the drowsy slothful Drone,  
To sit and take a Nap alone.

What is not Good, must needs be  
Ill,  
For there's a Crime in sitting still:  
Virtue on Action doth depend,  
For sloth can gain no virtuous End,

*Paraphrase on the 117th Psalm.*

O Magnify the sacred Name of  
God!  
Ye Sons of heathen Race, in Hymns  
of Praise;  
T extol his Might and blaze his  
Fame Abroad,  
Let all the various Nations tune  
their Lays.

For, with Exuberance of endless  
Love,  
His Mercy flows throughout the  
wide Expanse;  
His Grace all Nature's Offspring  
daily prove,  
Therefore let all the Earth his  
Praise advance.

### The HAPPY MAN.

HIGH on the Lands that bound  
the *Kentish* Shore,  
On whose rough Strand alternate  
Tempests roar;  
*Damon*, a Country Swain, contented  
lives,  
Blest in the homely Joys which rural  
Pleasure gives:  
Surrounding Trees adorn his lonely  
Seat,  
And wholesome Herbs, give Relish  
to his Meat.  
One little Garden does his House  
adorn,  
And his two Acres, furnish out his  
Corn;  
Two comely Cows, one Field of  
Pasture feeds,  
That daily yield the Milk their Mas-  
ter needs;  
There lives the happy Swain a peace-  
ful Life,  
Free from all worldly Cares, but that  
of Wife.

Hence, with an unshock'd Mind,  
he casts his Eye,  
To greet the Morning Beauties of the  
Sky;

And sees some tall, returning Vessel  
 sail,  
 Wing'd with the Breezes of an easy  
 Gale ;  
 Whose jovial Crew, judging their  
 Dangers o'er,  
 With noisy Shouts salute their native  
 Shore,  
 Each thinks how he shall best his  
 Gains employ,  
 And antedates bright Scenes of pro-  
 mis'd Joy,  
 'Till unexpected Storms the Planks  
 surprize,  
 The Bottom bursts, and ev'ry Sailor  
 dies :  
 Then shakes his Head with Pity at  
 their Fate,  
 And hugs himself in his more happy  
 State.

The LINNET and THRUSH.

F A B L E.

By Mr. JOHN OAKMAN.

**T** WAS in the merry Month  
 of May,  
 When Nature all around is gay ;  
 When Flora calls the Nymphs and  
 Squires,  
 To scent the Fragrance of the Plains ;  
 When no Observer else was by,  
 But Fancy and the Poet's Eye :  
 Two Birds, a Linnet and a Thrush,  
 Perch'd on a spreading May blown  
 Bush,  
 Pour'd forth the softest, sweetest Lays,  
 That e'er was form'd to Female Praise ;  
 While Echo, to the distant Grove,  
 Convey'd the tender Song of Love.

The Song was Truth, the Linnet  
 cry'd—

And hung her downy Head and sigh'd ;  
 " How hard the Fate of us poor Birds,  
 " Who want the Aid of human Words !  
 " The Poet, if to Nature true,  
 " Is but a Type of me and you :  
 " Yet Letters consecrate his Name,  
 " His Songs must fill the Trump of  
 " Fame ;  
 " While we are doom'd to die and  
 " rot,  
 " Our Plumage lost, our Songs for-  
 " got."

" Ah! cease this Moan," the Thrush  
 reply'd,  
 " To cover Fame is empty Pride ;  
 " The silliest Bird that wings the  
 " Wood,  
 " Still thinks his Song, as your's, is  
 " good ;  
 " And so, amongst the human Race,  
 " Each empty Head and vacant Face,  
 " Who loses three Parts of his Time,  
 " In torturing harmless Sense to  
 " Rhime,  
 " Thinks that with *Whitehead*, *Al-*  
 " *low*, *Gay*,  
 " That he as well can form the Lay,  
 " And Fools enough there will be  
 " found,  
 " To echo all their Nonsense round ;  
 " 'Till Death advancing seals their  
 " Eyes,  
 " And then their turgid Volumes  
 " dies.  
 " Once snar'd, I trod the human  
 " Stage,  
 " Parading in a narrow Cage ;  
 " 'Till careless Nelly set me free,  
 " Left ope the Door to Liberty ;  
 " Yet many Things I understood,  
 " Were to our Reputation good :  
 " Our Songs they learn, our Parts  
 " improve,  
 " And treat us with the tenderest  
 " Love :  
 " Our Make and Plumage too they  
 " prize  
 " And paint us in our various Dyes.  
 " One *Spockman*, blest with so much  
 " Art,  
 " He copies us, in every Part ;  
 " In Nature's Colours still we shine,  
 " And all, but Life's, in the Design ;  
 " While Emulation swells the Mind,  
 " And Musick's lov'd by Human  
 " kind :  
 " So long, sweet Bird, will last your  
 " Praise,  
 " So long be priz'd the Linnet's  
 " Lays,  
 " Among our Fellows of the Wood,  
 " Our Parts will ne'er be understood :  
 " No Poet can abide a Brother,\*  
 " Wits are Game Cocks to ours  
 " another."

\* See Gay's Fables.

F I N I S.







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